DOCUMENT RESUME

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IDENTIFIERS	*Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Prog; *Pacific Northwest Tribes

ABSTRACT

Designed as supplementary reading materials for Indian and non-Indian children in the primary grades, this series of 10 booklets presents 13 legends and 7 stories of Northwest tribes. Stories in this second level of the six-level series were developed cooperatively by people of the Crow, Muckleshoot, Skokomish, Blackfeet, Northern Cheyenne, Salish, Assiniboine, Shoshone-Bannock and Sioux tribes; Yakima Nation; and the Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon. Booklets range from 7 to 43 pages in length and follow a picture book format with large type and many illustrations. The illustration styles are diverse, including cartoons, pictographs, and traditional Indian designs as well as realistic drawings. The legends include stories about Coyote, the Thunderbird of the Skokomish Tribe, and the tricksters Inkdomi of Assiniboine culture and Napi of Blackfeet culture. Titles of other legends include "Why the Codfish has a Red Face," "Why Animals and Man Can No Longer Talk to One Another," "The Great Flood," "The Rainbow," and "How Birds Learned to Fly." Topics of the non- legend stories include the Crow Fair, gathering wild peppermint as done by the Blackfeet Indians of Montana, picture writing, the design of the teepee, life by a river, and Indian values. (JHZ)

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ED258759

End of Summer

The Indian Reading Series

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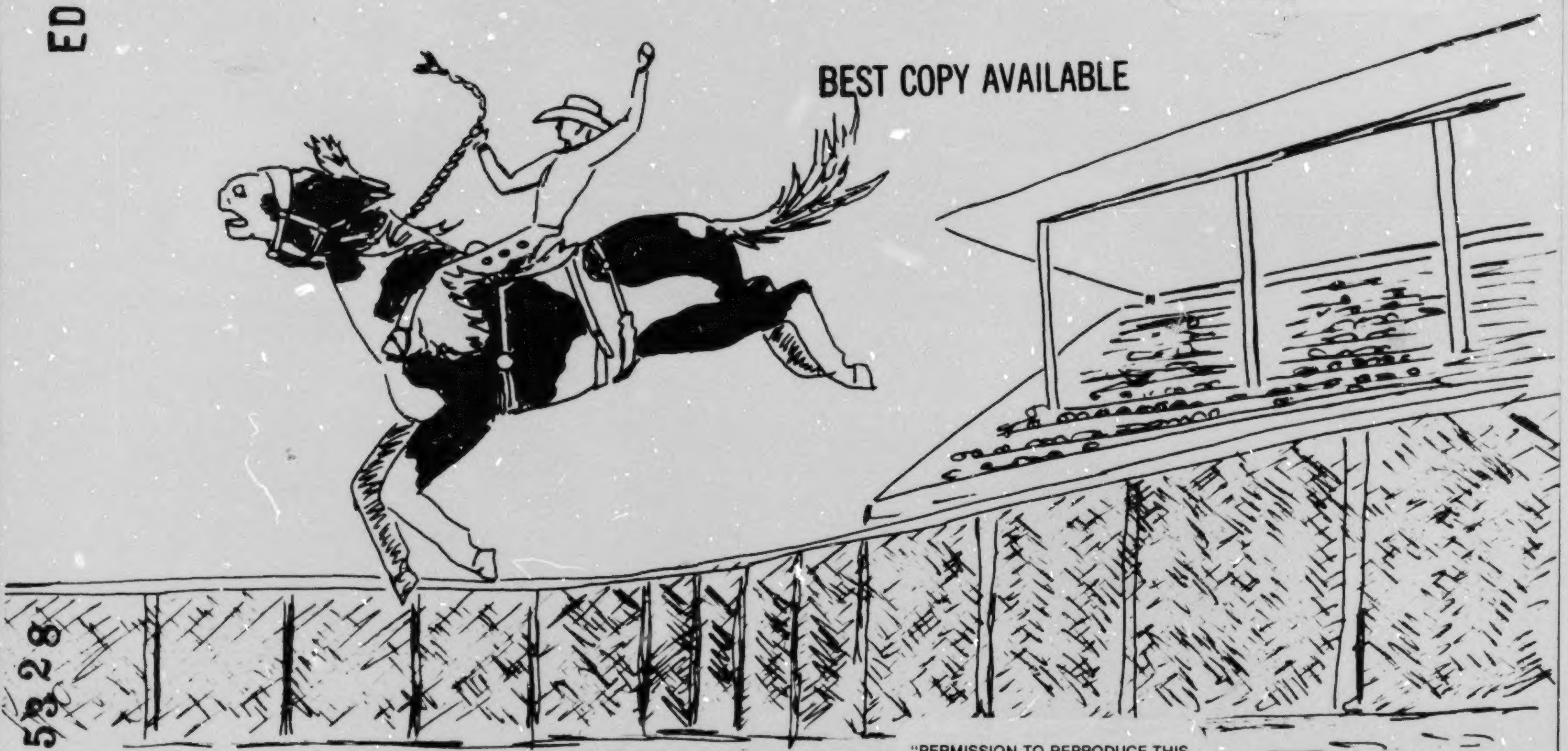

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Level II Book 1

THE INDIAN READING SERIES: Stories and Legends of the Northwest is a collection of authentic material cooperatively developed by Indian people from twelve reservations. Development activities are guided by a Policy Board which represents the Indian community of the Pacific Northwest. The Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program Policy Board members are:

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

End of Summer

Level II Book 1

A Crow Story

Written and illustrated by Henry Real Bird

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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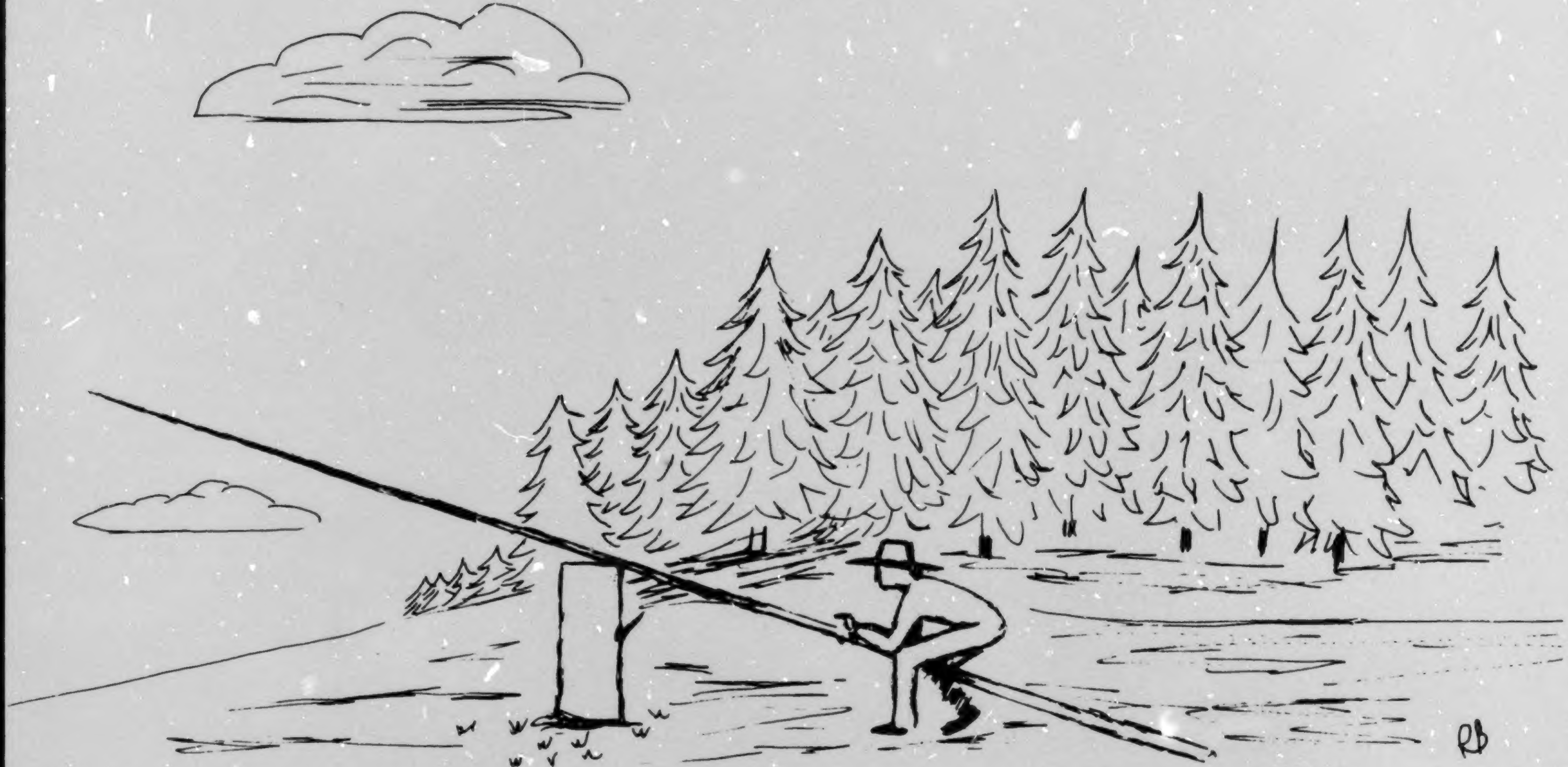
Printed and bound in the United States of America

This story is about the thoughts running through a little Crow Indian boy's mind the night before the first day of school. He thinks of the good summer he has had, ending with the Crow Fair.

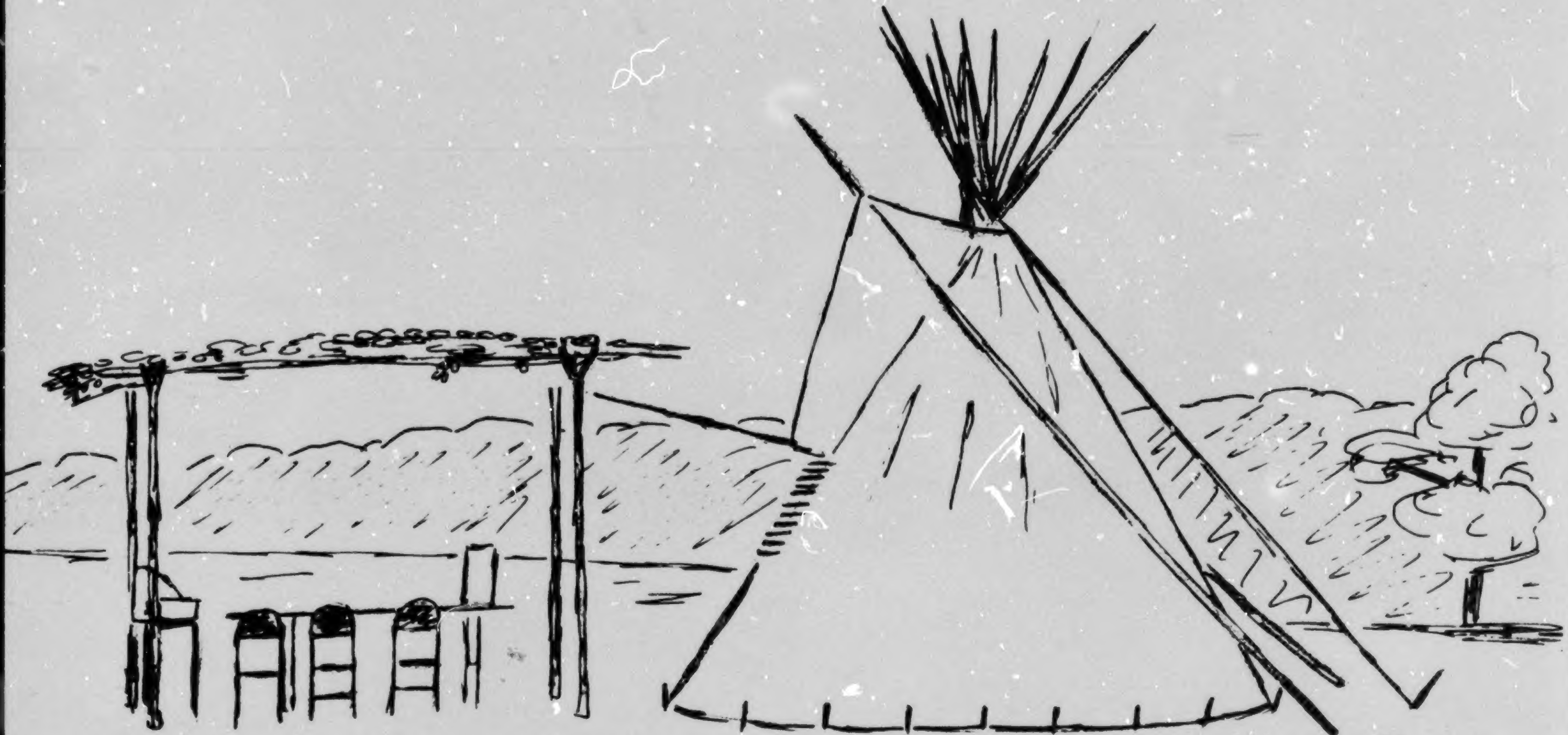
Now it's time to go back to school, and he's wondering about tomorrow. Have you done this?

This story was told in the Crow Indian language and written in English. So, at times the sequence of the words in some of the sentences may sound different.

During the summer, Grandfather and I went to the mountains.
Tepee poles, we went to get.
We had to peel the bark from the poles.
Then we were ready for the powwow.



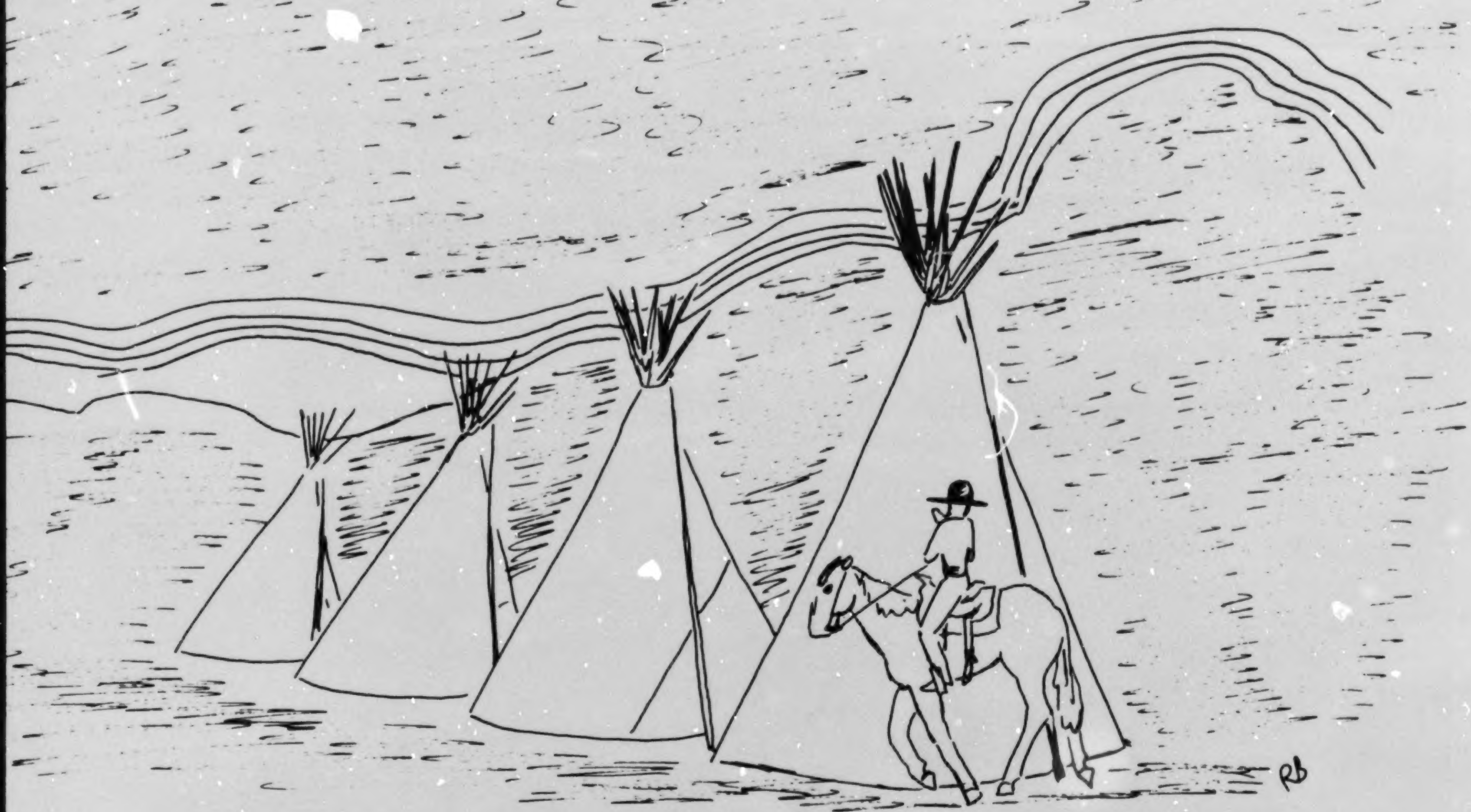
At the campgrounds,
    we put up the tepee and made a leaf shade.
At night the doorway singers came
    and sang some songs.
My mother gave them some tobacco, and they left.
When people do something good for you,
    you give them something in return.



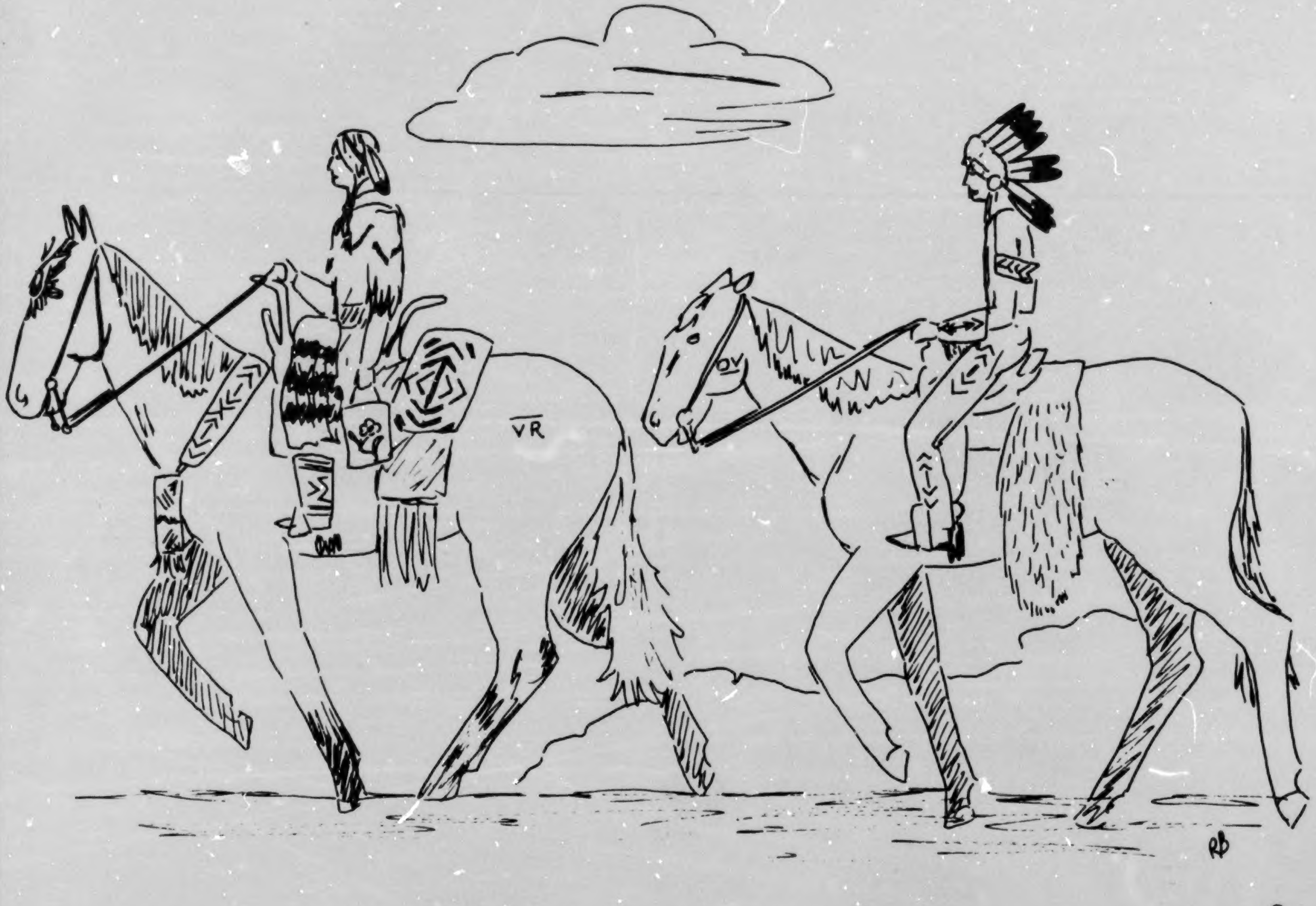
12

13 5

The village caller came early.
It was still dark.
He said, "This day, Crow people,
 we will spend together and be good at heart.
First we will have a parade, then a race and a rodeo.
When the sun goes down and darkness covers us, we will dance.
Three days we will do this.
Get up!"


Rb

We saw the parade.
There were many horses.
The sun was hot.
After the parade, we rode our horses to the fairgrounds.



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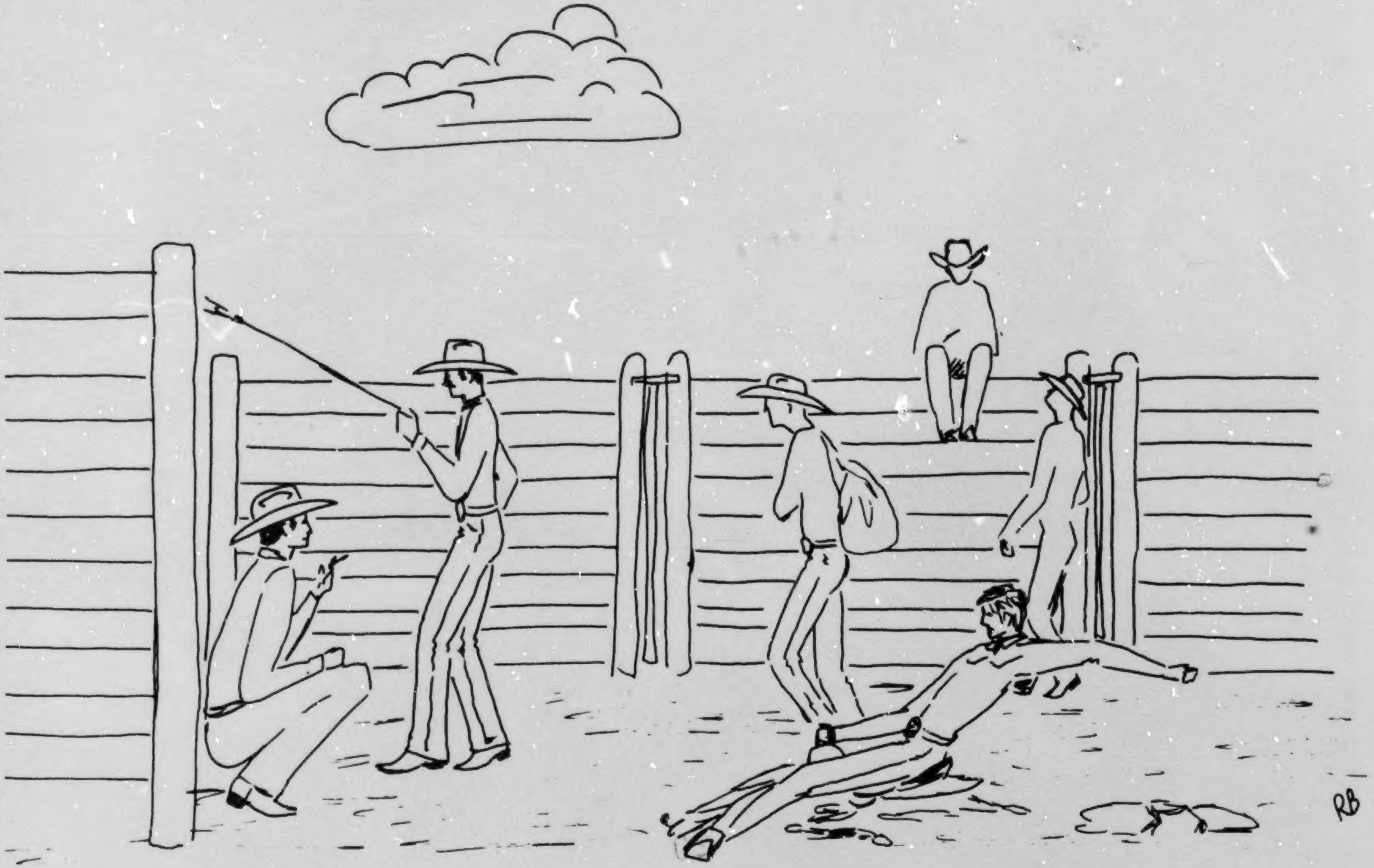
We saw the bronc riders.
We saw a boy getting his saddle ready.
The horses were many colors.
There were buckskins, sorrels, paints, blacks and bays.



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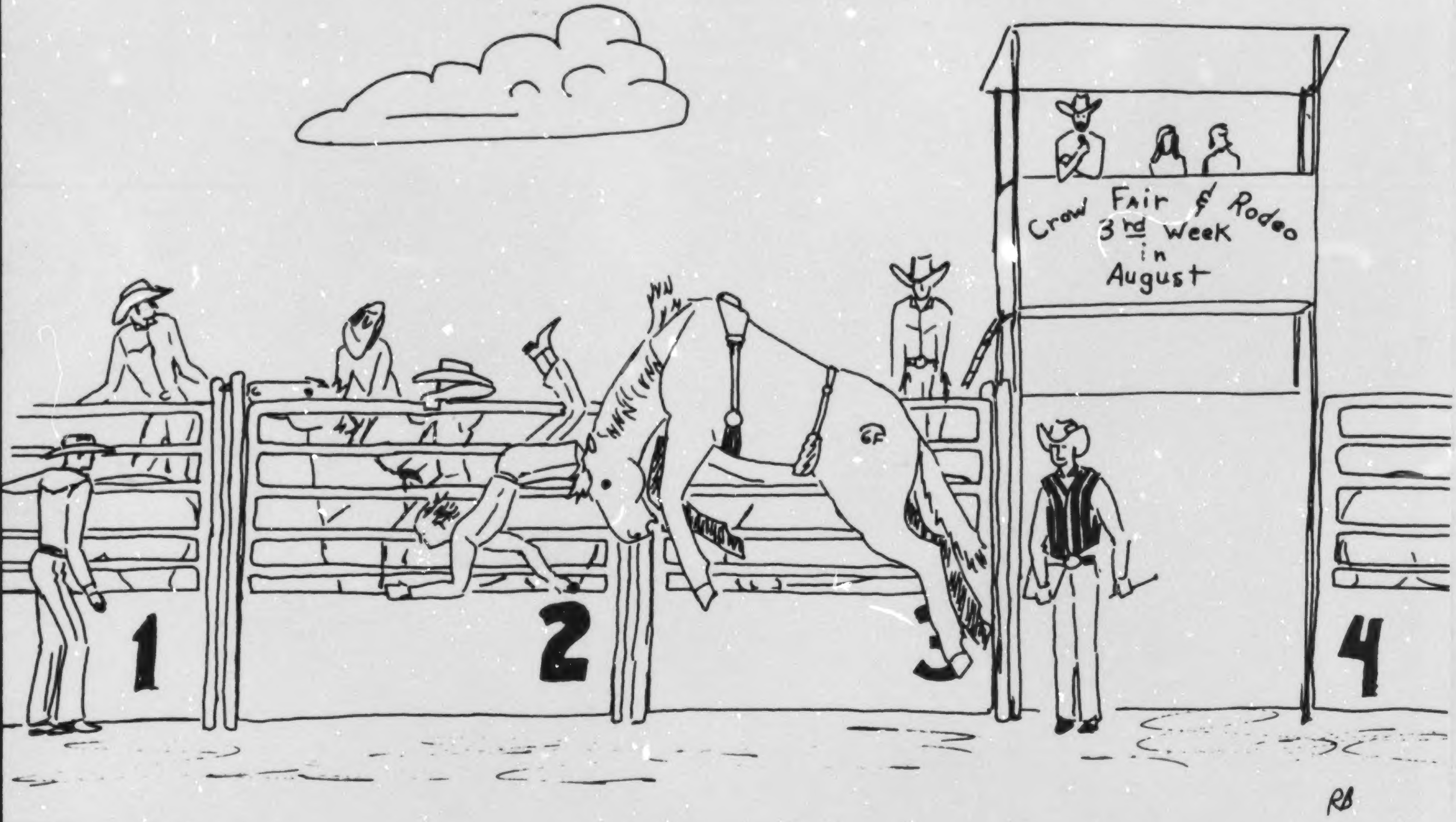
The rodeo started with bareback riding.
A horse and rider came out of the chute.
The horse jumped way up in the air.
Soon the rider flew over the horse's head.


Crow Fair & Rodeo
3rd Week
in
August
1
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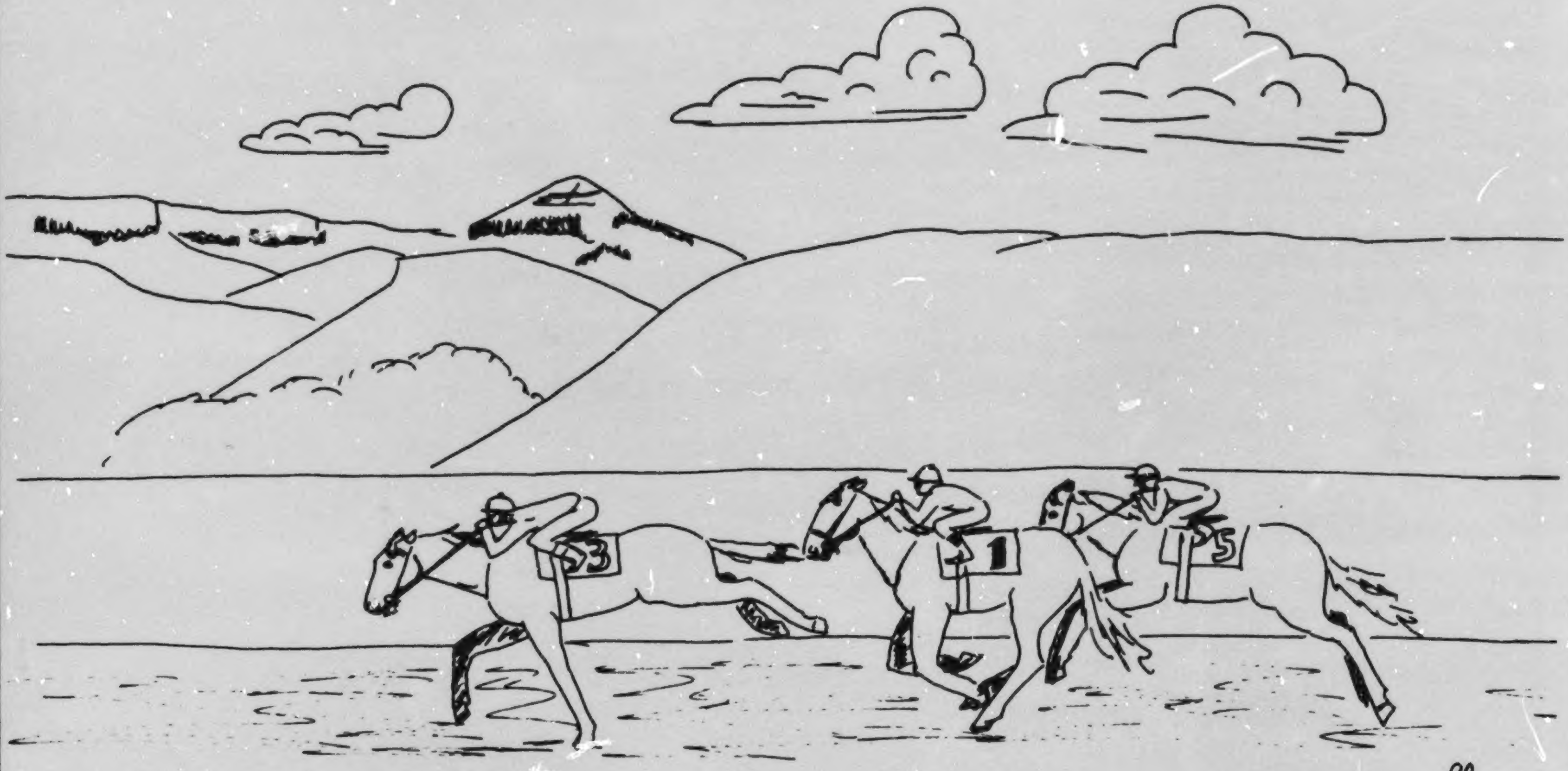
We saw the races and it was fun.
My brother had a green shirt and rode a white horse.
He won the race.


3
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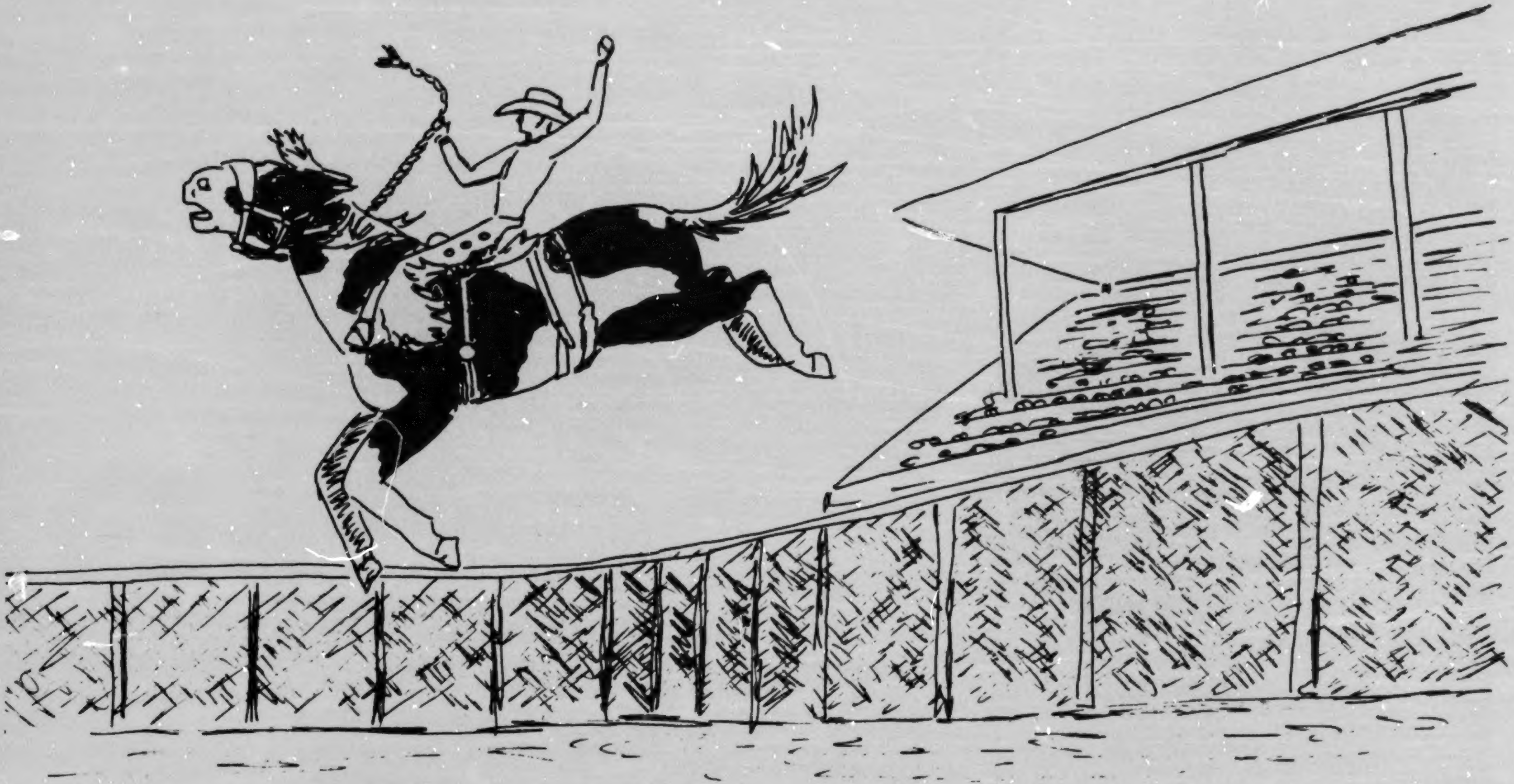
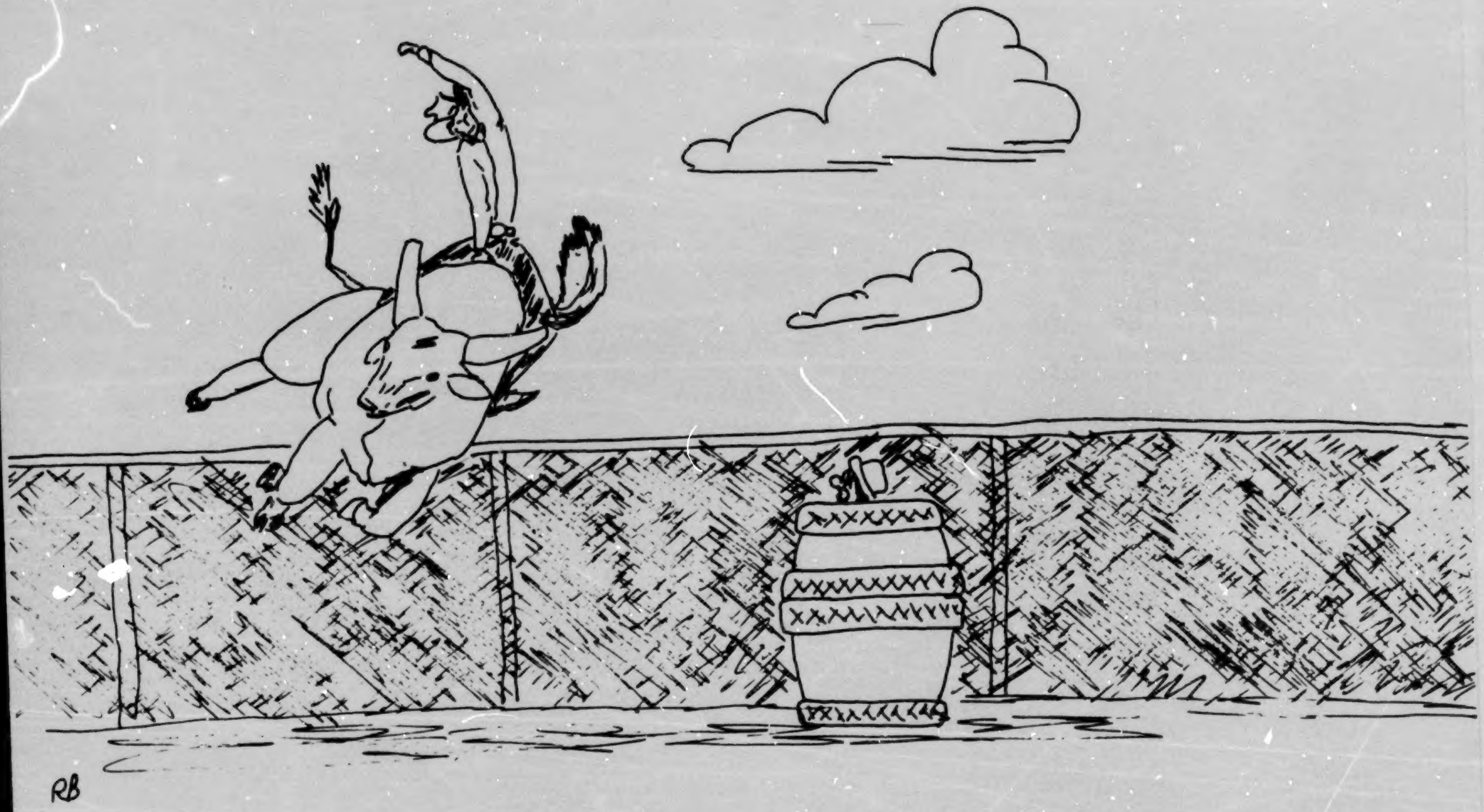
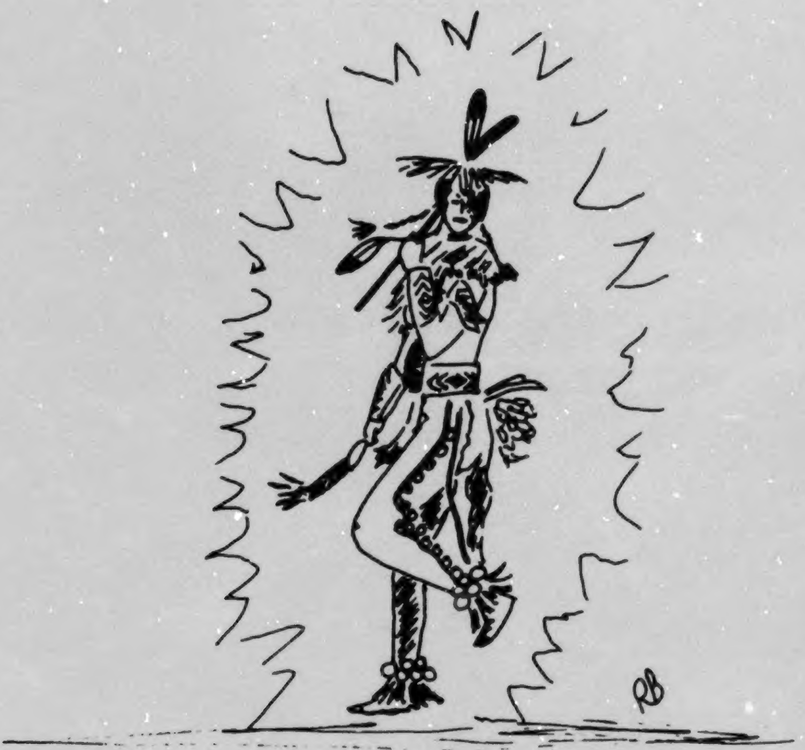
A saddle bronc came out of the chute.
The rider spurred the horse in the shoulder.
The horse jumped and jumped.
But the boy stayed on.



Then the bulls were put in the chutes.
The boys put ropes with bells on the bulls.
A funny clown rolled his barrel into the arena.
A fast-jumping bull bucked off the boy.

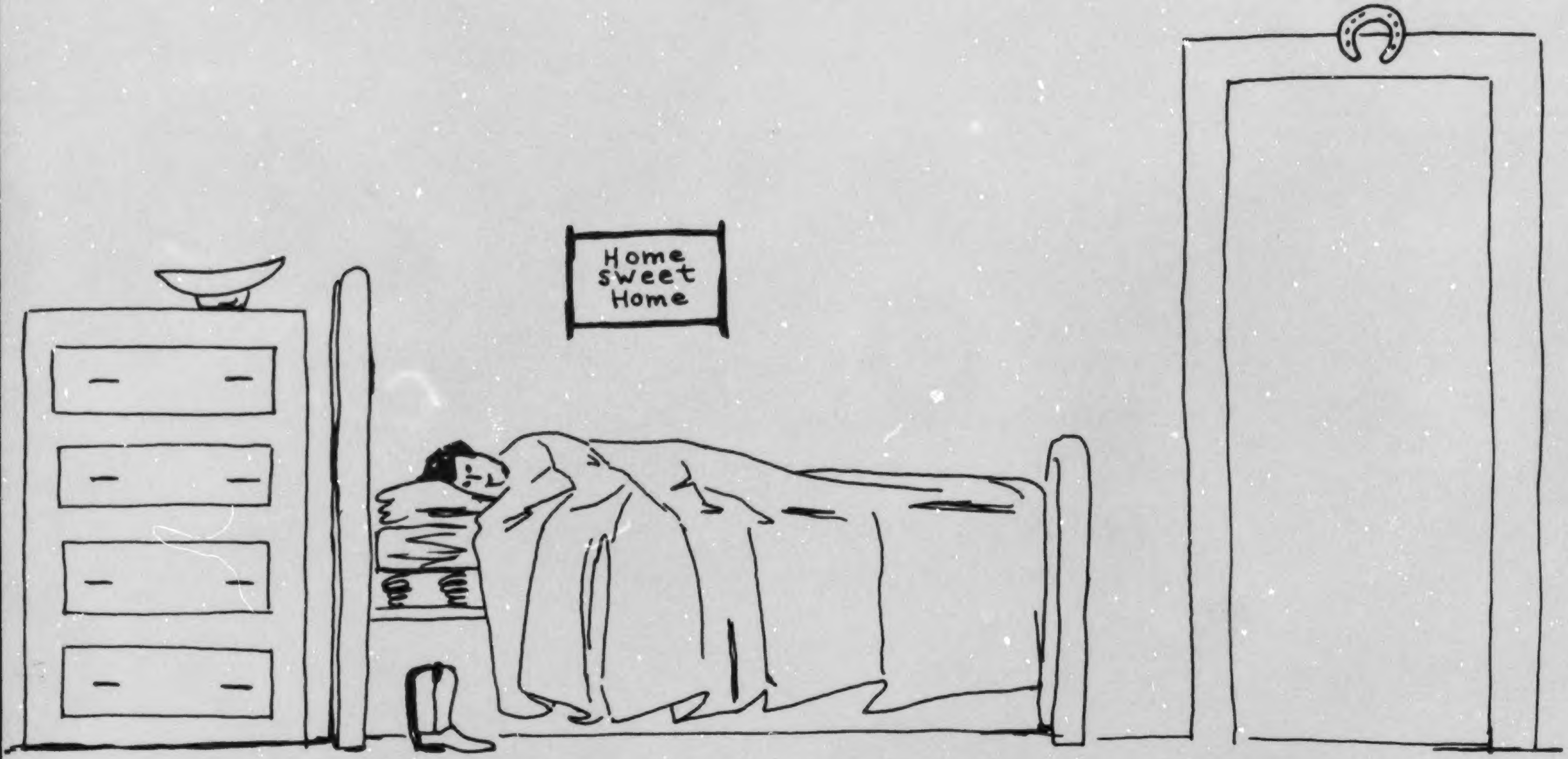

RB

The tepee we returned to, after the rodeo.
When the sun went down we watched the dance.
After three days, the powwow and rodeo were over.
The summer was over too,
    and I was ready to go to school.



RB

Before the first day of school, I was so happy I couldn't sleep.
I wanted to put on my new clothes.
I wondered what the new teacher would be like.

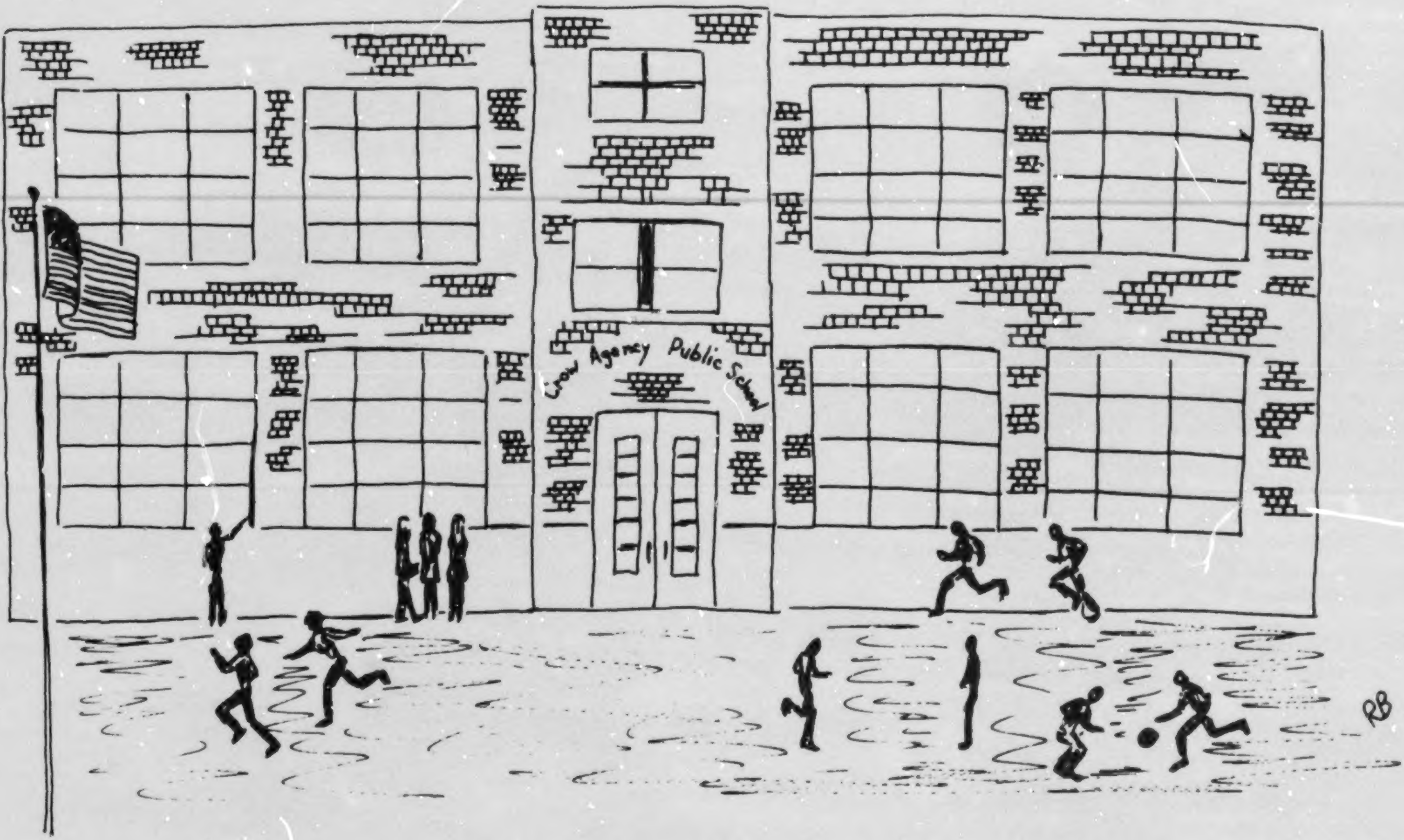

Home
sweet
Home

RB

I was the first to wake up.
Soon it was time to go.
The big, yellow bus came down the road.
I sat in the last seat.
My friend sat with me.

School District 17-H
RB

It is fun to be in school again.
Some of my friends look different.
I'm going to make new friends, too.
We will have a race around the school.
This year will be even better than last!


Crow Agency Public School
RB

HENRY REAL BIRD

Henry Real Bird is a Crow Indian who was raised in the traditional Crow way on the Crow Indian reservation in Montana. He entered first grade speaking only the Crow Indian language and has an intimate knowledge of problems Indian children encounter in the public school system. He received his B.S. in Elementary Education from Montana State University and has taught reading in all the elementary grades. He served as Curriculum Coordinator for Project Head Start, Language Arts Supervisor at St. Xavier Indian Mission and Summer Program Planner for 4-H and Youth Programs on the Crow Indian reservation. As the Teacher Orientation Specialist for the Pacific Northwest Indian Program, he was responsible for developing a teacher's manual and accompanying teaching inservice program, in addition to writing and illustrating books designed for Indian children. He has served on the Montana Advisory Committee on Children and Youth and the Crow Central Education Commission, and was a delegate to the 1971 White House Conference on Youth. He also is a saddle bronc rider and member of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association.

Booklets available in the Level II sequence are listed below. Numbers refer to the planned sequence of use in the *Teacher's Manual*. Materials developed by these tribes and others in the Northwest are included in the Levels I and III sequences.

1 *End of Summer*
Crow Tribal Historical and Cultural Commission

2 *Thunder and the Mosquito*
Muckleshoot Tribe

3 *Why the Codfish Has a Red Face*
Skokomish Tribe

4 *How Wildcat and Coyote Tricked Each Other*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the Fort Hall Reservation

5 *Pat Learns About Wild Peppermint*
Blackfeet Tribe

6 *Picture Writing*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

7 *Grandma Rides in the Parade*
Crow Tribal Historical and Cultural Commission

8 *The Bob-Tailed Coyote*
Northern Cheyenne Tribe

9 *The Great Flood*
Skokomish Tribe

10 *The Rainbow*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

11 *The Time the Whale Came to Jackson's Bay*
Skokomish Tribe

12 *Coyote and the Man Who Sits On Top*
Salish Cultural Committee of The Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead Reservation

13 *The Crow*
Assiniboine and Sioux Tribes of the Fort Peck Reservation

14 *Tepee, Sun and Time*
Crow Tribal Historical and Cultural Commission

15 *Water Story*
Crow Tribal Historical and Cultural Commission

16 *How Birds Learned to Fly*
The Fourteen Confederated Tribes from the Yakima Nation

17 *Napi and the Bullberries*
Blackfeet Tribe

18 *How Cottontail Lost His Tail*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

19 *Being Indian Is*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

20 *Why Animals and Man Can No Longer Talk to One Another*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

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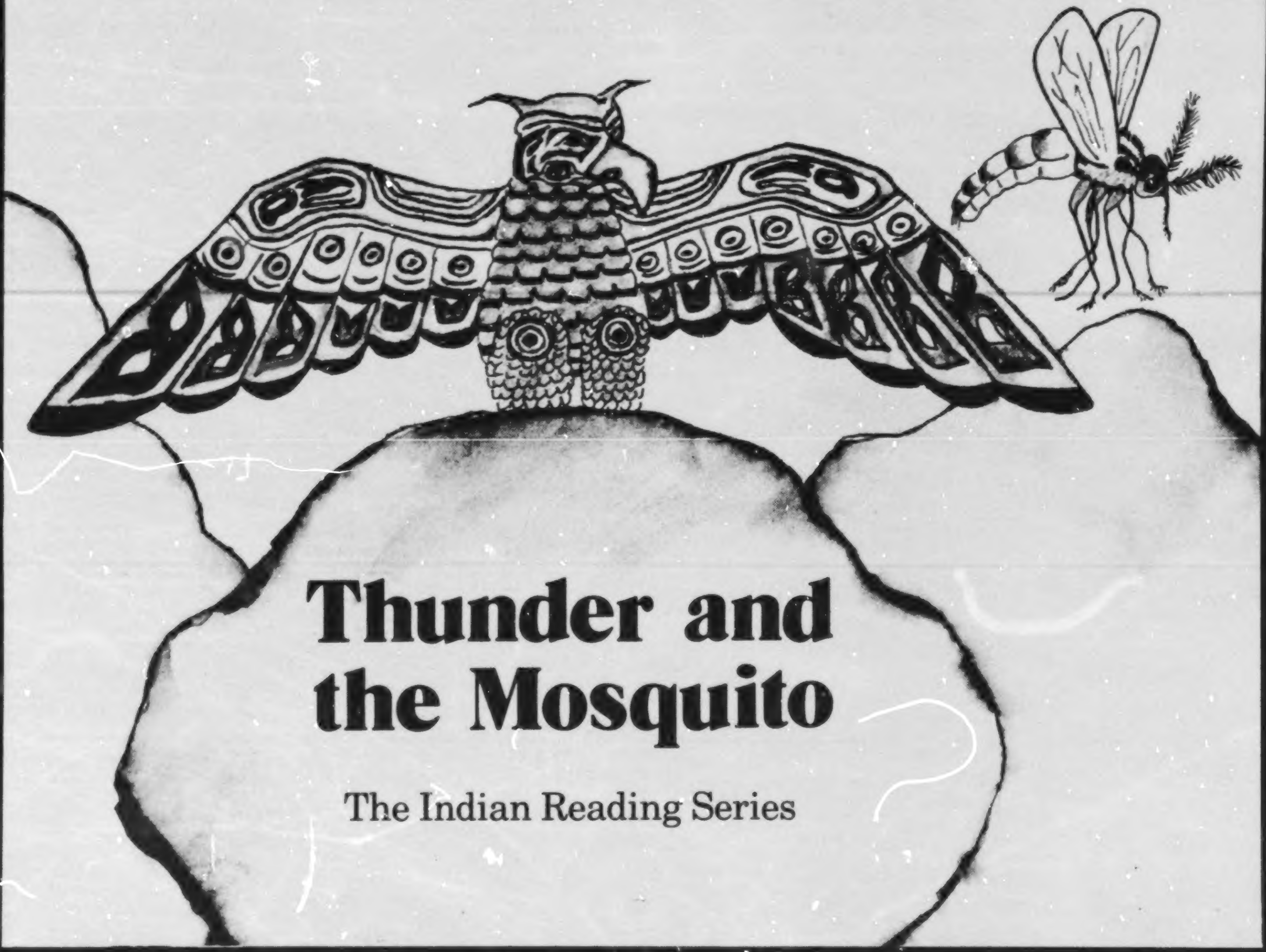

Thunder and the Mosquito

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 2

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Thunder and the Mosquito

Level II Book 2

Coast Area Planning Committee

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Jeanne Evernden
Bruce Miller
Georgia Oliver, *Consultant*
Wilma Petty
Seahtlhuk (Gary Hillaire)
Bernice Lozier Tanewasha
Charlotte Williams

A Muckleshoot Legend

As told by Clarence Barr

Illustrated by Debra Barr

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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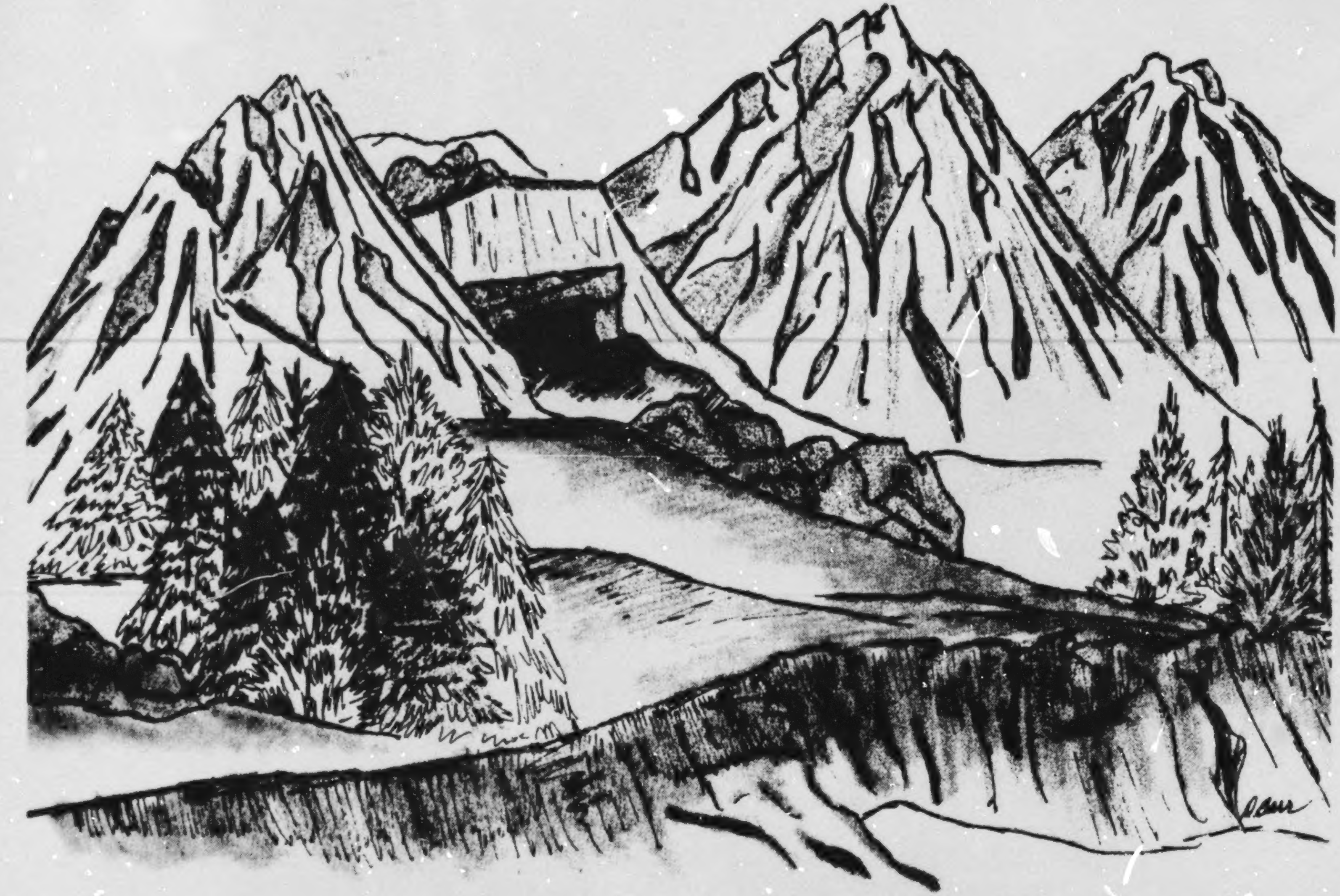
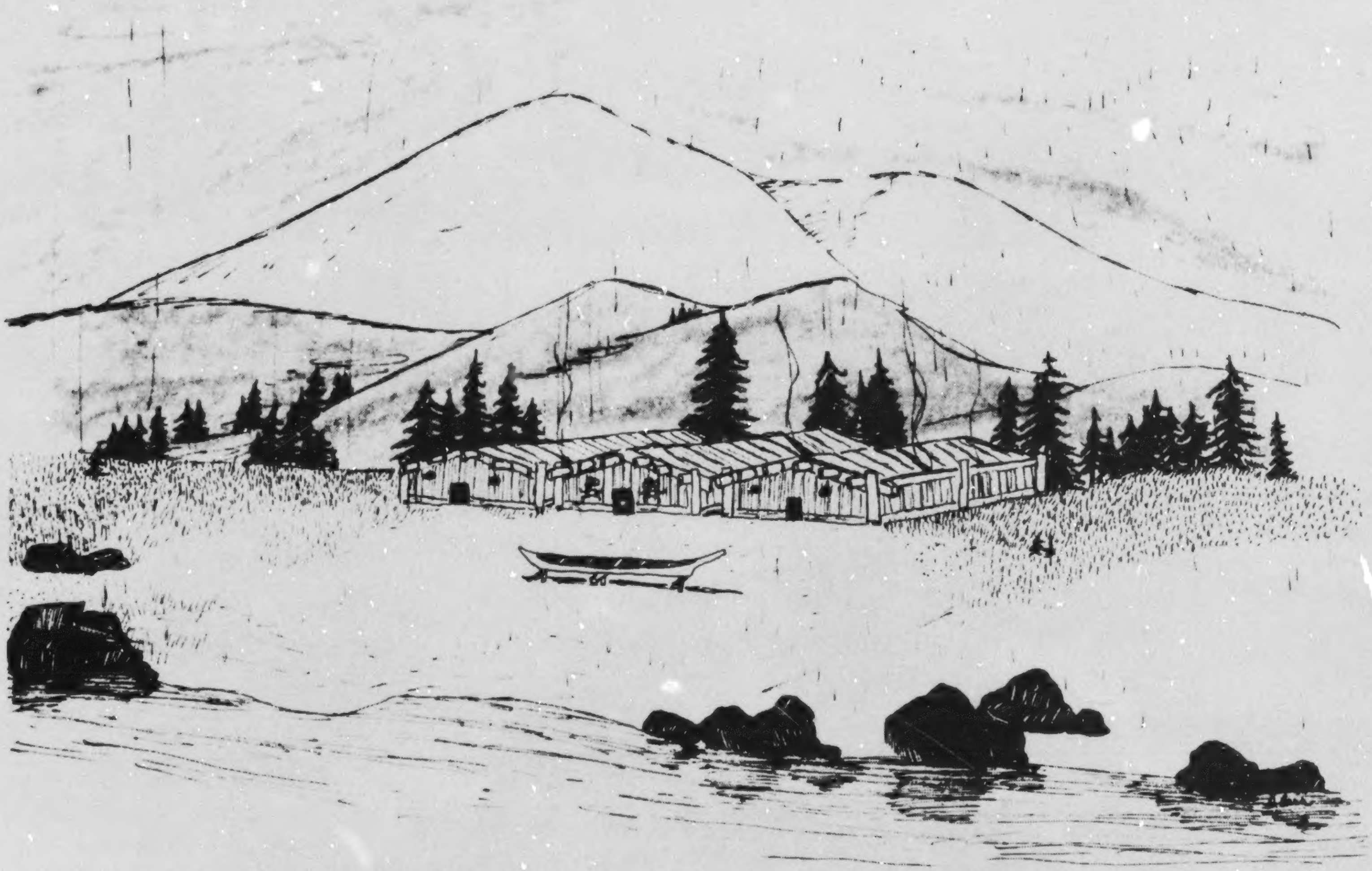
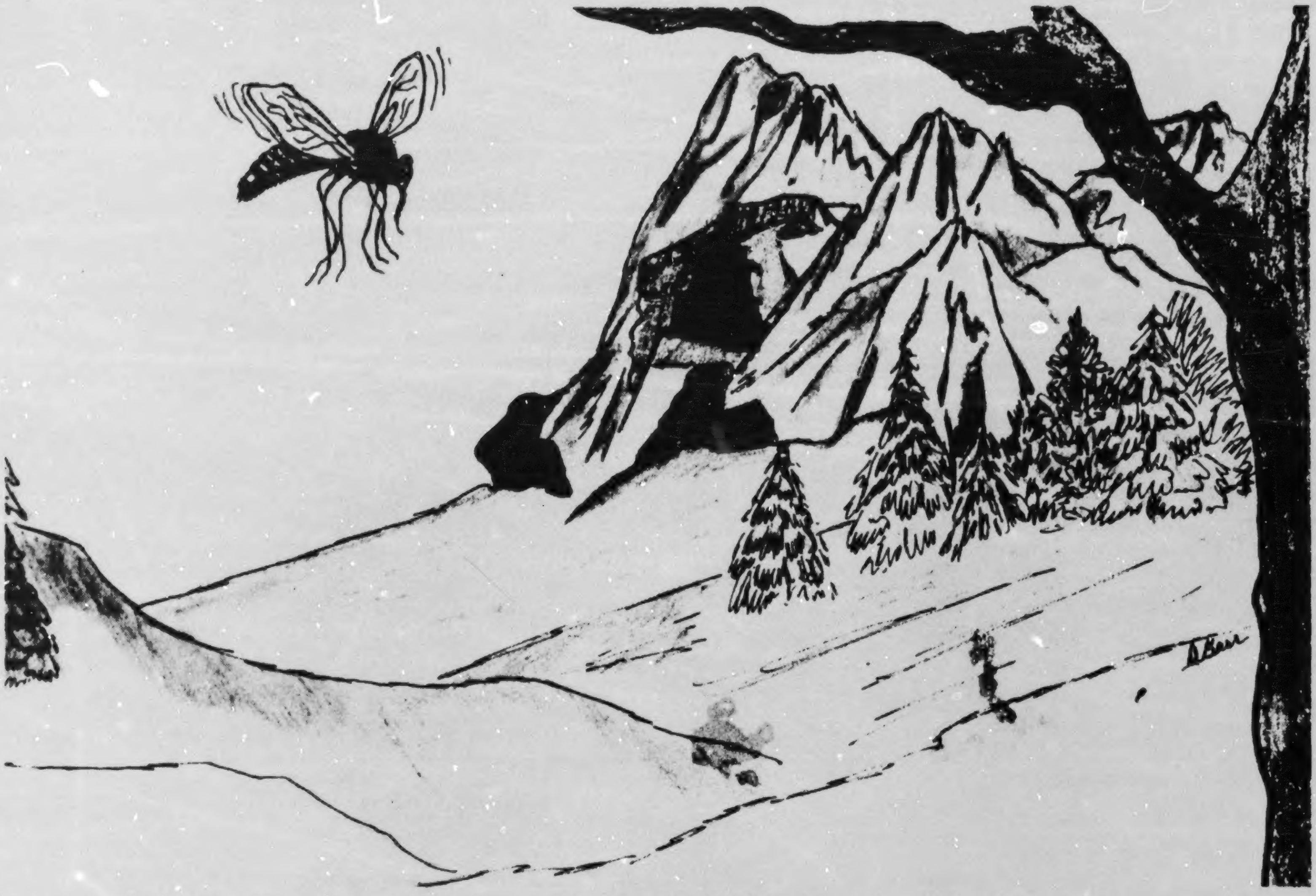


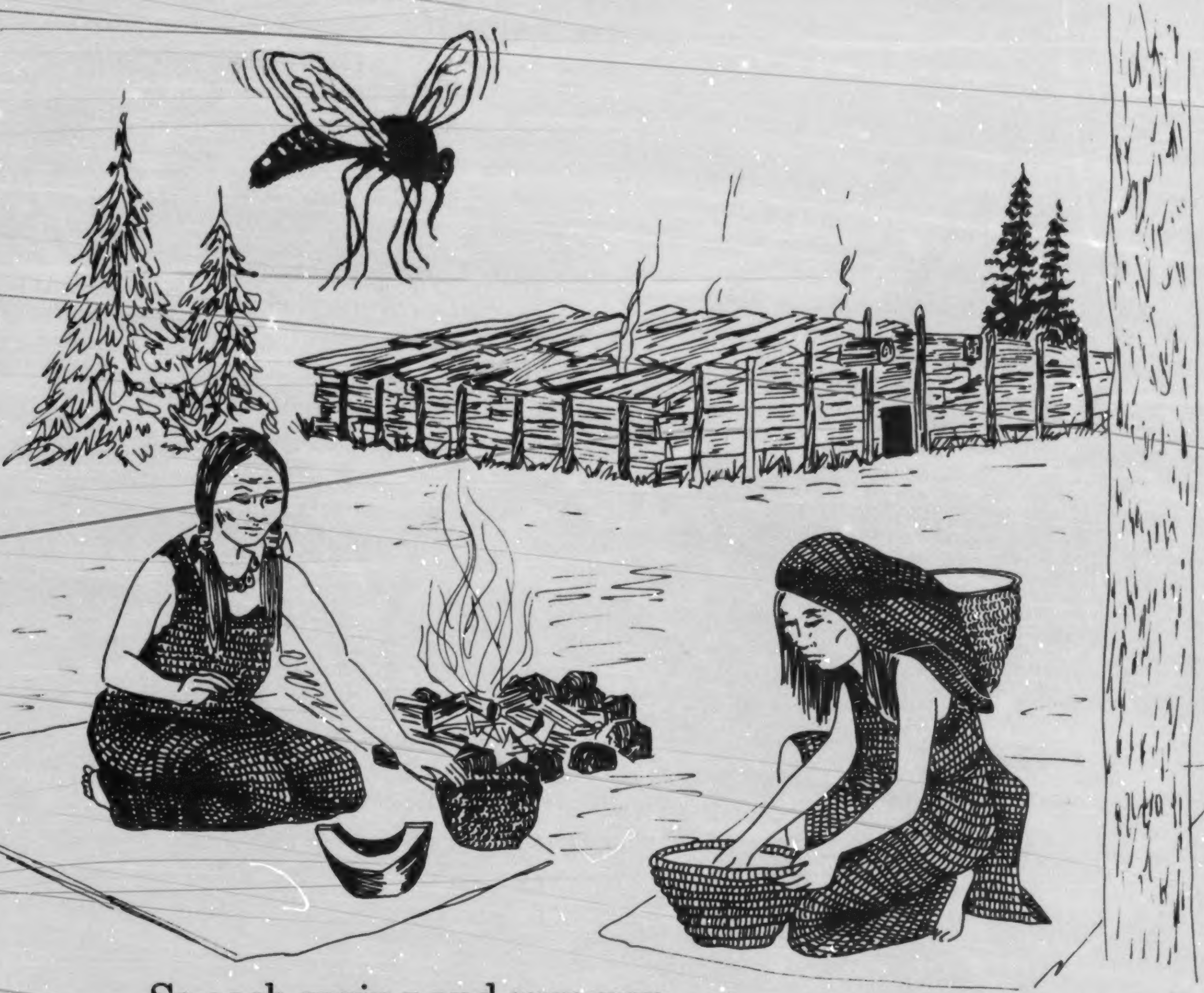
Long ago the great Thunderbird lived at Thunder Mountain.



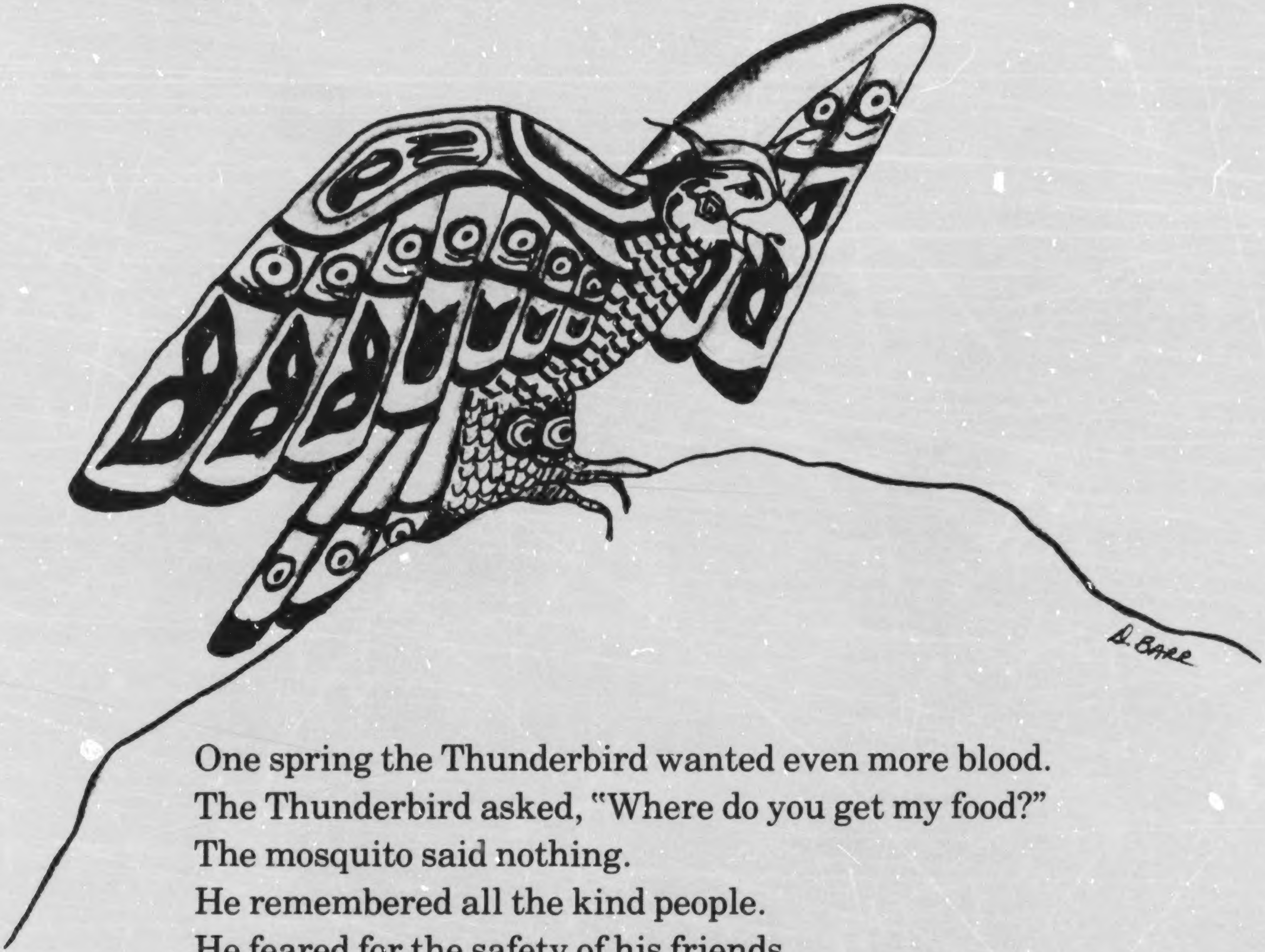
In the spring the Thunderbird would be very hungry.
With the first thunderstorm, the Thunderbird would send
the mosquito down into the valley for food.



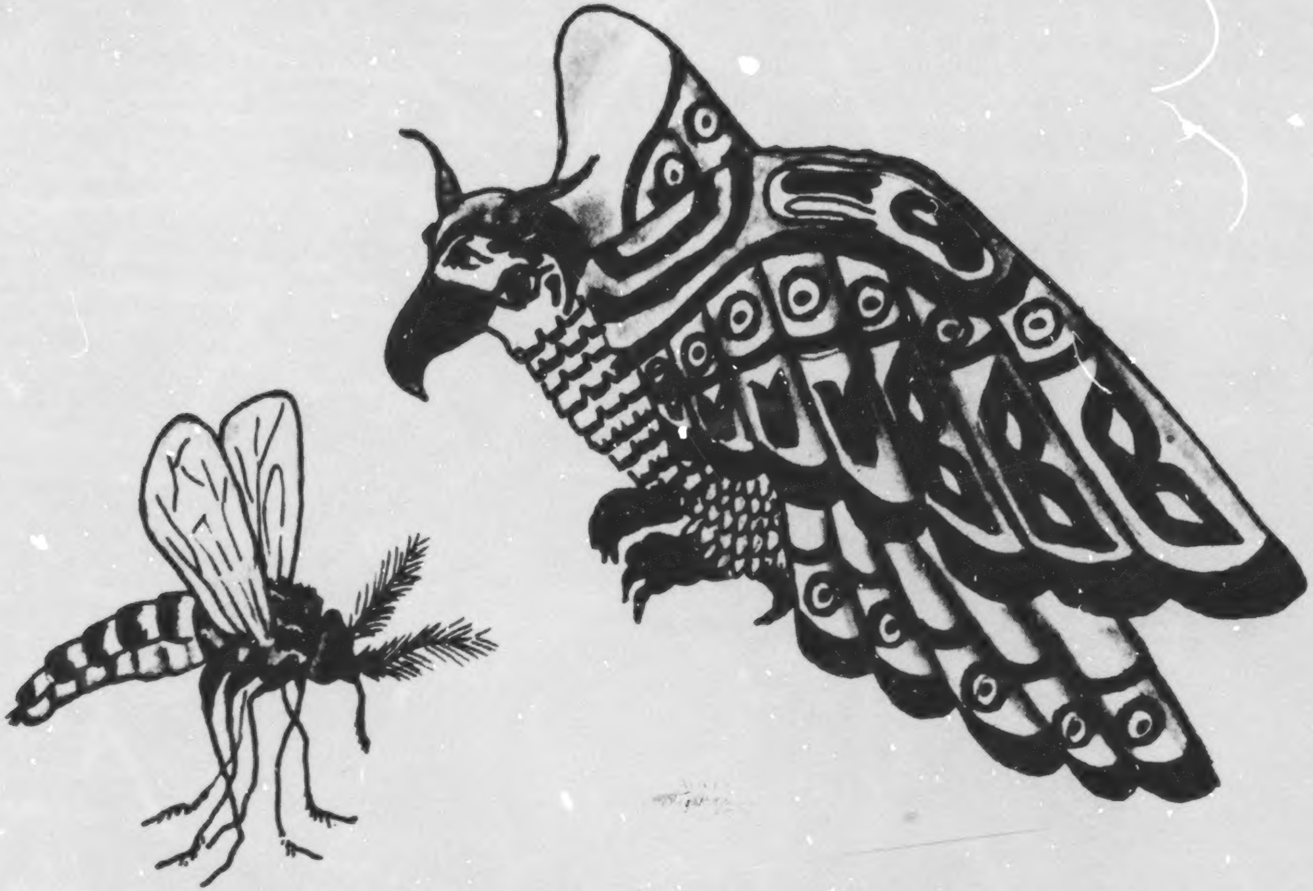
The mosquito would gather blood to take back up
to the mountain to feed the great Thunderbird.



So each spring and summer,
the mosquito would go among the people
and gather blood for the Thunderbird.

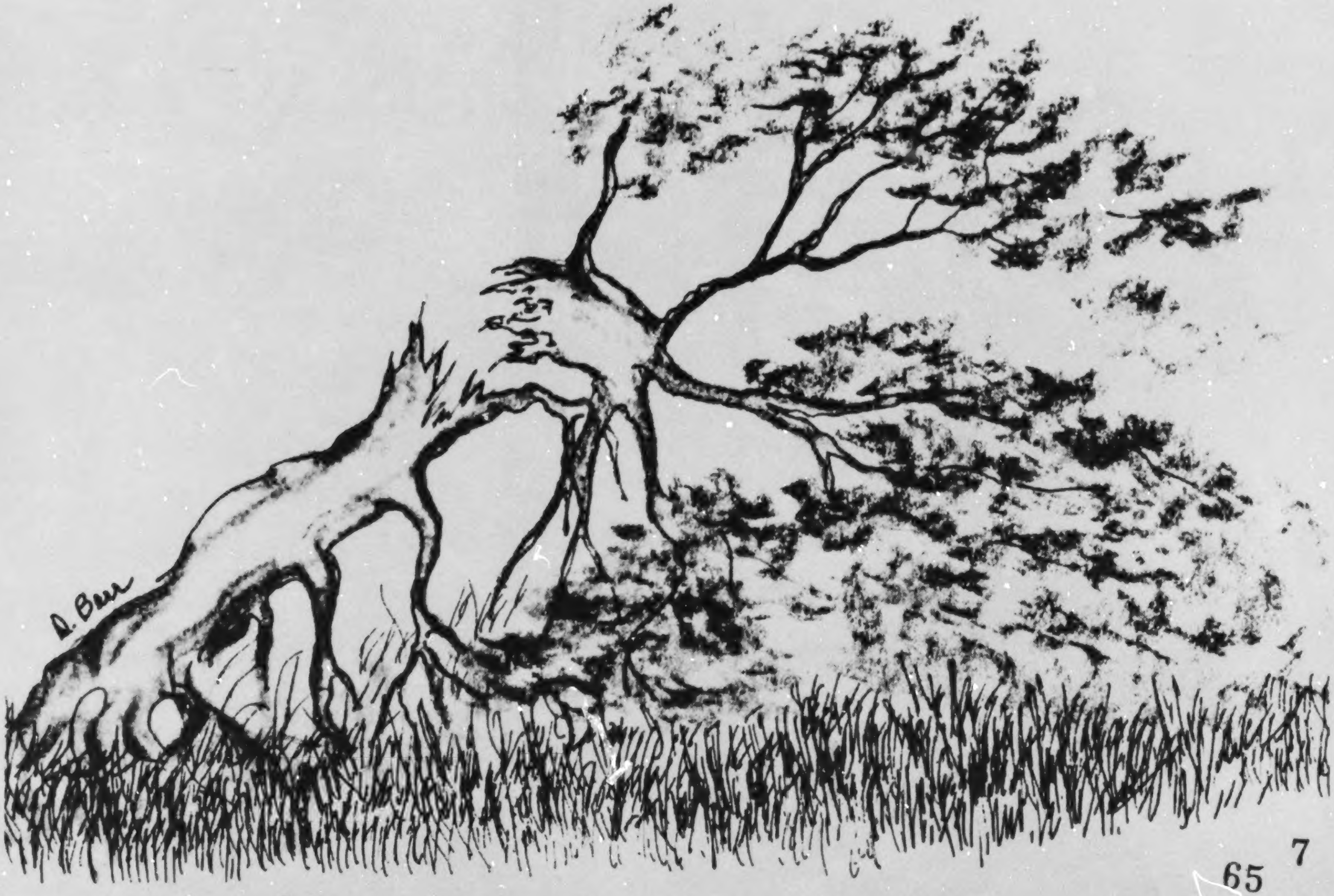


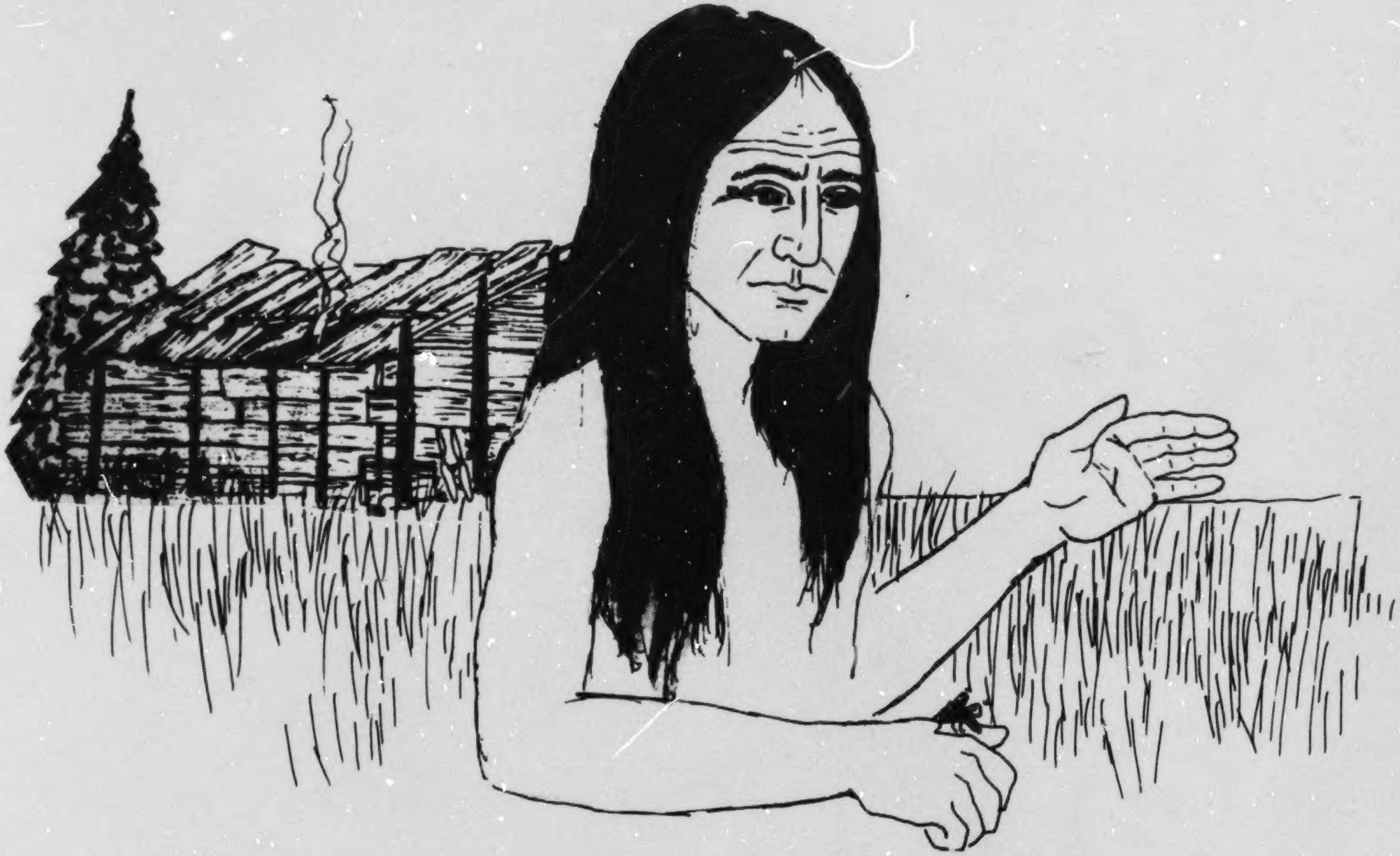
One spring the Thunderbird wanted even more blood.
The Thunderbird asked, "Where do you get my food?"
The mosquito said nothing.
He remembered all the kind people.
He feared for the safety of his friends.



The fierce Thunderbird again asked the mosquito his question.
"Where do you get my food?" he said.
The trembling mosquito decided to lie to protect the people.
The mosquito answered, "Oh, great Thunderbird,
I get the blood from the trees below."

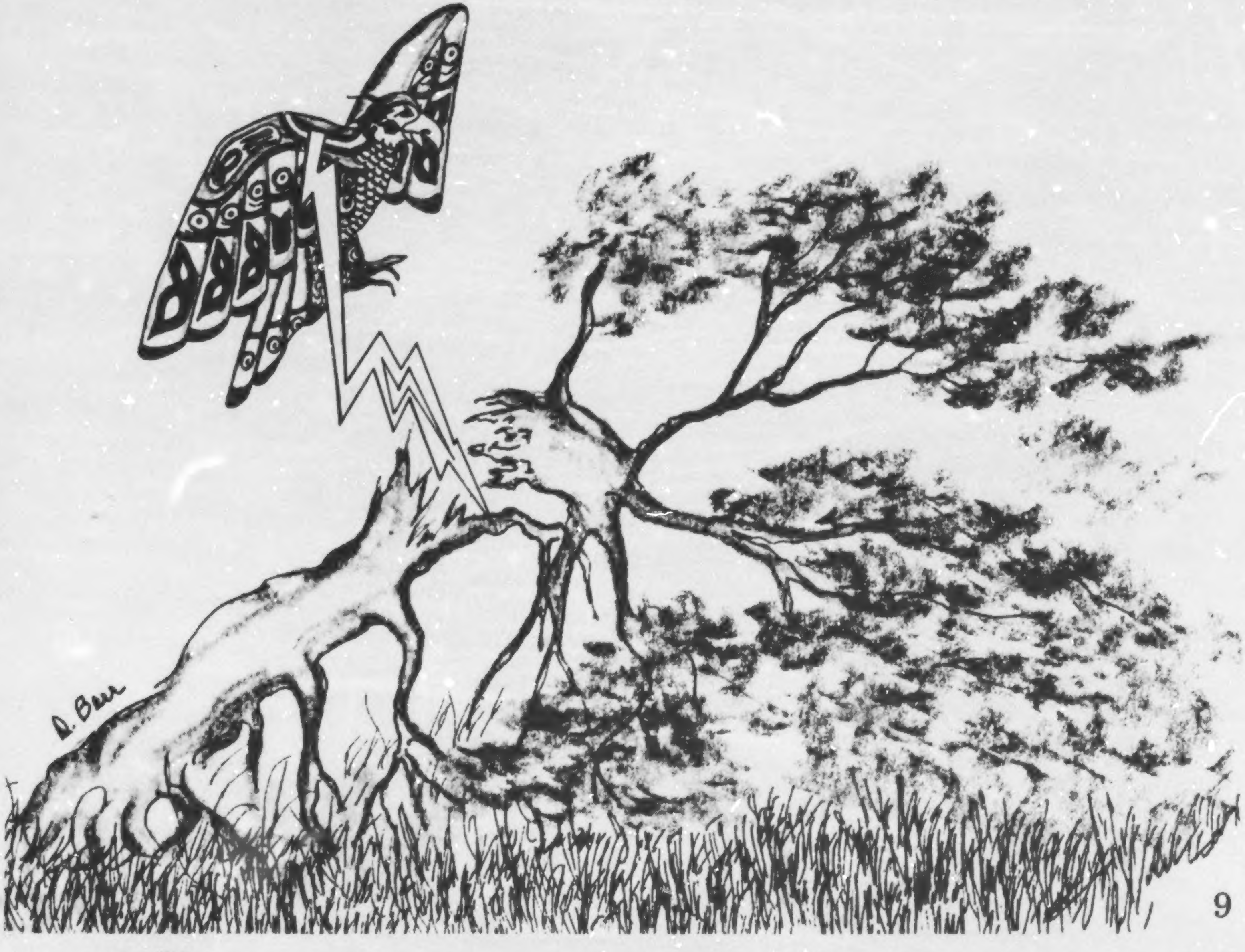
The Thunderbird immediately struck down a tree
so that the mosquito could draw
all the tree's blood for him.





From that time to this, mosquitoes have gathered blood from people.

And the Thunderbird still strikes down trees with lightning.



BERNICE LOZIER TANEWASHA

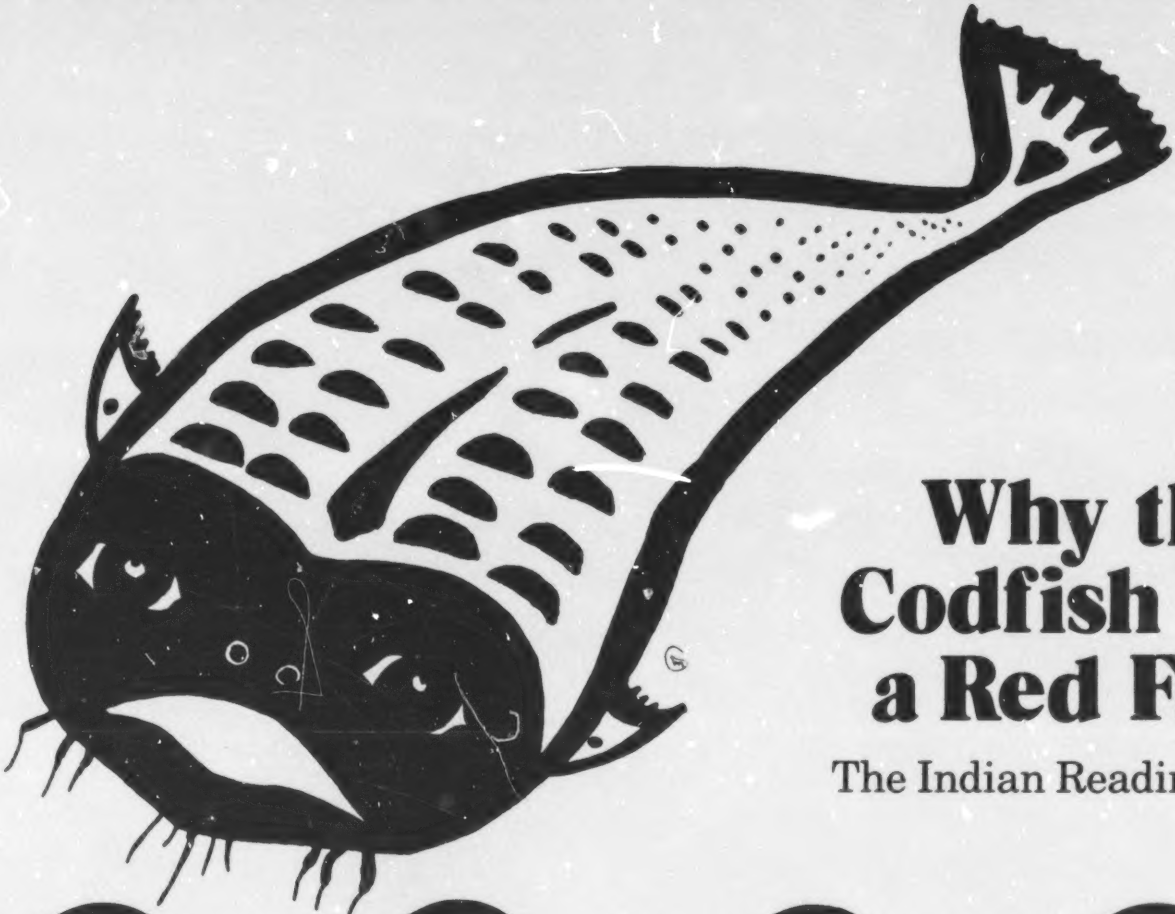
Bernice Lozier Tanewasha is a Yakima Indian who was born and raised on the Muckleshoot Reservation, near Auburn, Washington. She attended Chemawa Indian School and over the past several years has participated in many education workshops and taken some college coursework in the field of education. While serving as a cultural consultant to the Tacoma and Auburn public schools, she showed artifacts and talked to students about Native American culture. She has also taught the Muckleshoot Indian language in the schools and at the Tacoma Indian Center. She presently works for the Muckleshoot Tribe as an alcoholism counselor. She hopes The Indian Reading Series will "enlighten the rest of the world as to some of the authentic traditions of Native Americans, so that all people have a better understanding of Native American culture." She is married and has three children.

DEBRA BARR

Debra Barr has lived for the past four years on the Muckleshoot Reservation in Western Washington. She majored in art and psychology in college, and her main interests are drawing, painting and photography. Someday she hopes to become a professional photographer with her own studio. She is married to Earnest Lee Barr, who is from the Yakima Tribe, and is the mother of a two-year old boy.

CHARLOTTE WILLIAMS

Charlotte Williams is a Muckleshoot Indian who was born and raised on the Muckleshoot Reservation near Auburn, Washington. For seven years she has served as Treasurer on the Muckleshoot Tribal Council and also works as a full-charge bookkeeper and junior accountant. She is active in the Auburn P.T.A., serves as a Sunday school superintendent and in 1971 was selected by the Auburn Jaycees to receive the "Woman of the Year" award. She has served as Chairperson of both the Auburn Johnson O'Malley Program and the Muckleshoot Education Committee. In her spare time she does Indian beadwork, sews and reads. She is married and has three children.



Why the Codfish Has a Red Face

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 3

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Why the Codfish Has a Red Face
Level II Book 3

Coast Area Planning Committee

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Charlotte Williams

A Skokomish Legend

As told by Georgia Miller

Illustrated by Bruce Miller

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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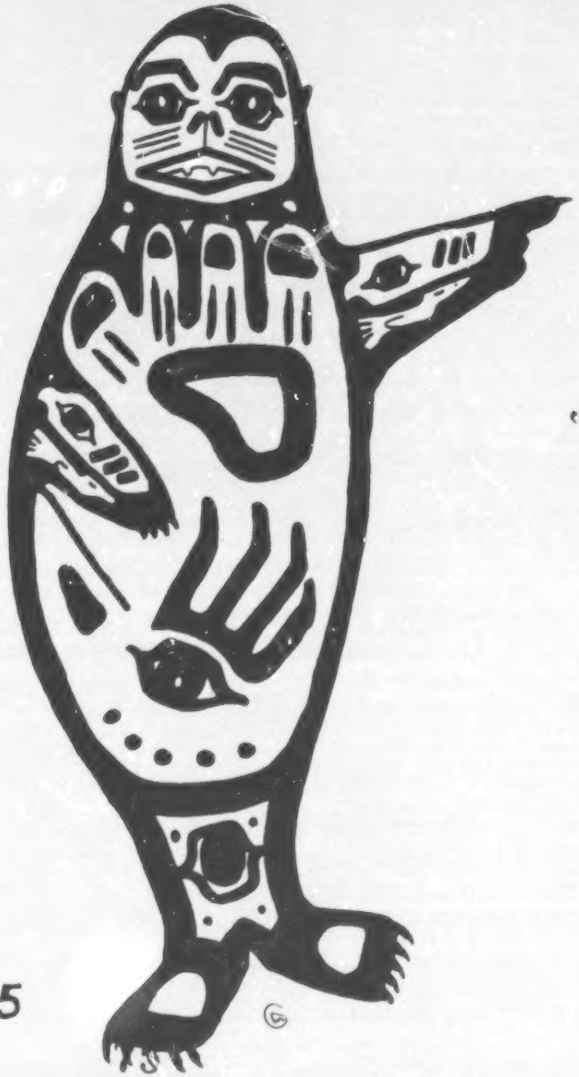
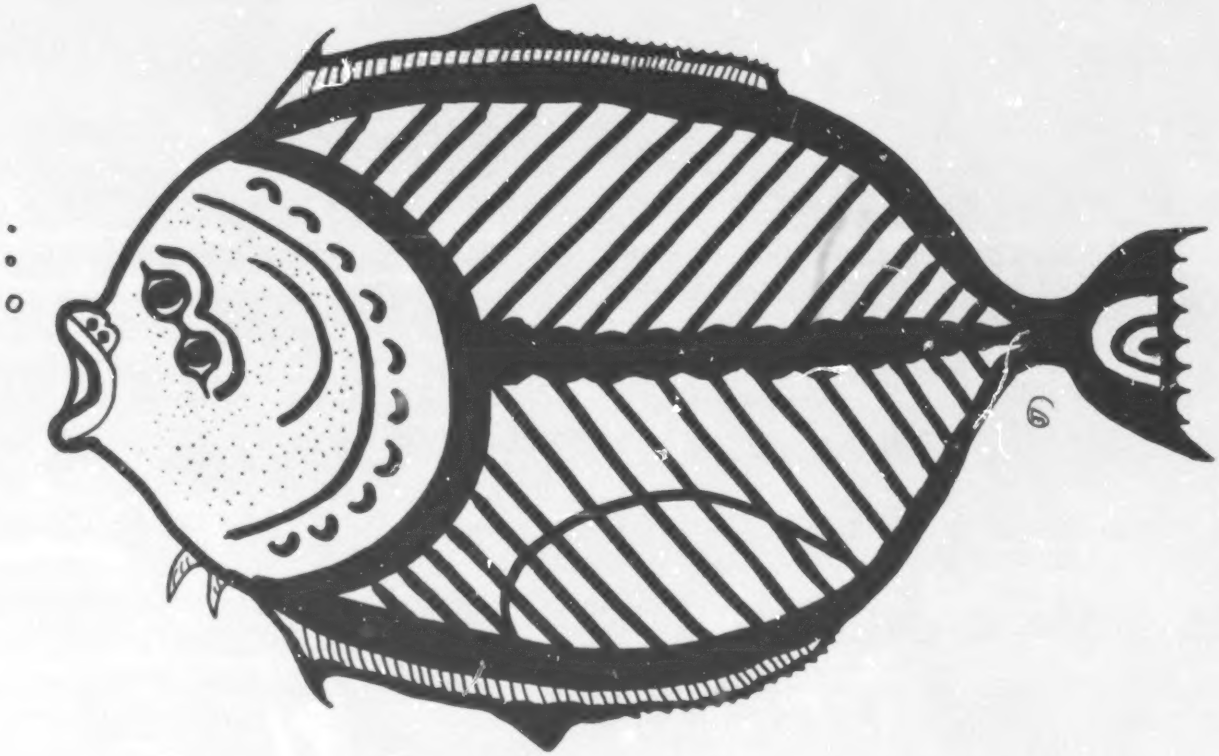
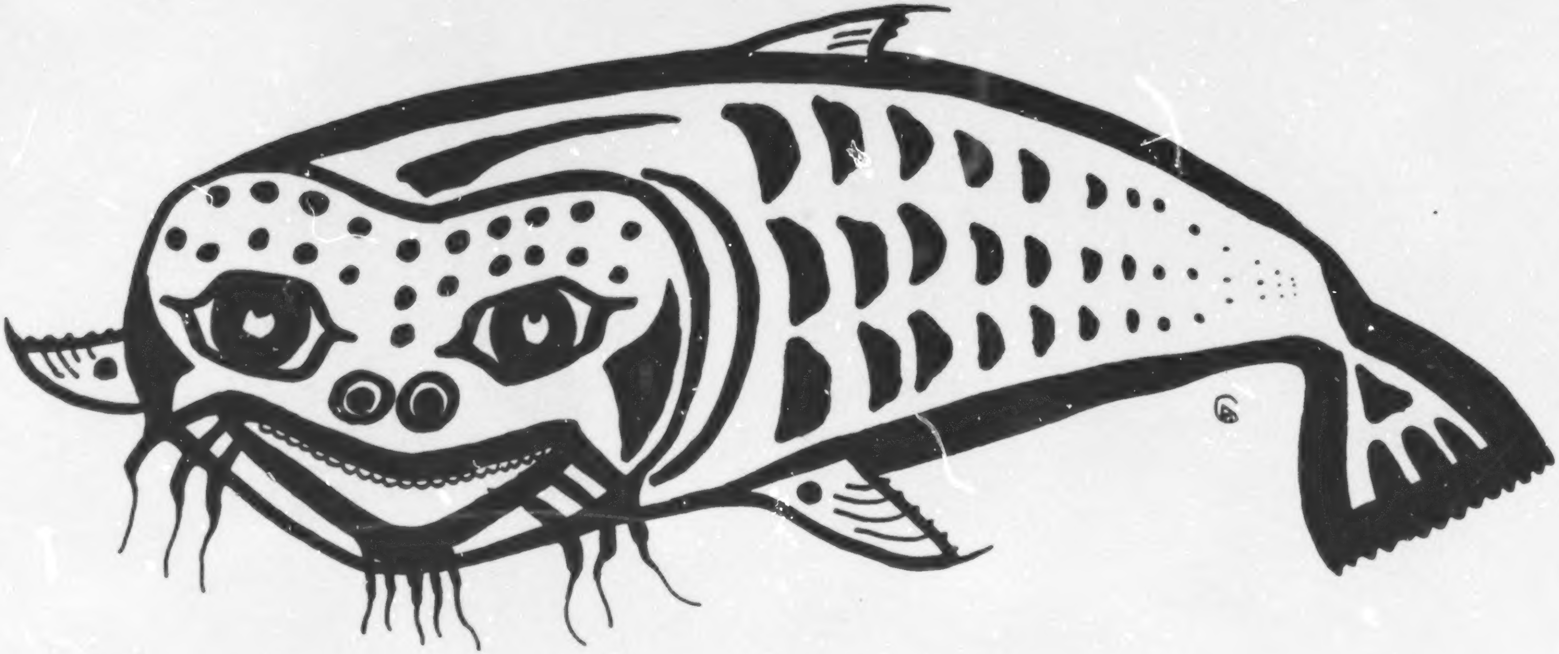


"Who is that pretty, young maiden over there?"
Seal asked Flounder.

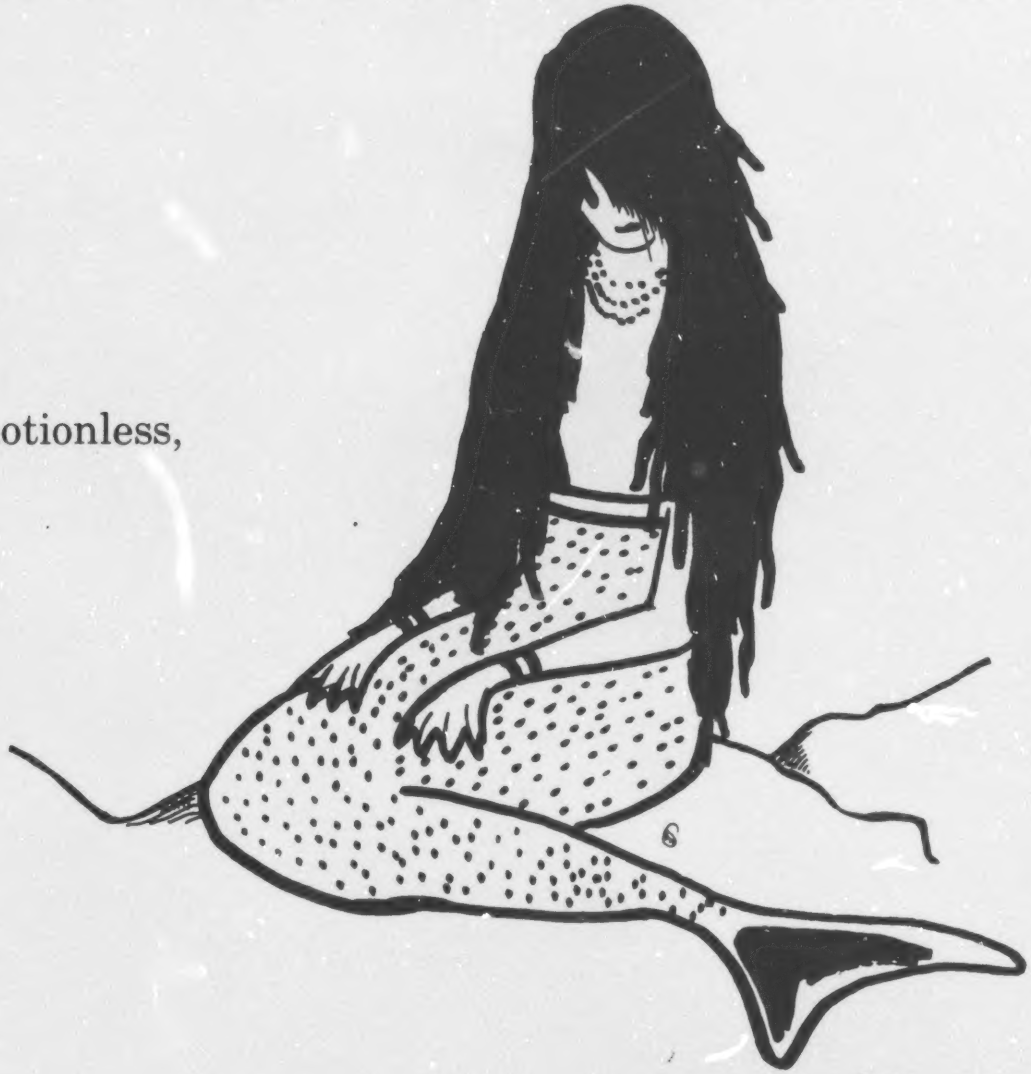


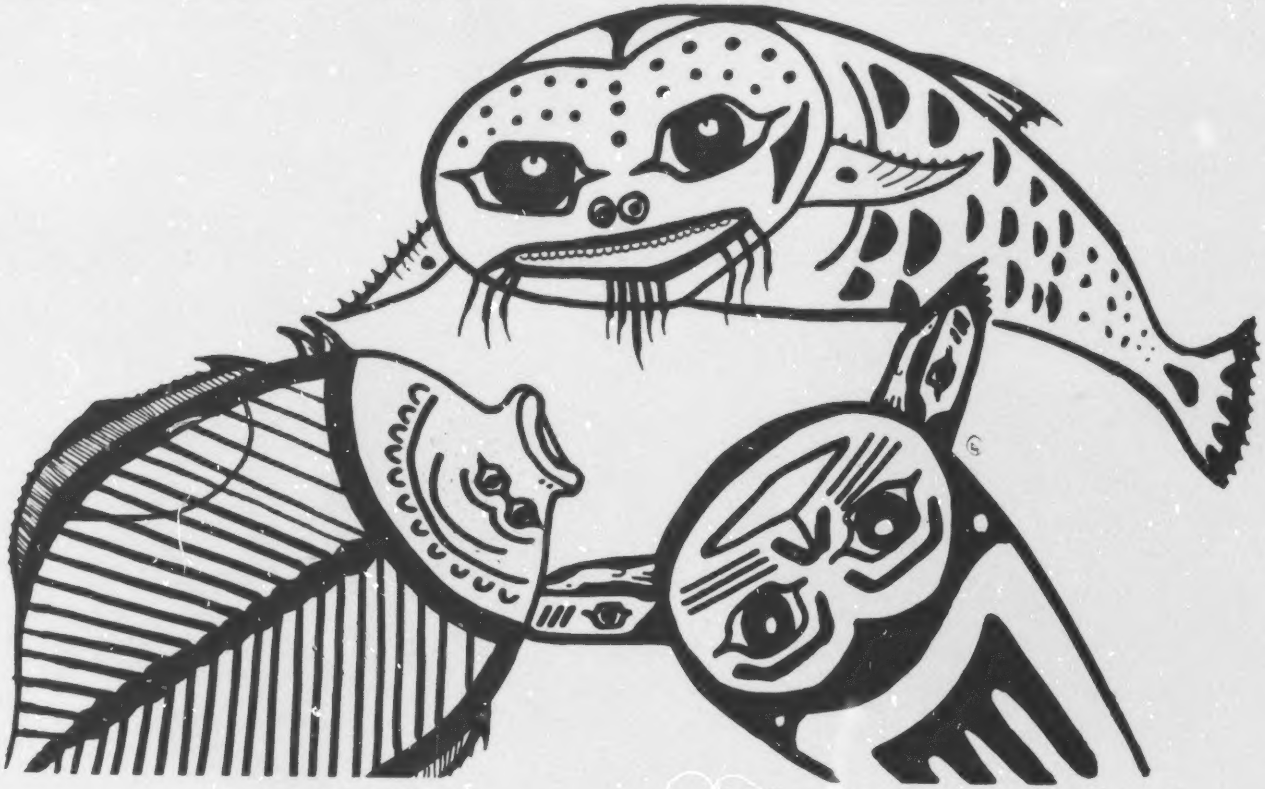
"I don't know," said Flounder.
"People say she never looks at anyone."



Codfish said, "Oh, indeed!
She's very lovely.
Just look at that beautiful hair!"

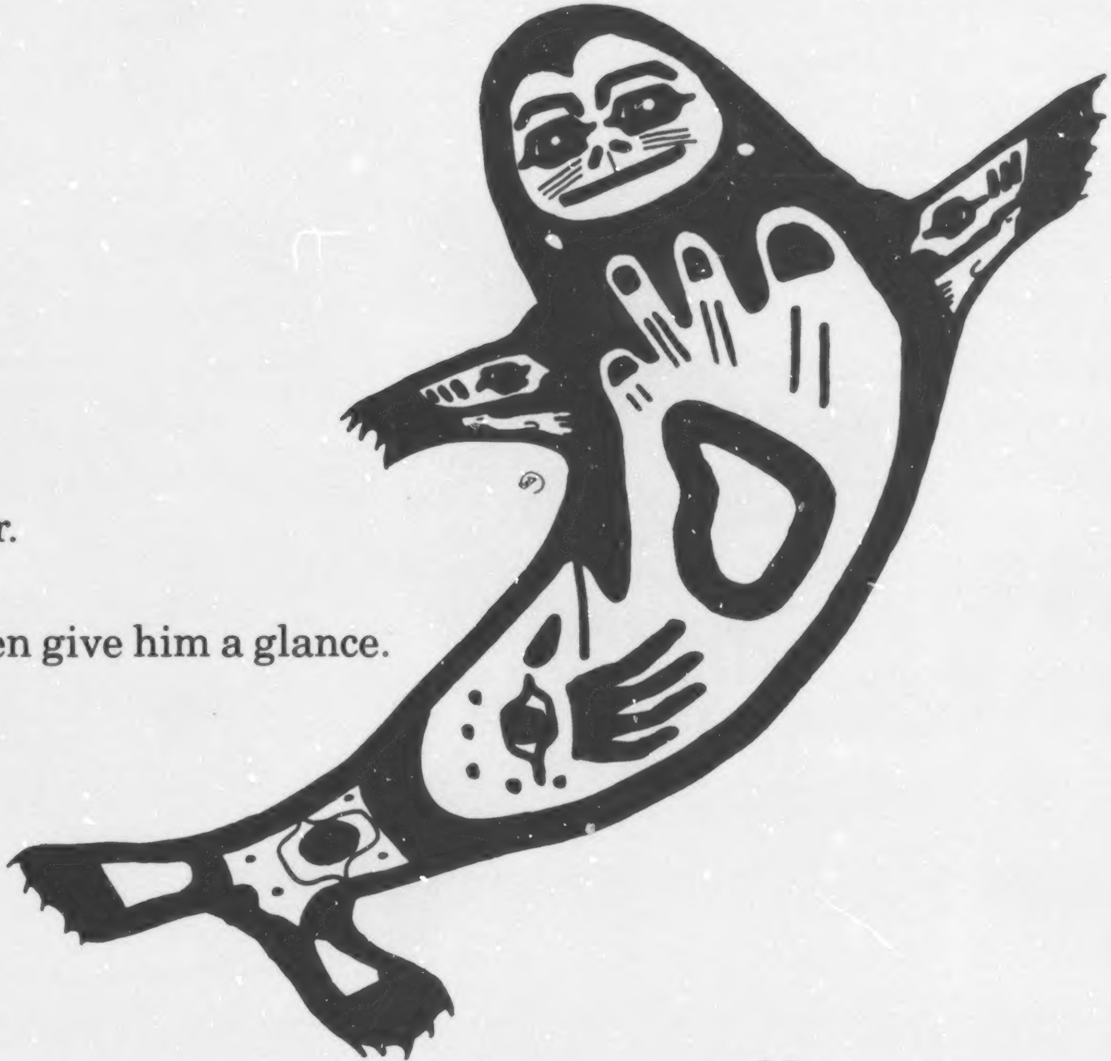
The strange maiden sat motionless,
paying no heed.

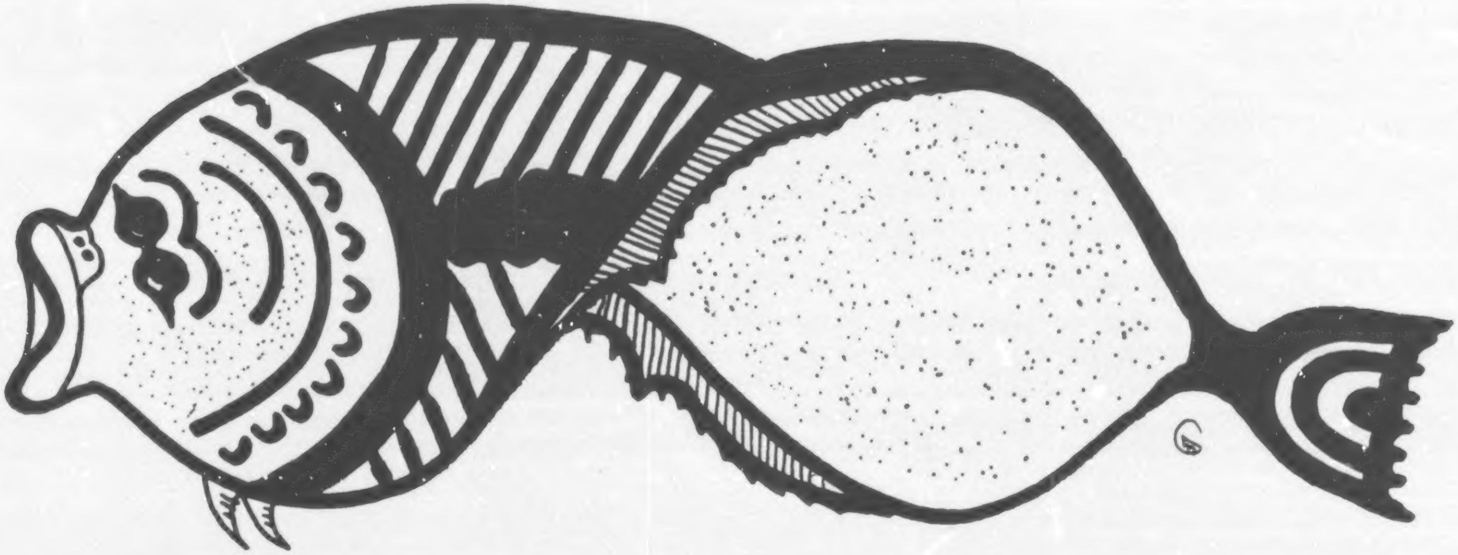




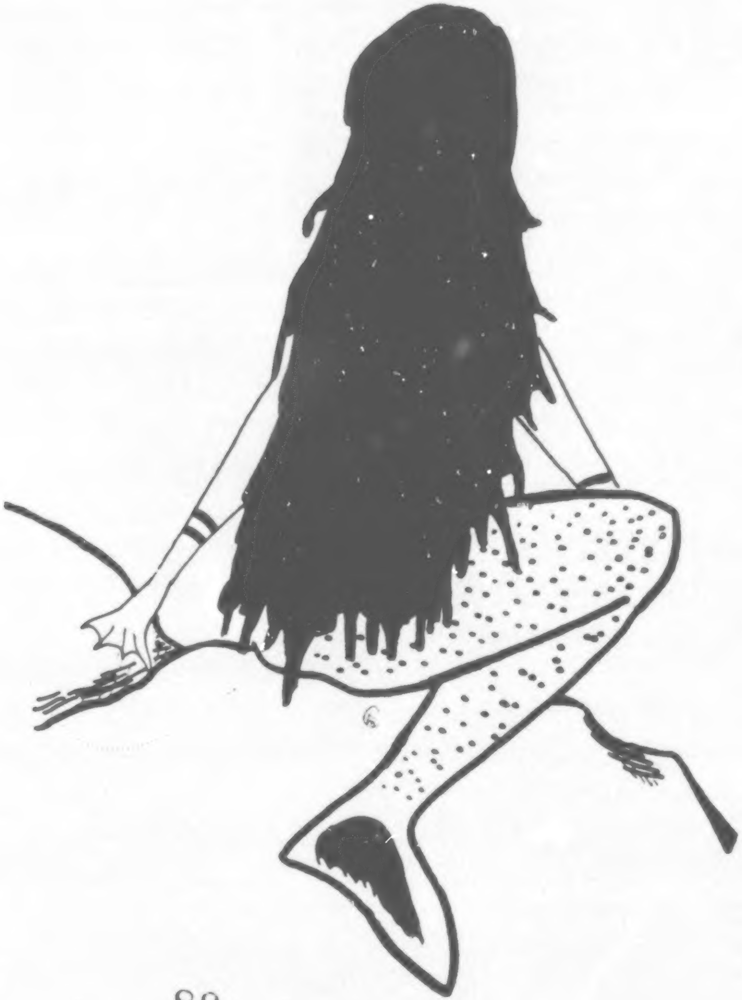
The three gentlemen talked.
They decided to have a contest.
The one who attracted her attention would be the winner.
It was agreed.

The Seal was first.
Oh!
He danced.
He dove.
He leaped.
He swirled in the water.
But alas!
The maiden did not even give him a glance.

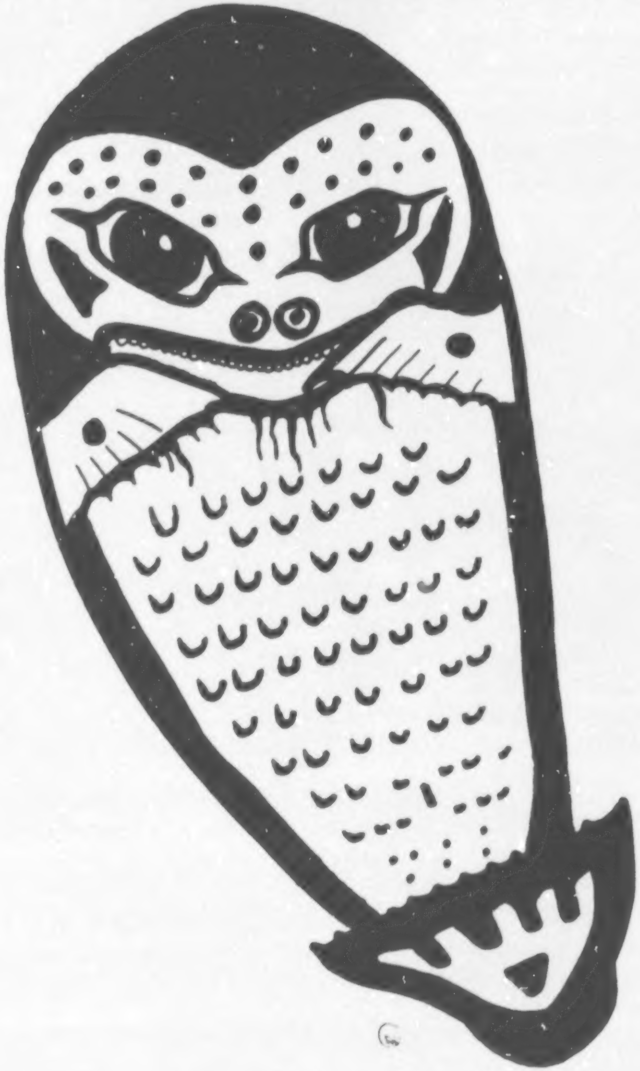




Flounder was next.
He decided to use his clumsiness
    to make the maiden look at him.
He danced and twirled till he fell, saying,
    "Oh, I'm so clumsy!
All I can do is fall down!"

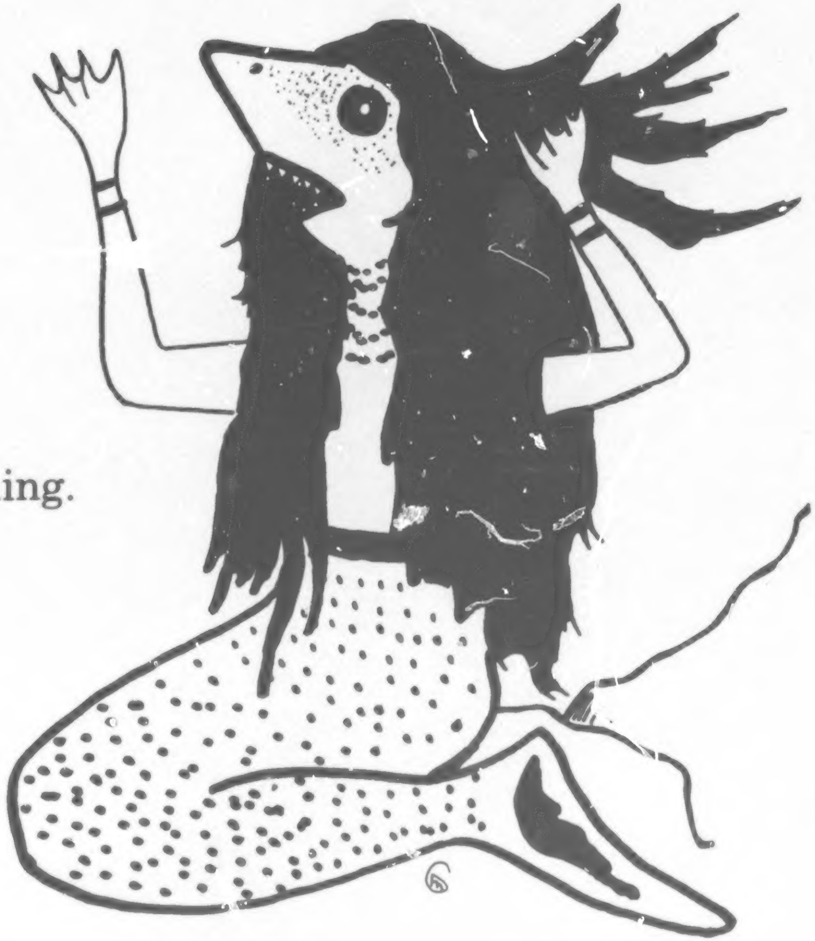


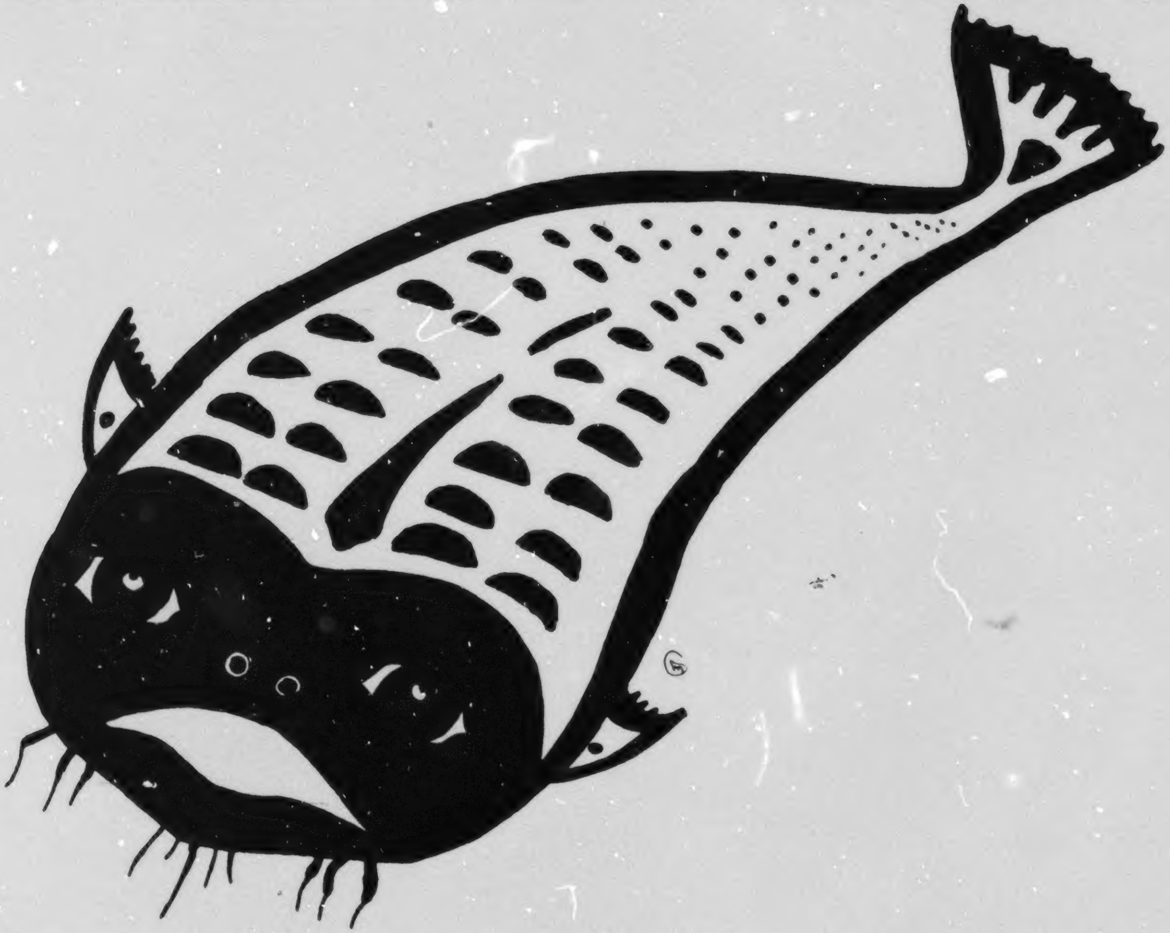
The maiden turned her back.



Codfish thought, "Hmmm, I will play a trick."
Singing to himself, he danced to the fire.
Closer he danced.
Suddenly he cried, "Adadadah!
My face is on fire!
My whiskers are burning!
My whiskers are burning!"

"Oh!" cried the maiden.
She threw back her hair and looked.
It was Dogfish Woman.
Oh goodness, she was ugly!
Seal and Flounder swam away laughing.





Ever since then, Codfish has had a red face.

JEANNE EVERNDEN

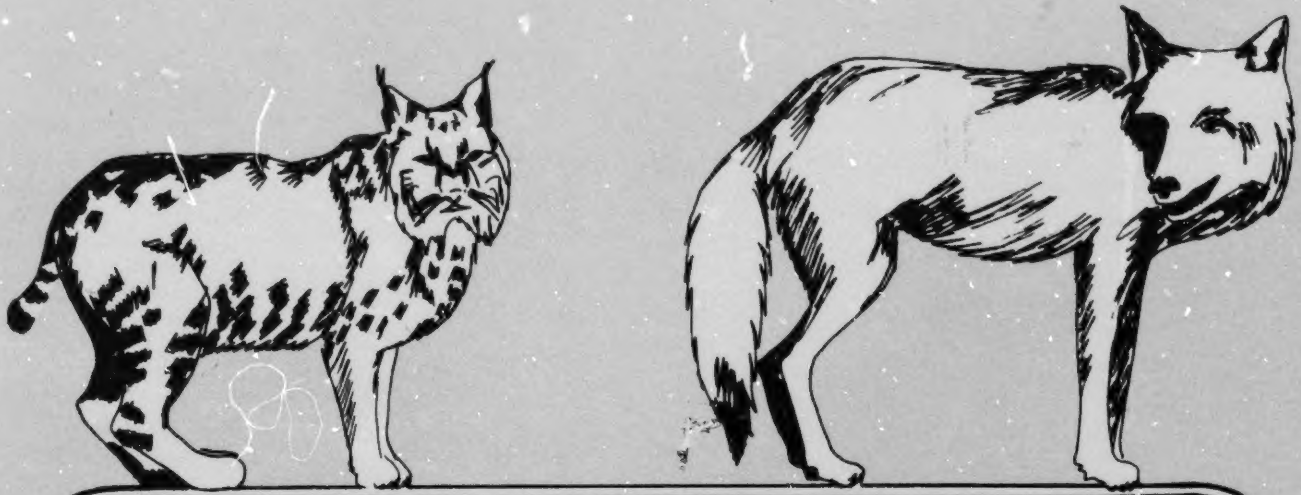
Jeanne Evernden is a Skokomish Indian and was born and raised on the Skokomish reservation near the Hood Canal in Washington. She graduated from Irene S. Reed High School in Shelton and attended Haskell Indian School for two years, where she took commercial courses. She has managed the Tribal Smoke Shop and is now actively involved in the Skokomish Language Project, which is developing an unabridged Skokomish dictionary. She also is the mother of eight children and hopes The Indian Reading Series will become a permanent part of the schooling system because "Indian history and involvement are very important to our young people."

BRUCE MILLER

Bruce Miller, a Skokomish Indian, has held art exhibitions in Europe, South America and throughout the United States. He was nominated for the Indian Arts Commission Board for the Washington State Arts Commission, won the Washington Bicentennial Playwrite Award for his play *Changer,* and recently completed a screenplay, *The Lord of the House of the Maimed,* to be aired as an EXXON special on the CBS network. He presently is Director of the Skokomish Tribal Learning Center, has served as Coordinator for the Skokomish Title IV Program and was Human Relations Specialist and Counselor for the Seattle Public Schools. He also has acted with theater groups such as Native American Theater Ensemble (New York) and Red Earth Performing Arts Company (Seattle). He attended the Institute of American Indian Arts, California College of Arts and Crafts, and University of California at Berkeley. In addition, he has received special training in stage direction and acting technique from, among others, Geraldine Page, Peter Brook (three time winner at Cannes Film Festival for best direction) and Tom O'Horgan (director of *Godspell, Hair* and *Jesus Christ Superstar).*

WILMA PETTY

Wilma Petty, a Skokomish Indian, was born and raised on the Skokomish reservation. She graduated from Chemawa Indian School in 1938 and has taken advanced coursework in child psychology. She has served as Home School Coordinator for Project Head Start and Supervisor of the Skokomish Summer Recreation Program. For the past five years she has been a Teacher's Aide at Hood Canal School and is currently involved in the Skokomish Language Project, which is developing a dictionary of the Skokomish language. As the mother of five children, she "would like to see The Indian Reading Series in public schools for non-Indian as well as Indian children."



How Wildcat and Coyote Tricked Each Other

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 4

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

How Wildcat and Coyote Tricked Each Other

Level II Book 4

By members of the Fort Hall
Reservation Committee

Fredrick Auck, *Illustrator*
Maxine Edmo, *Coordinator*
Inez Evening
Charlene Farmer
Cora George, *Consultant*
Lillie Little, *Consultant*
Alene Menta
Evelyn Teton, *Illustrator*
Mary Washakie

Illustrated by Evelyn Teton

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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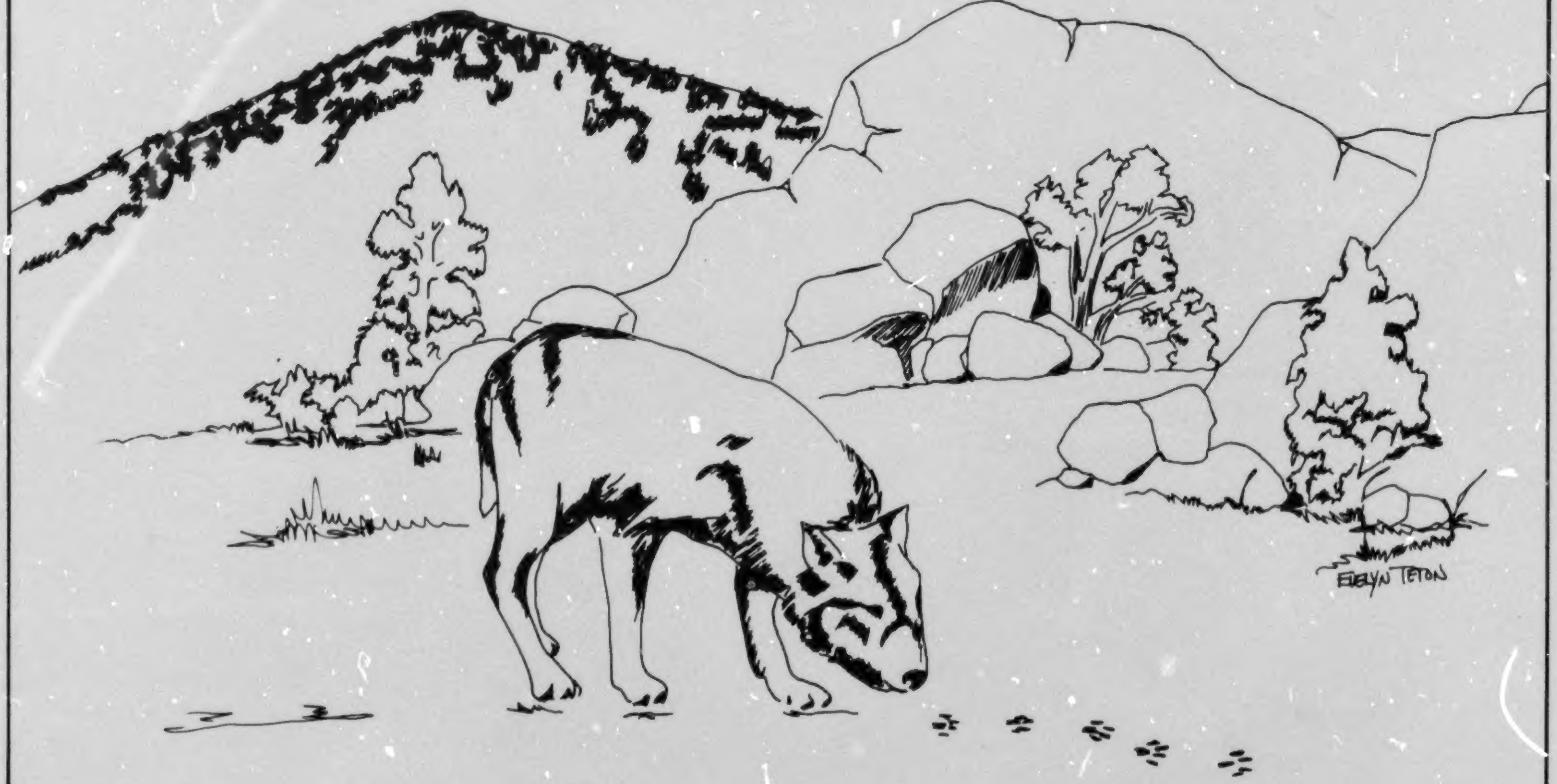
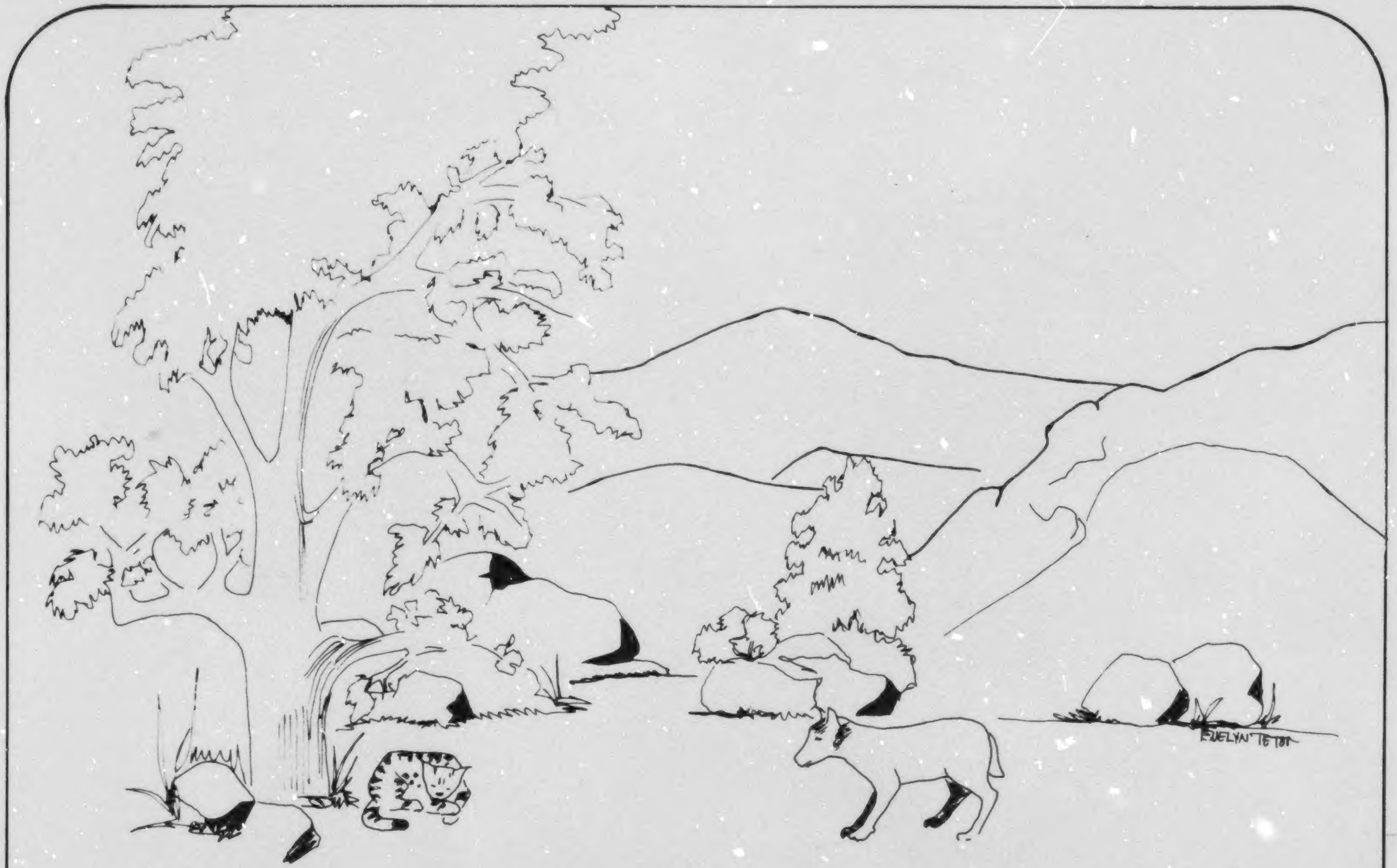
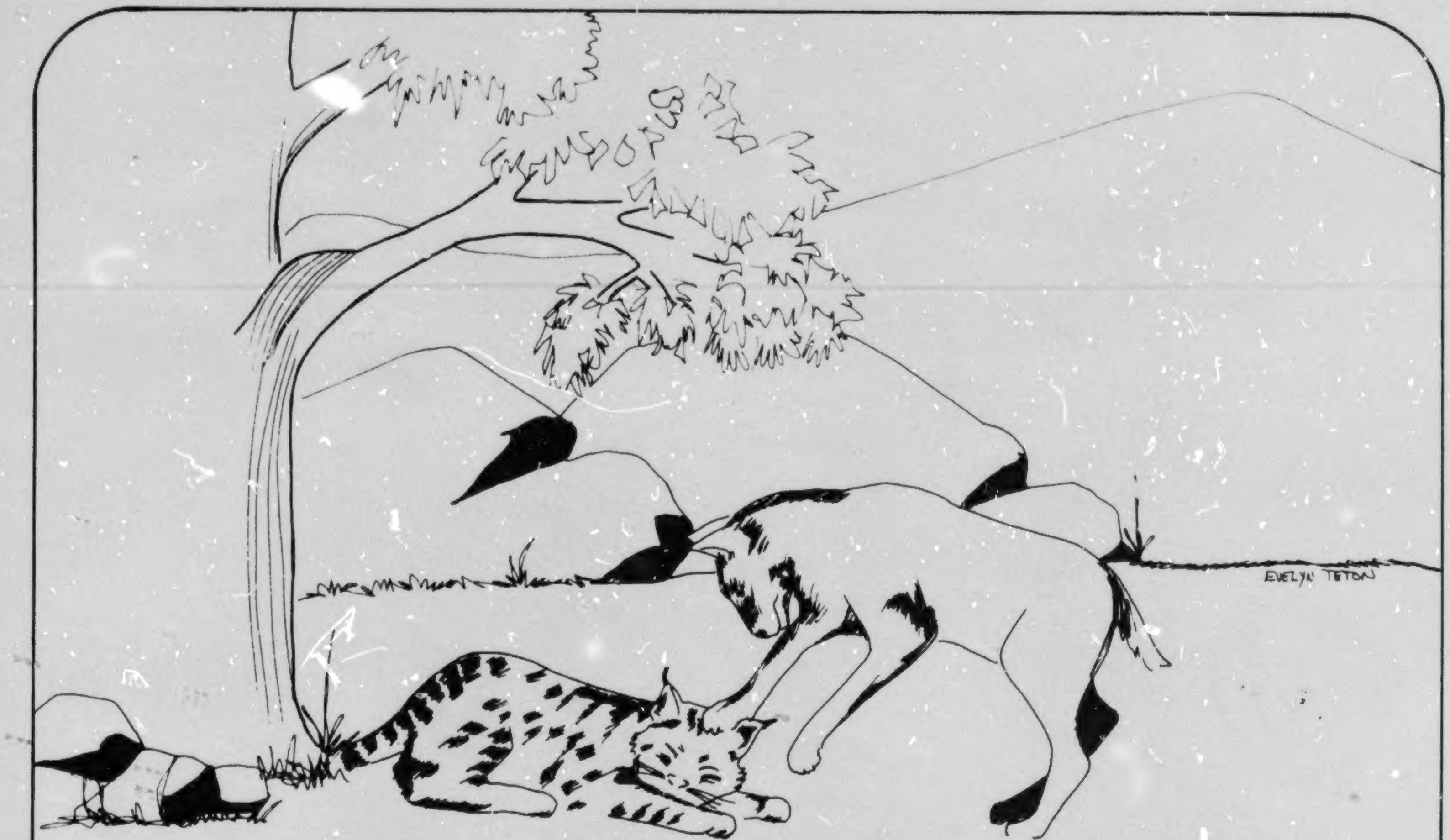

EVELYN TETON

One day when Coyote was out for a Sunday stroll,
he saw some tracks.

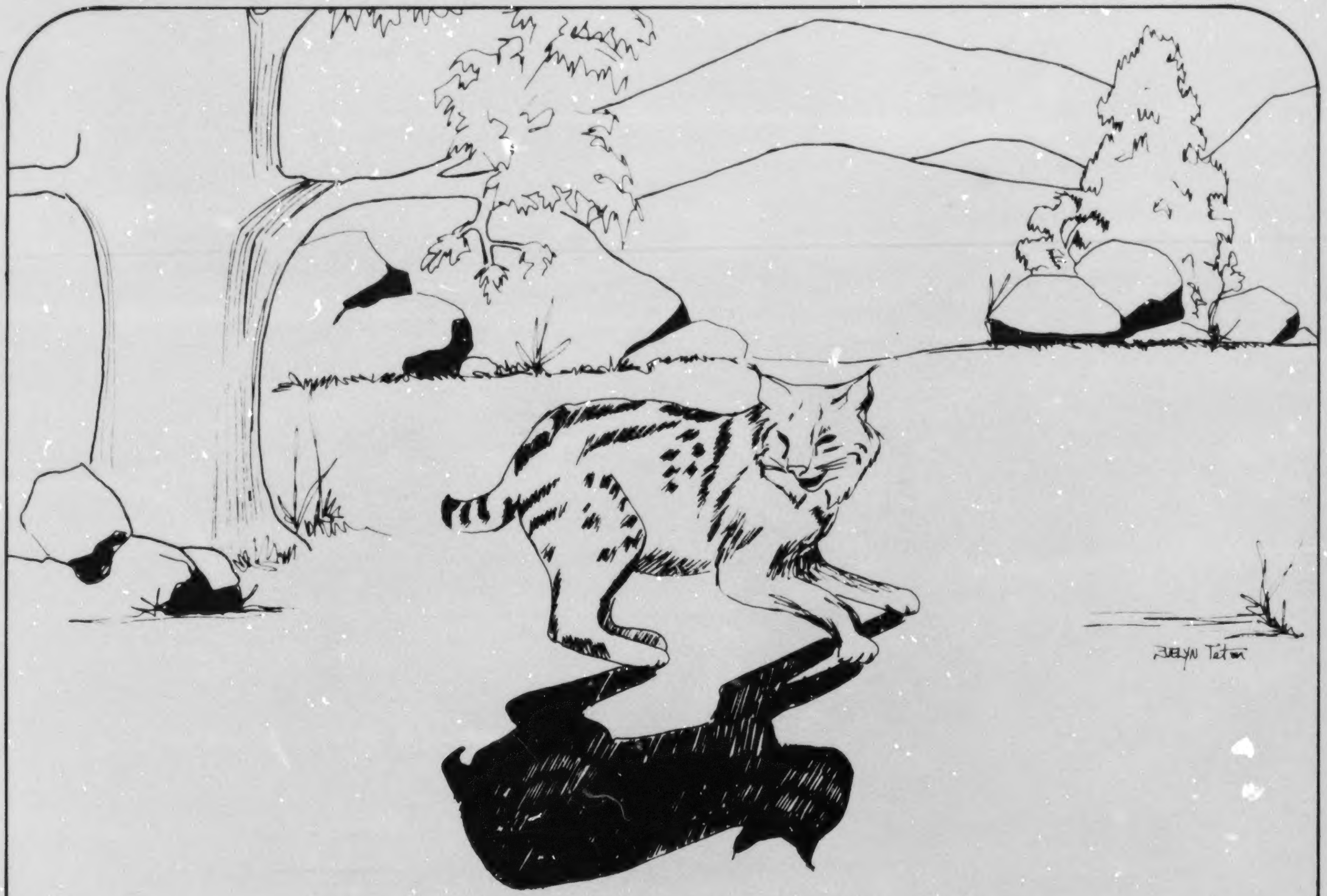

EVELYN TETON

He followed them and found Wildcat asleep under a tree.

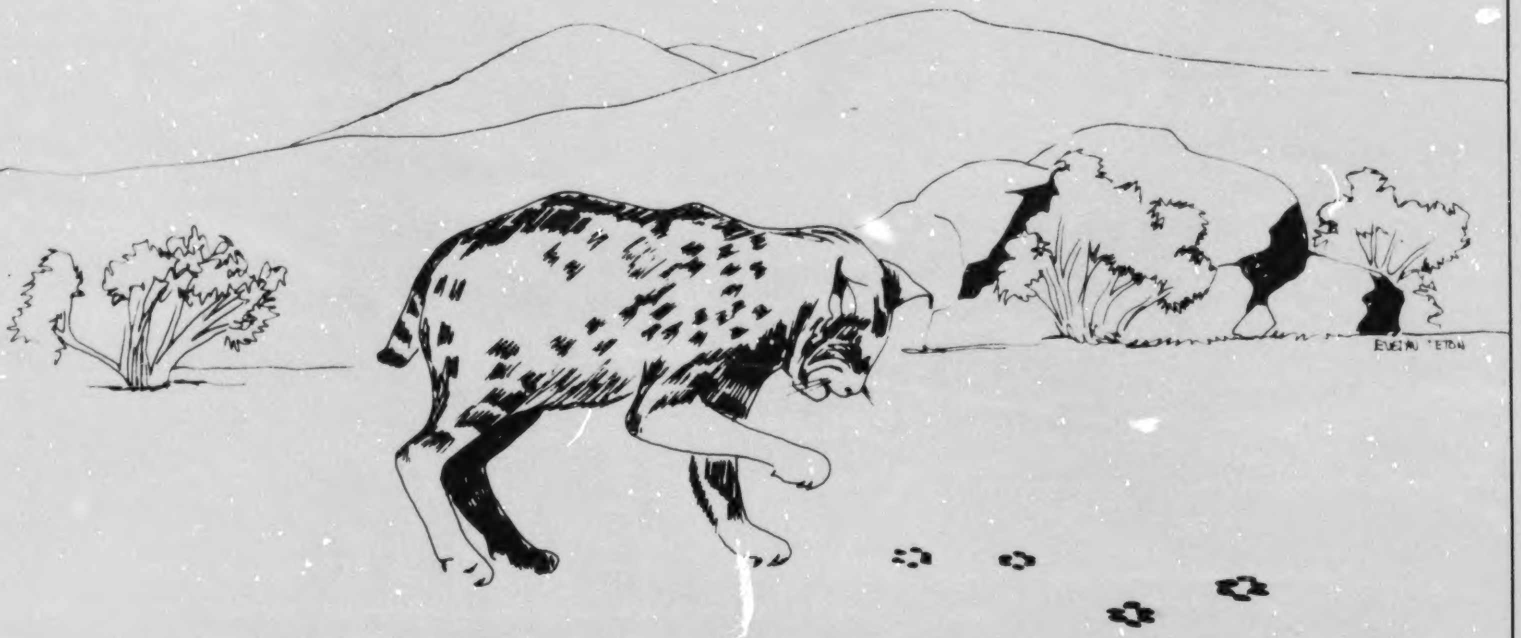


EVELYN TETON

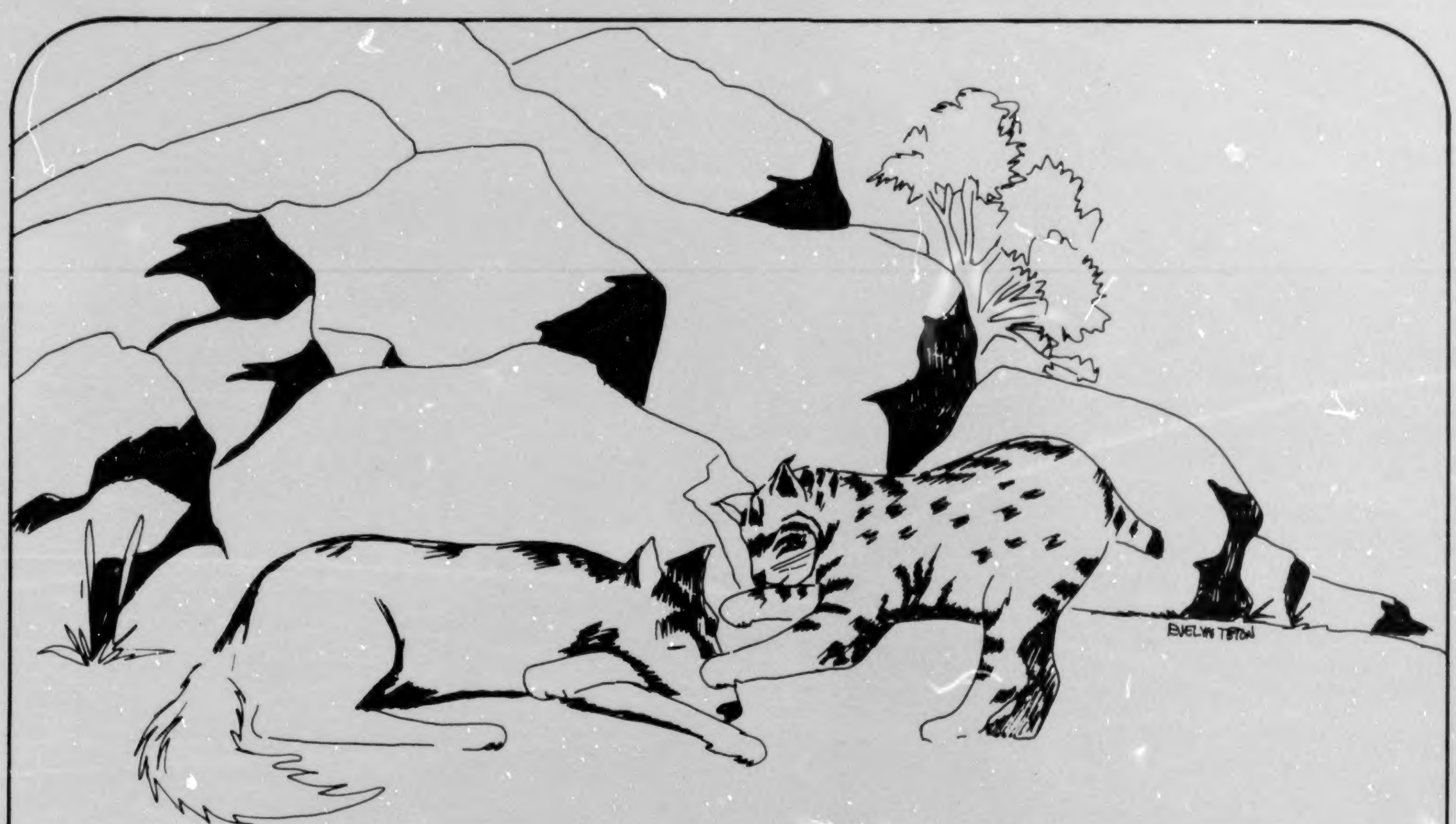
Coyote took Wildcat's tail and made it short.
He stretched his hind legs
and shaped his head until it was round.


EVELYN Teton

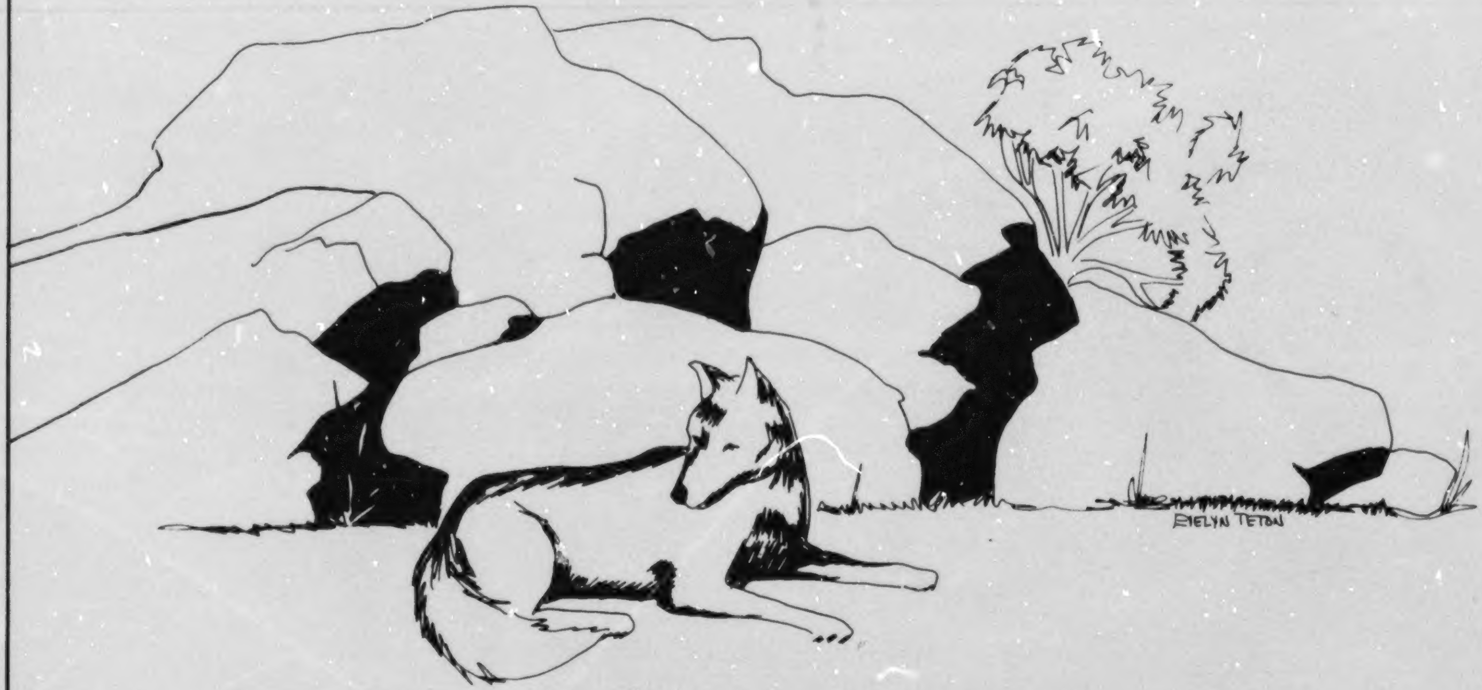
When Wildcat woke up and saw his shadow,
he noticed he looked different.



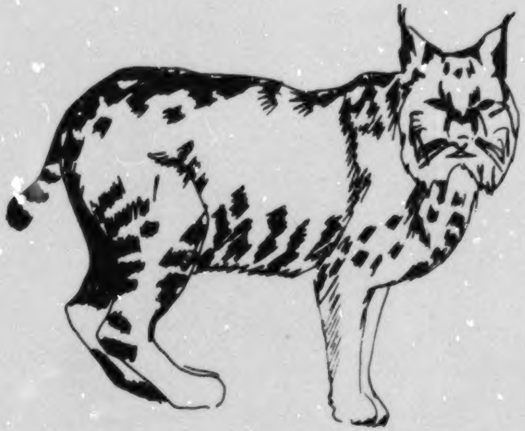
Wildcat became very angry.
He saw Coyote's tracks and knew who had done this.

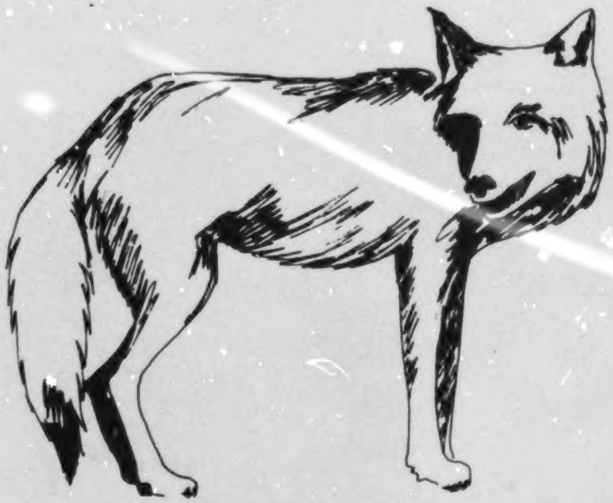


He found Coyote taking a nap.
While Coyote was asleep,
Wildcat made Coyote's tail big and bushy
and shaped his nose until it was pointed.
Then Wildcat was happy, and he went on his way.


EVELYN TETON

When Coyote woke up and saw his bushy tail,
he wondered what had happened to him.





That is how Wildcat and Coyote tricked each other.

That is why today the coyote has a long, pointed nose
and big, bushy tail.

It is also why the wildcat has a short tail,
stretched legs and round head.

Pat Learns About Wild Peppermint

MELVIN TAILFEATHERS

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 5

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Pat Learns About Wild Peppermint
Level II Book 5

Developed by the Blackfeet Indians

Written by Joan Kennerly, Carmen Marceau, Doris Old Person, June Tatsey

Illustrated by Melvin Tailfeathers

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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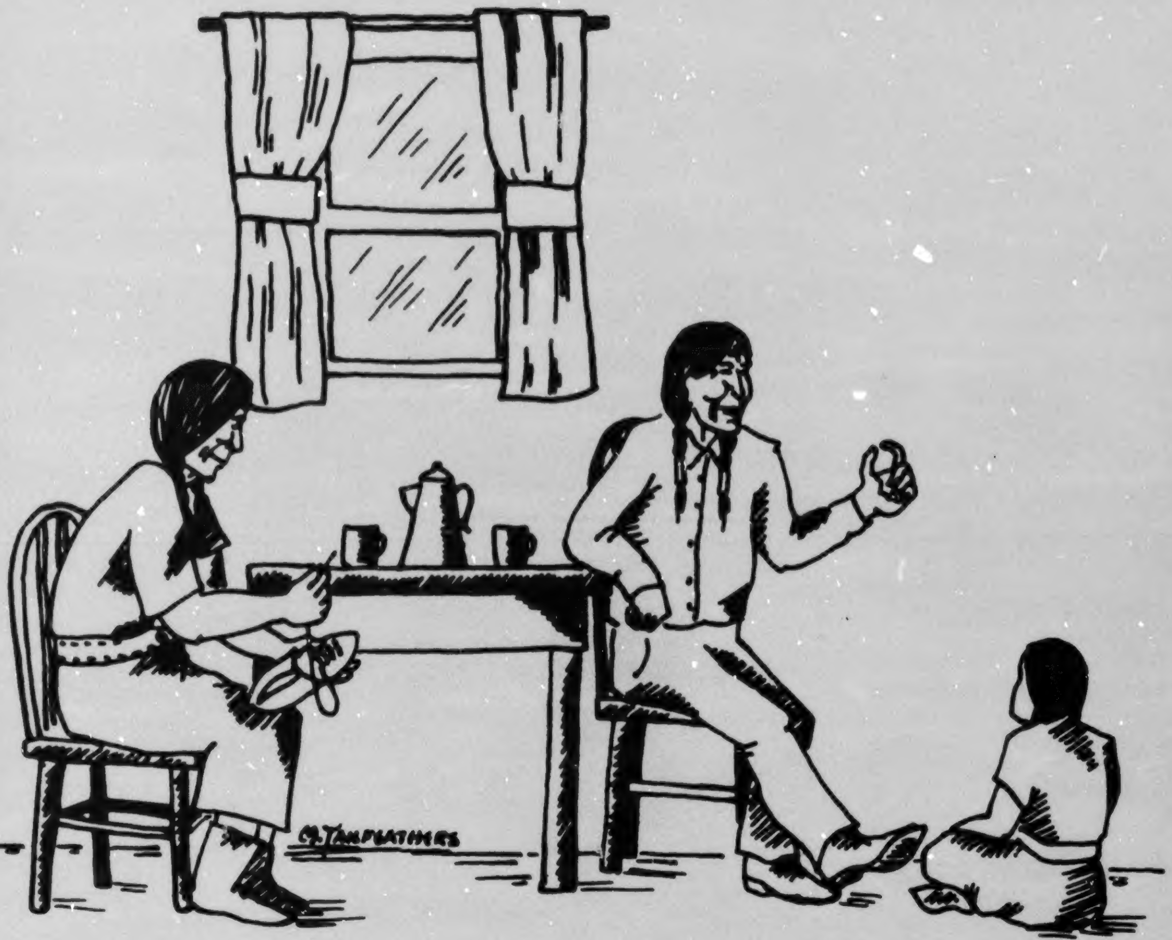
Pat Learns About Wild Peppermint is a story about the use of wild peppermint among the Blackfeet Indians in Montana. Although wild peppermint isn't used as extensively as in earlier times, it is still used by some of our Blackfeet Indian people. Wild peppermint is used as a beverage, as flavoring for foods and in some instances as a medication.

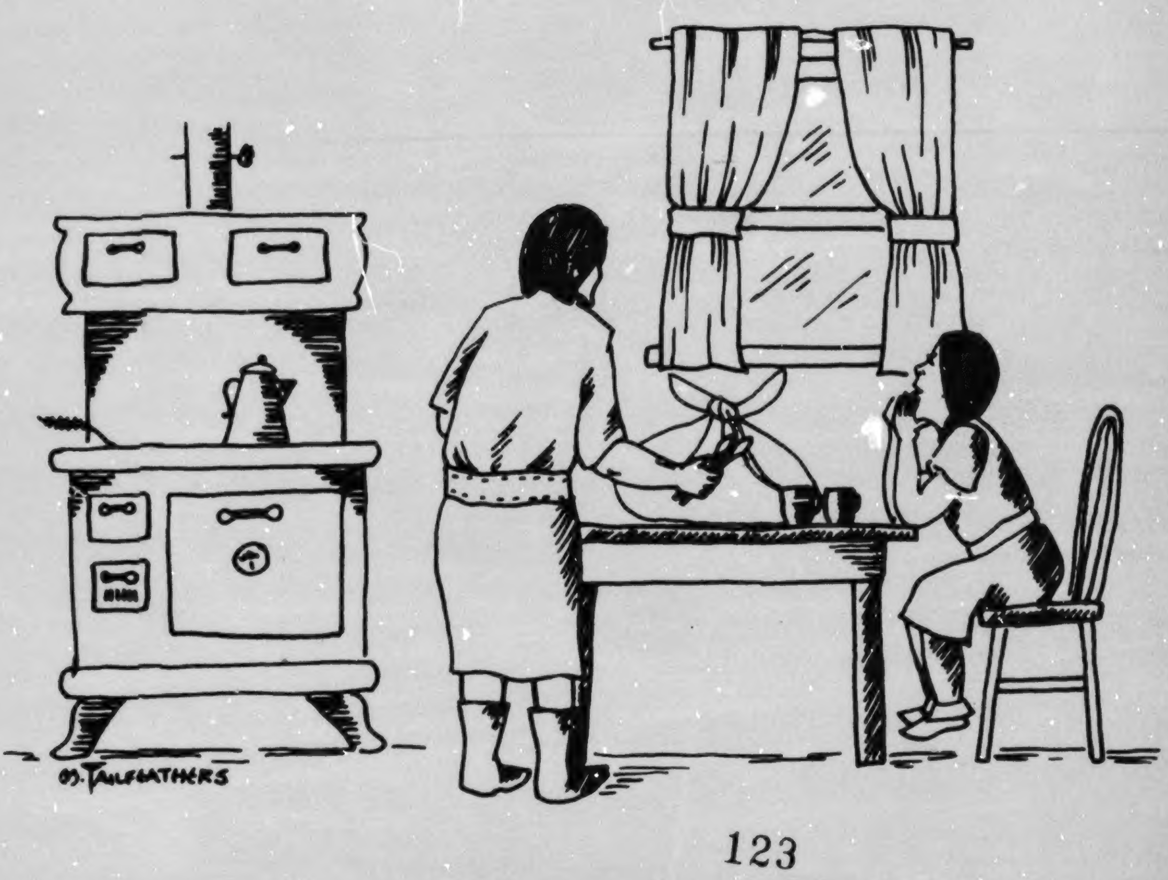
Wild peppermint is usually found in meadows, along rivers, river bottoms, swampy areas or lake areas. It is picked in summer or early fall. It is a green, leafy plant varying in length from approximately eight to twelve inches. When in bloom, it has small, purple blossoms. However, no one should attempt to pick wild peppermint unless they are shown what it really is by someone who knows the plant.

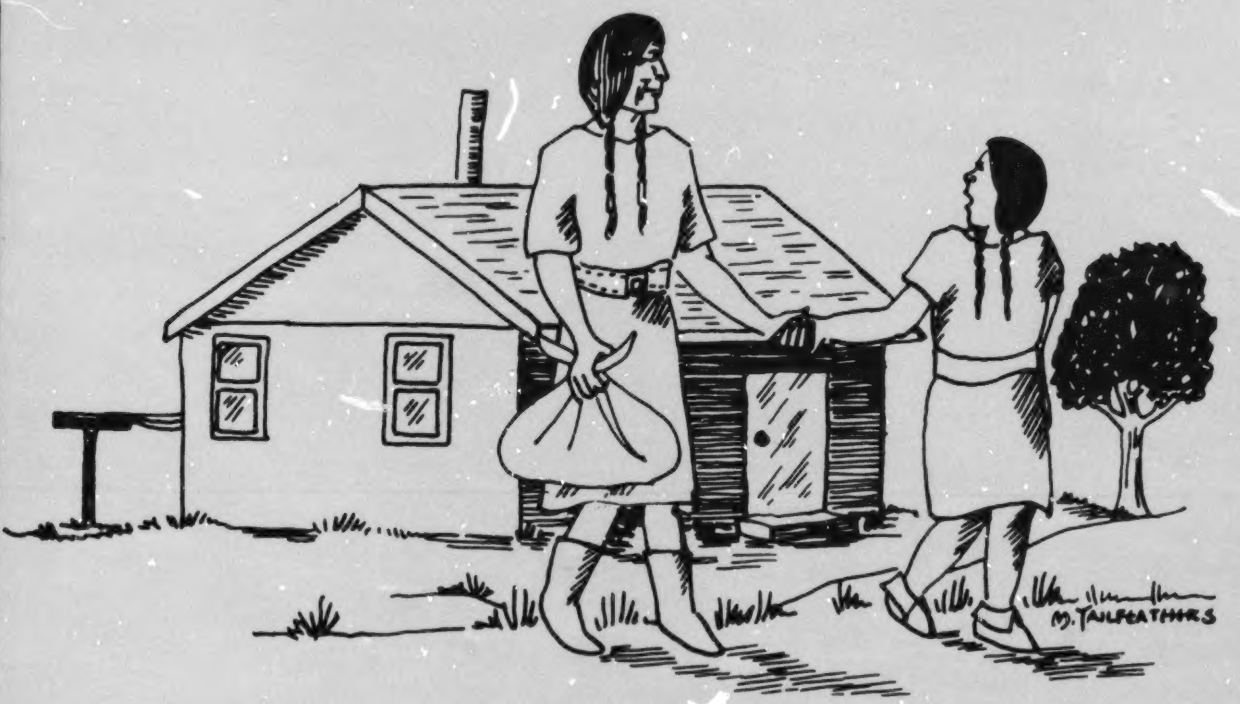

G. TAILFEATHERS

Pat is a little girl.
She lives with her grandmother and grandfather.
They live on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation
in Montana.

One day her grandma said,
"I'm going to the meadow where Grandpa
is cutting hay.
Would you like to come with me?"

"Oh, yes!" said Pat.


G. TAILFEATHERS



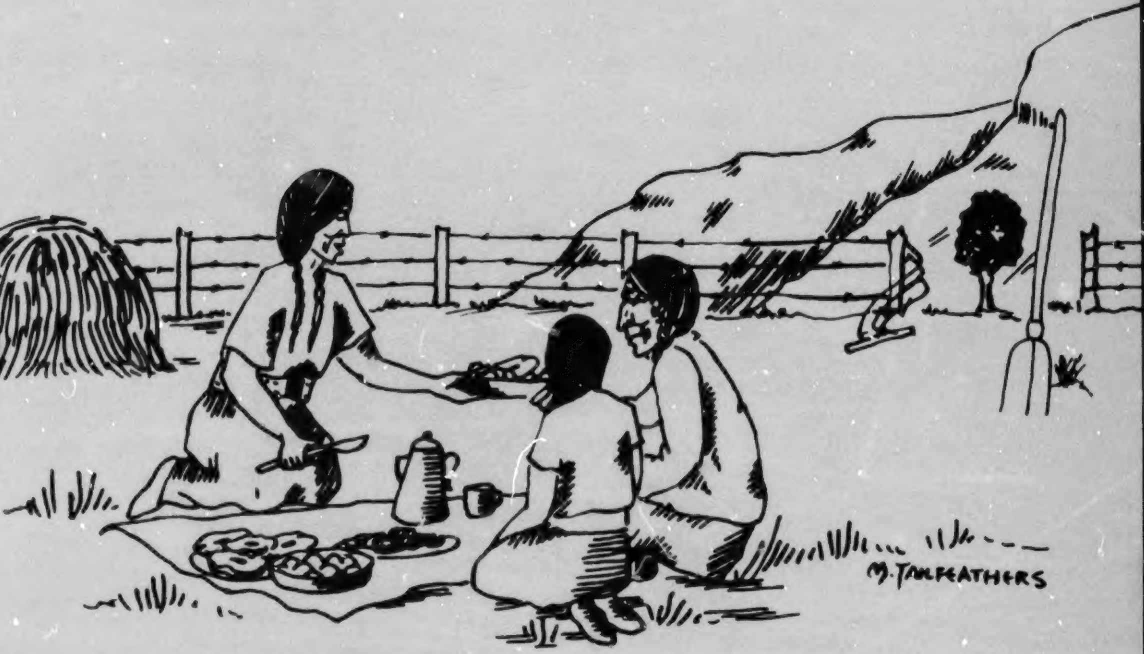
Grandma and Pat began to walk toward the meadow
in Big Badger Valley.

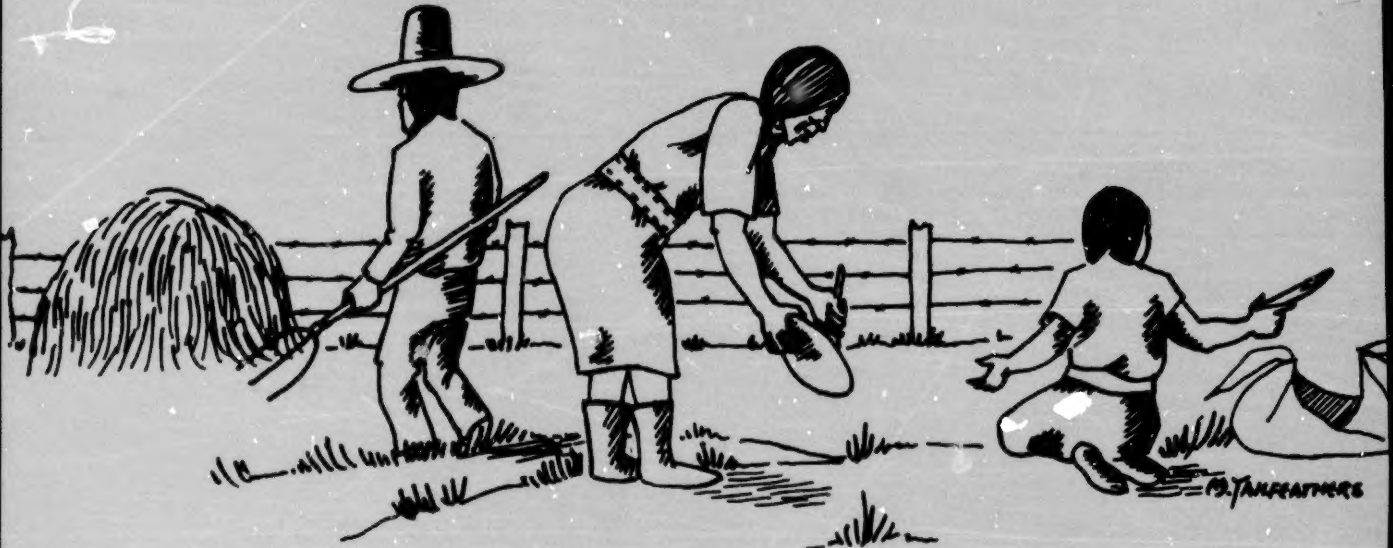
"We will eat lunch with Grandpa.
Then we will go pick wild peppermint," said Grandma.

"What is wild peppermint?" asked Pat.

"Just wait, my girl, and I will tell you about
wild peppermint.
And I will show you how it is used."

Grandma, Grandpa and Pat ate a nice lunch.
Pat felt very happy.

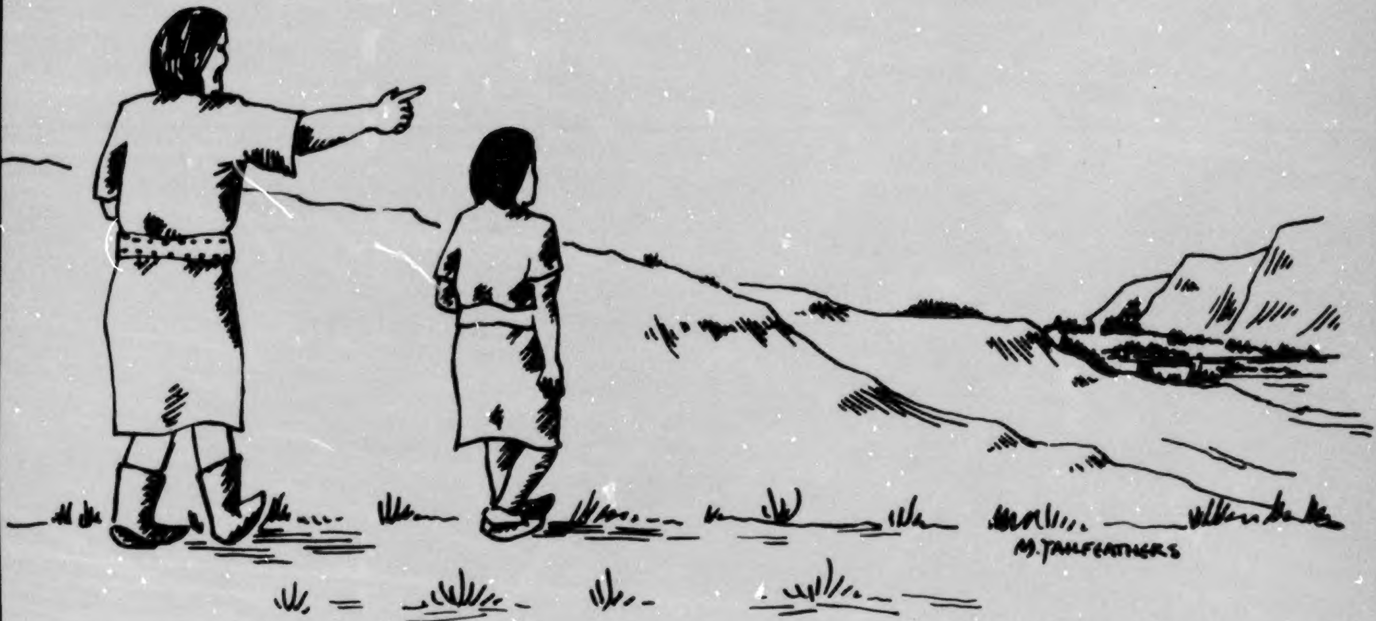

M. TAILFEATHERS

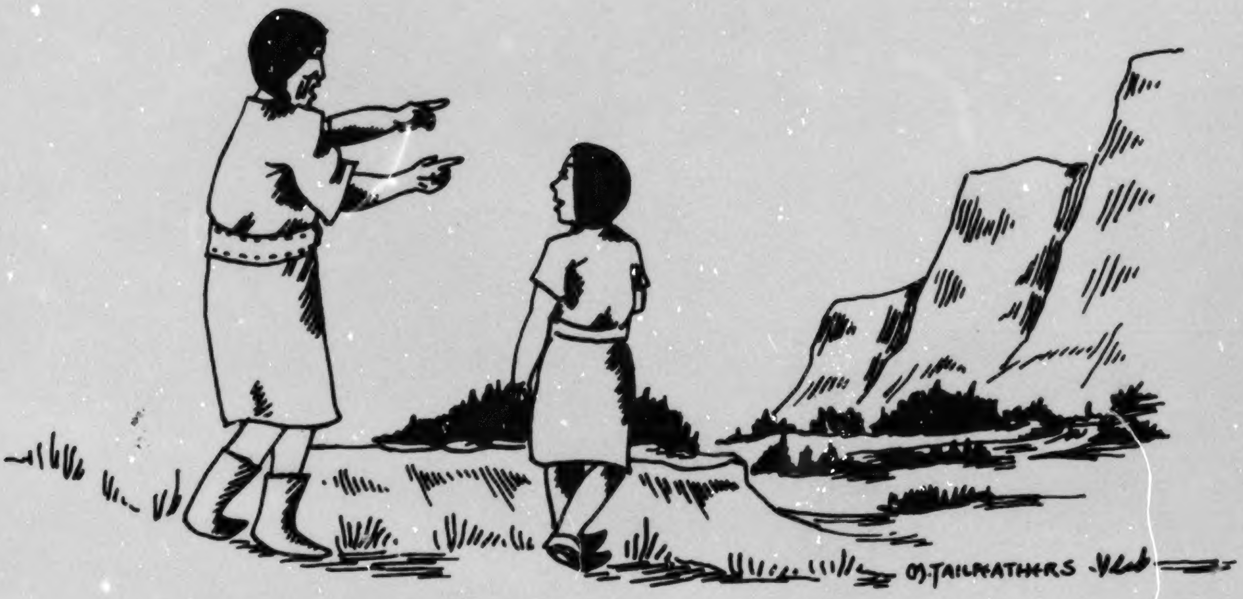

M. TAILFEATHERS

When they were finished Grandma said,
"We will go now, my girl, and look for wild peppermint."

"Where will we look for wild peppermint?" asked Pat.

"It grows near water, usually by a stream or river,"
said Grandma.
"It grows in meadows."

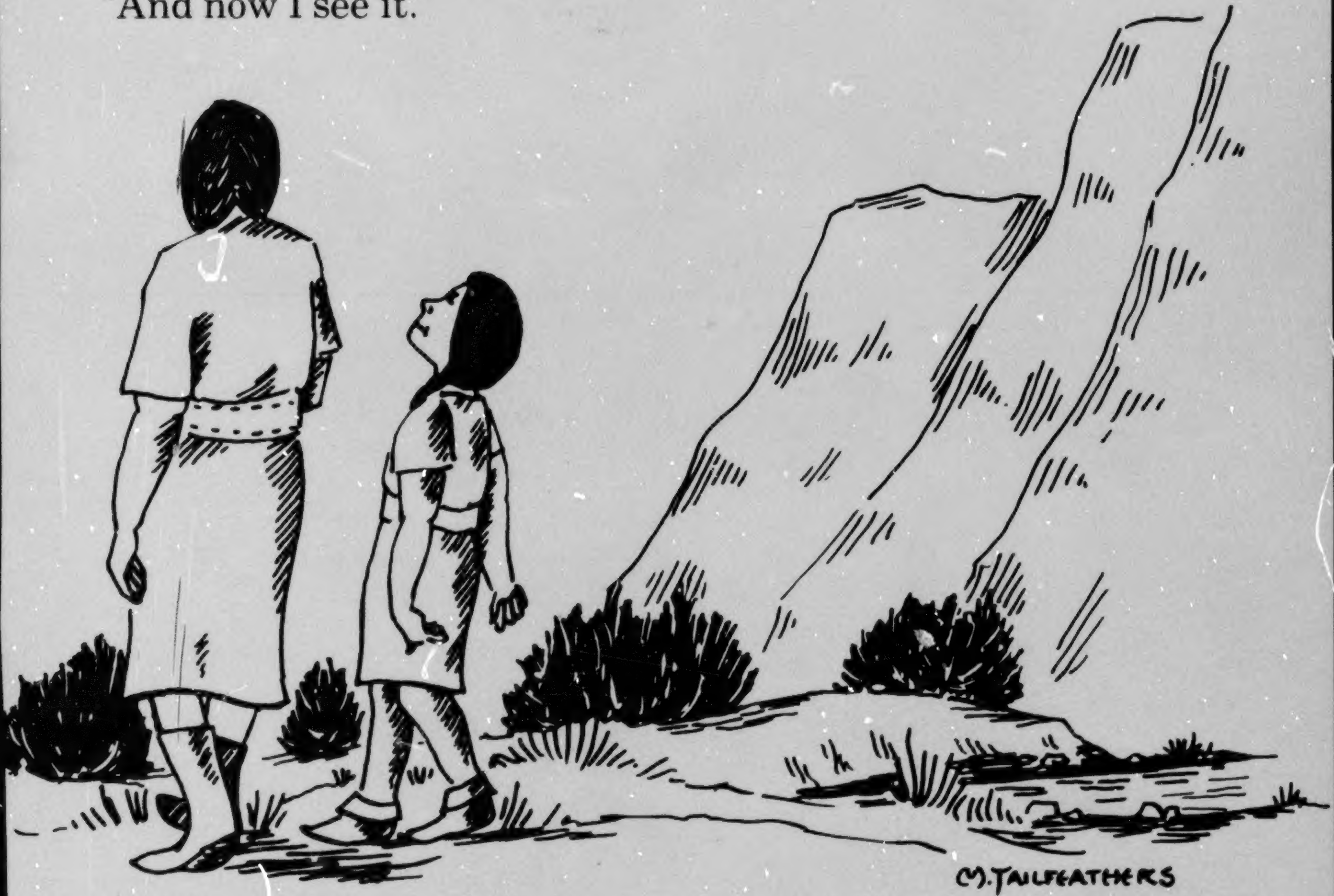

M. TAILFEATHERS

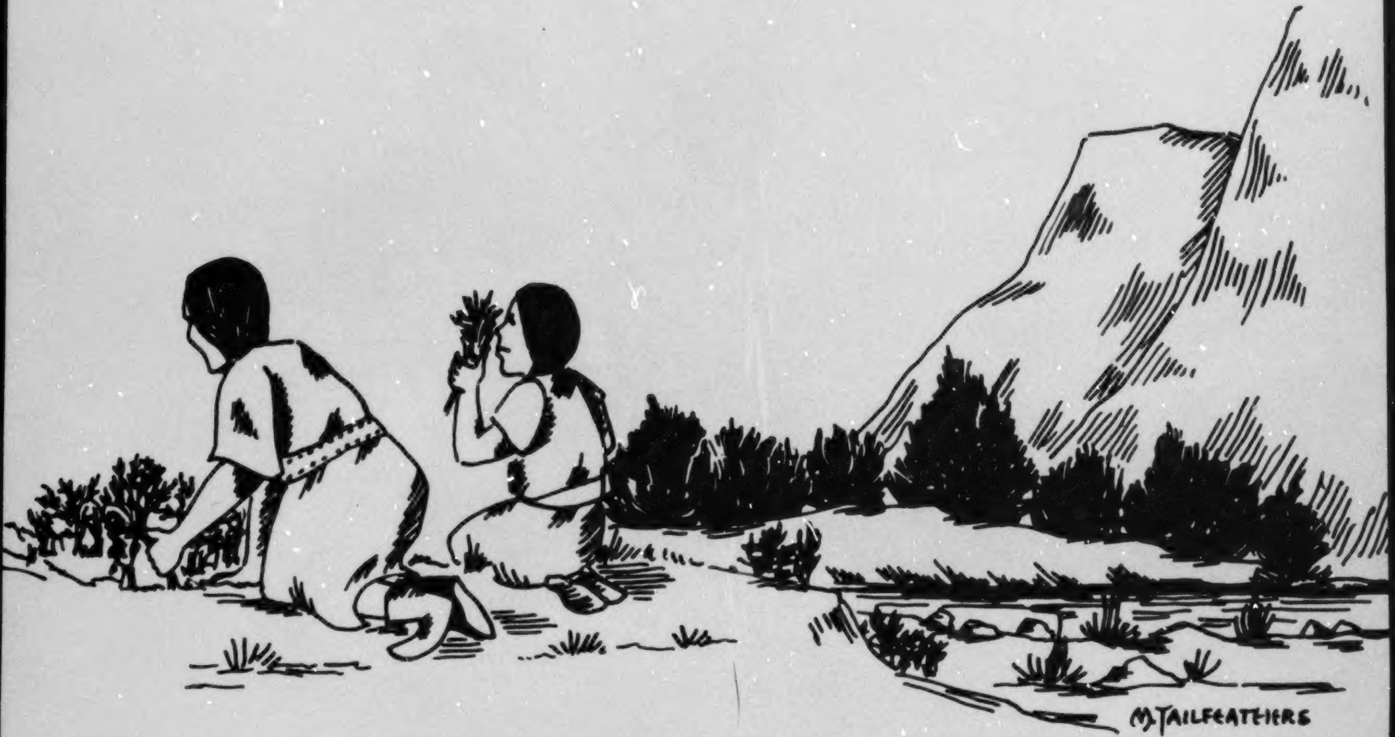


"Wild peppermint is about eight to twelve inches tall,"
said Grandma.
"It has green leaves.
It sometimes has little purple flowers.
It smells good."

They continued to walk along the stream in Big Badger Valley. "Hm-m-m, Grandma, it smells good here," said Pat.

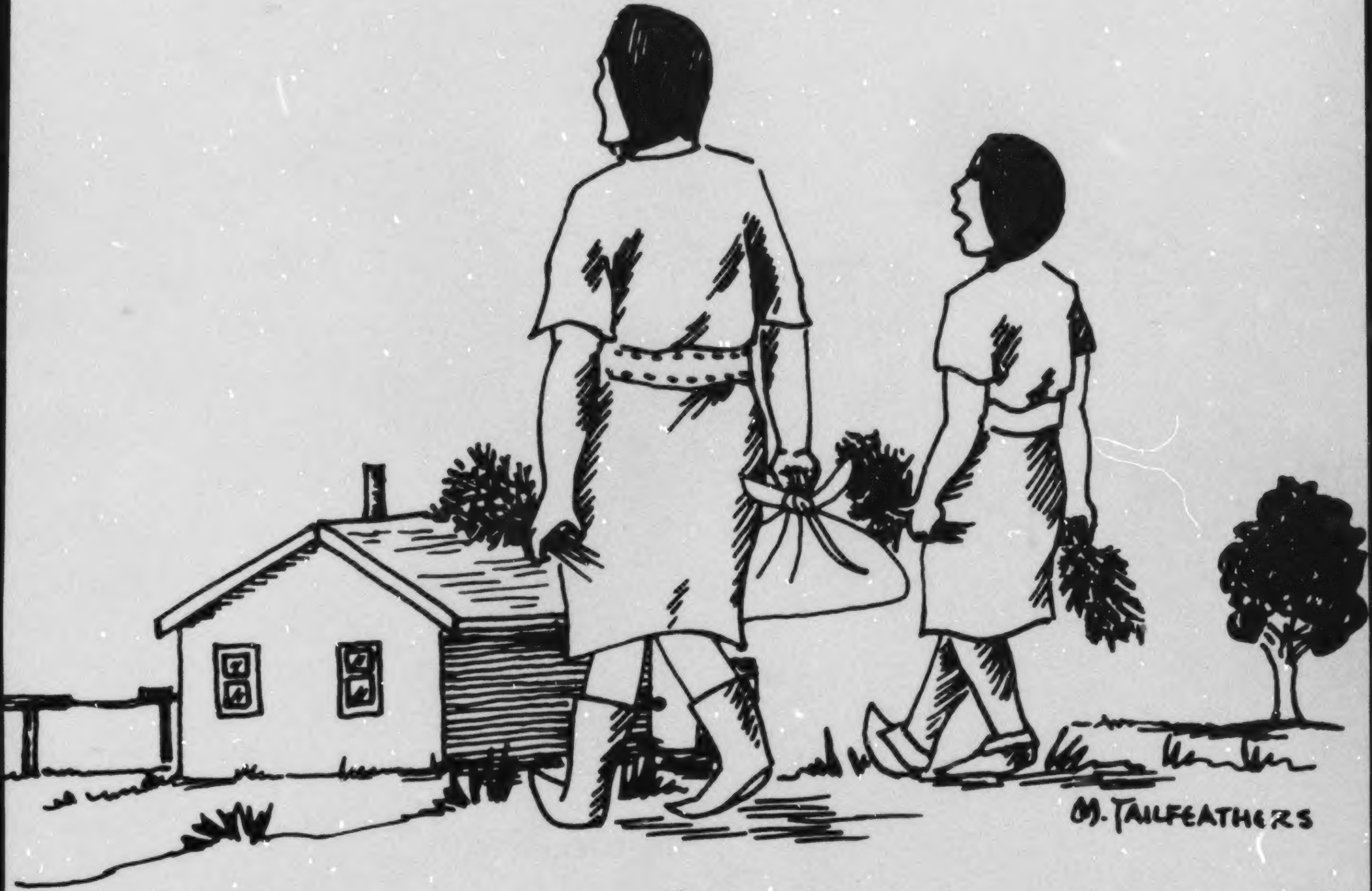
"We are getting close to wild peppermint," said Grandma. "And now I see it."

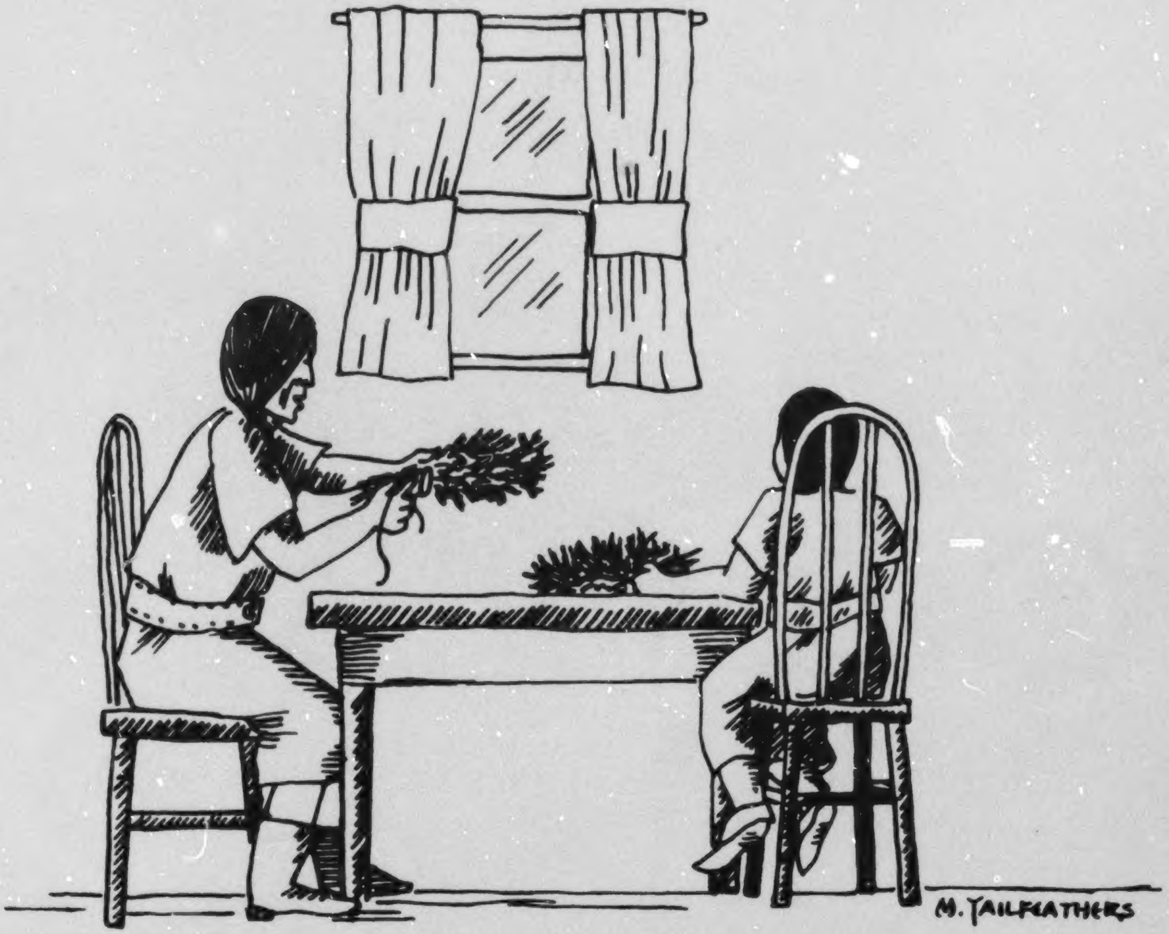



M. TAILFEATHERS

"The best time to pick wild peppermint
is in the late spring or early fall," said Grandma.
And they began to pick the wild peppermint.

Grandma and Pat had fun picking the wild peppermint.
After they were done, they went back home
to prepare it for use during the winter.

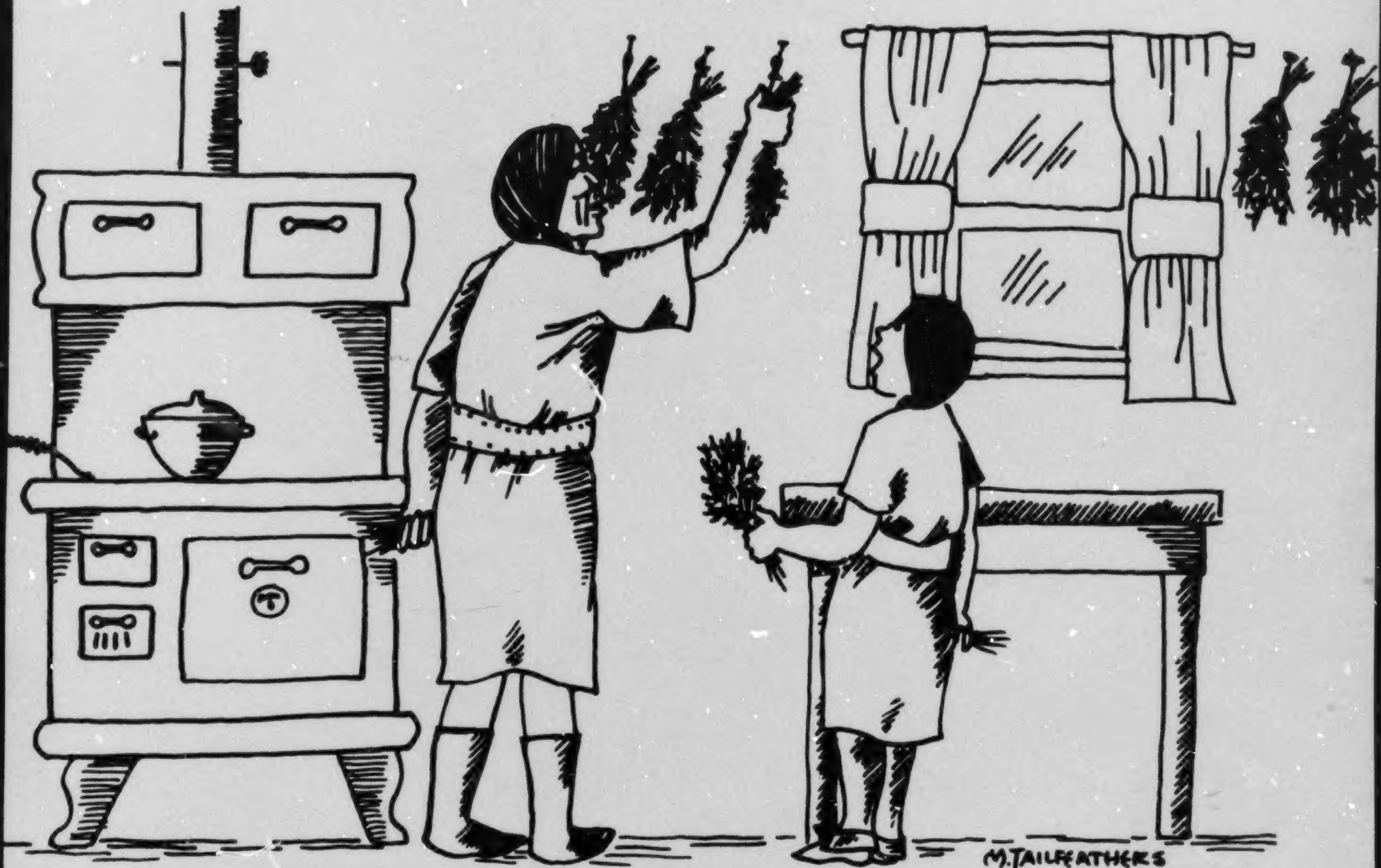

M. TAILFEATHERS


M. TAILFEATHERS

"Grandma, what are you going to do now?" asked Pat.

"We are going to tie string around the wild peppermint," said Grandma.

"We will hang the wild peppermint up to dry.
We will use it this winter.
Some of it we will use now."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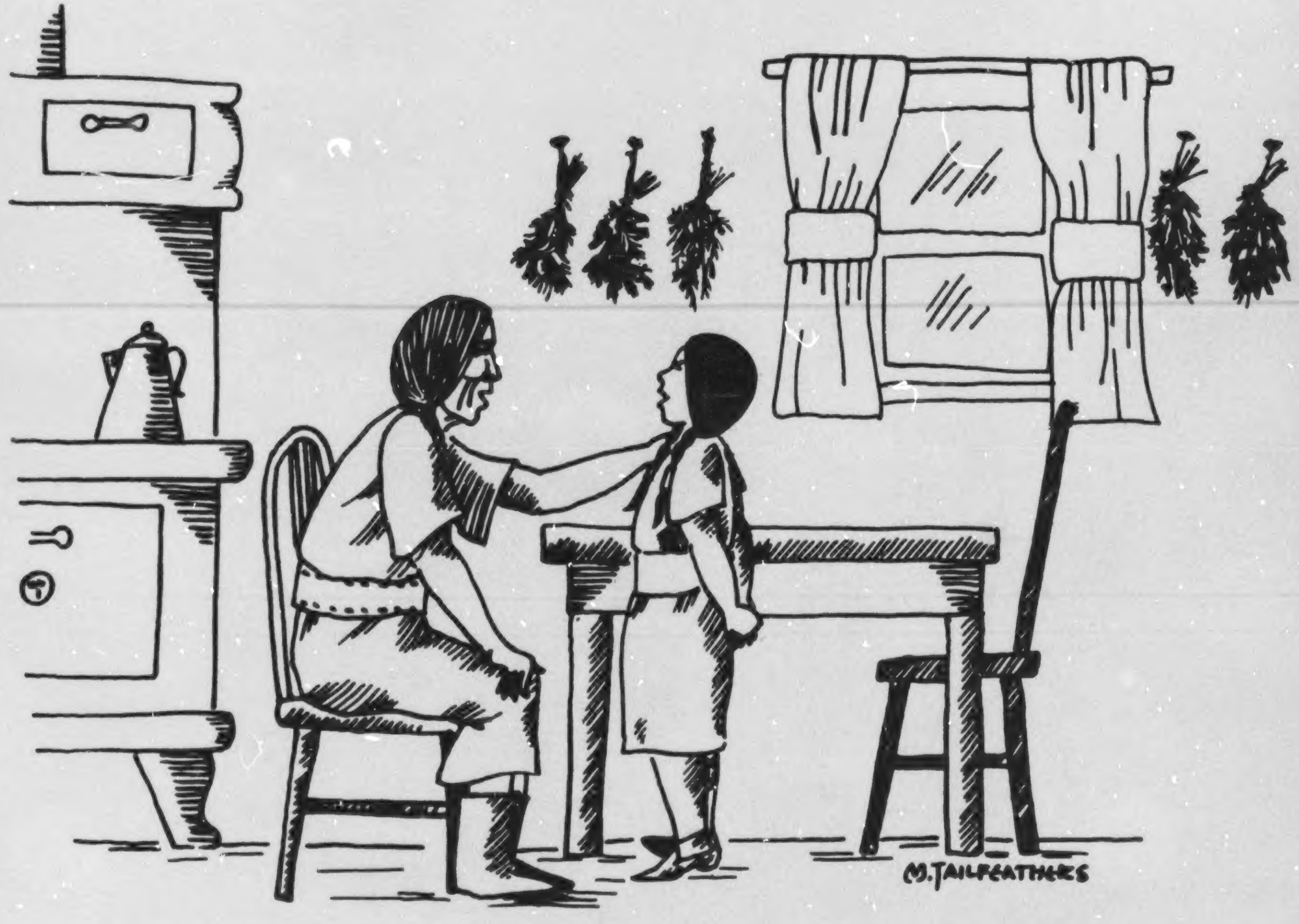
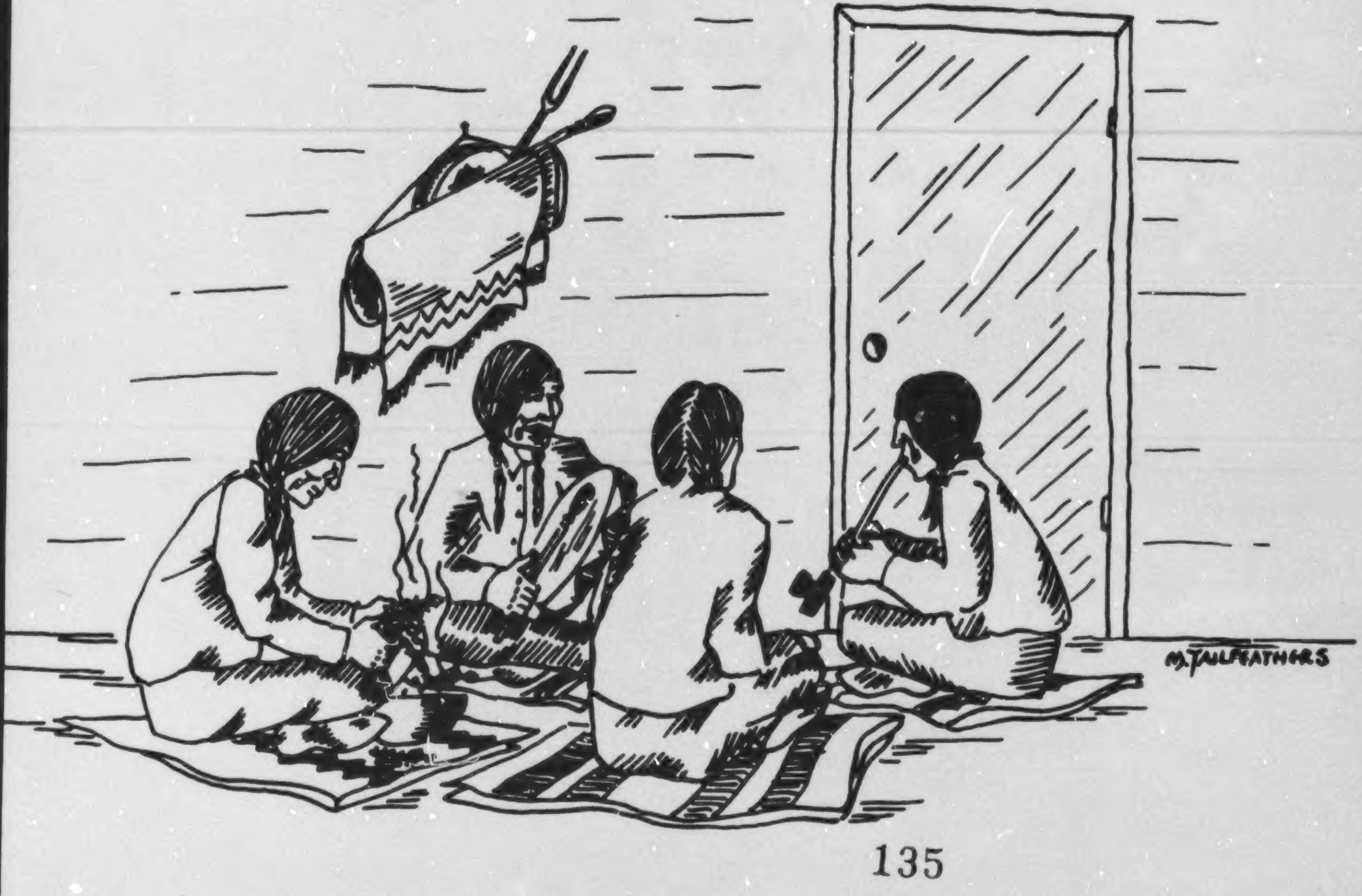
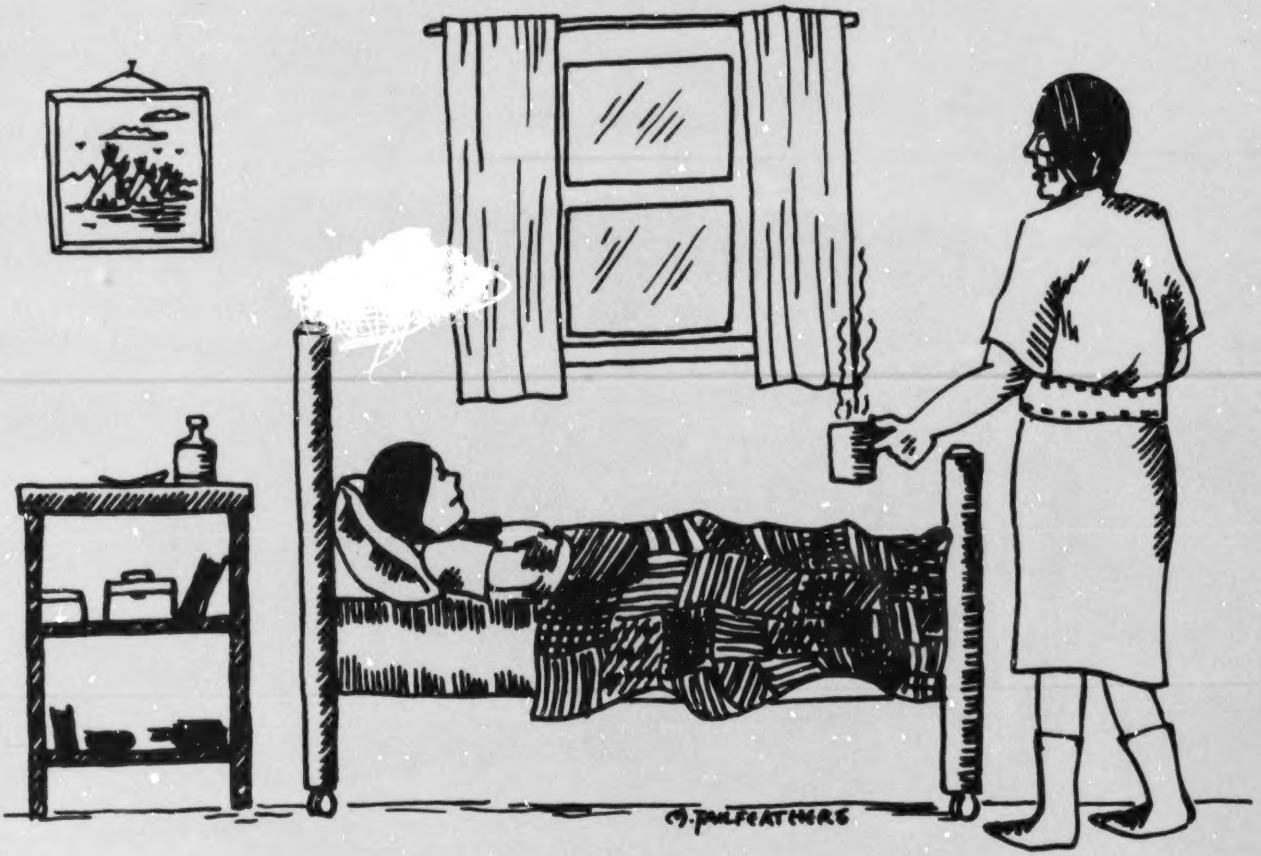

M. TAILFEATHERS

"What will you use the wild peppermint for?" asked Pat.

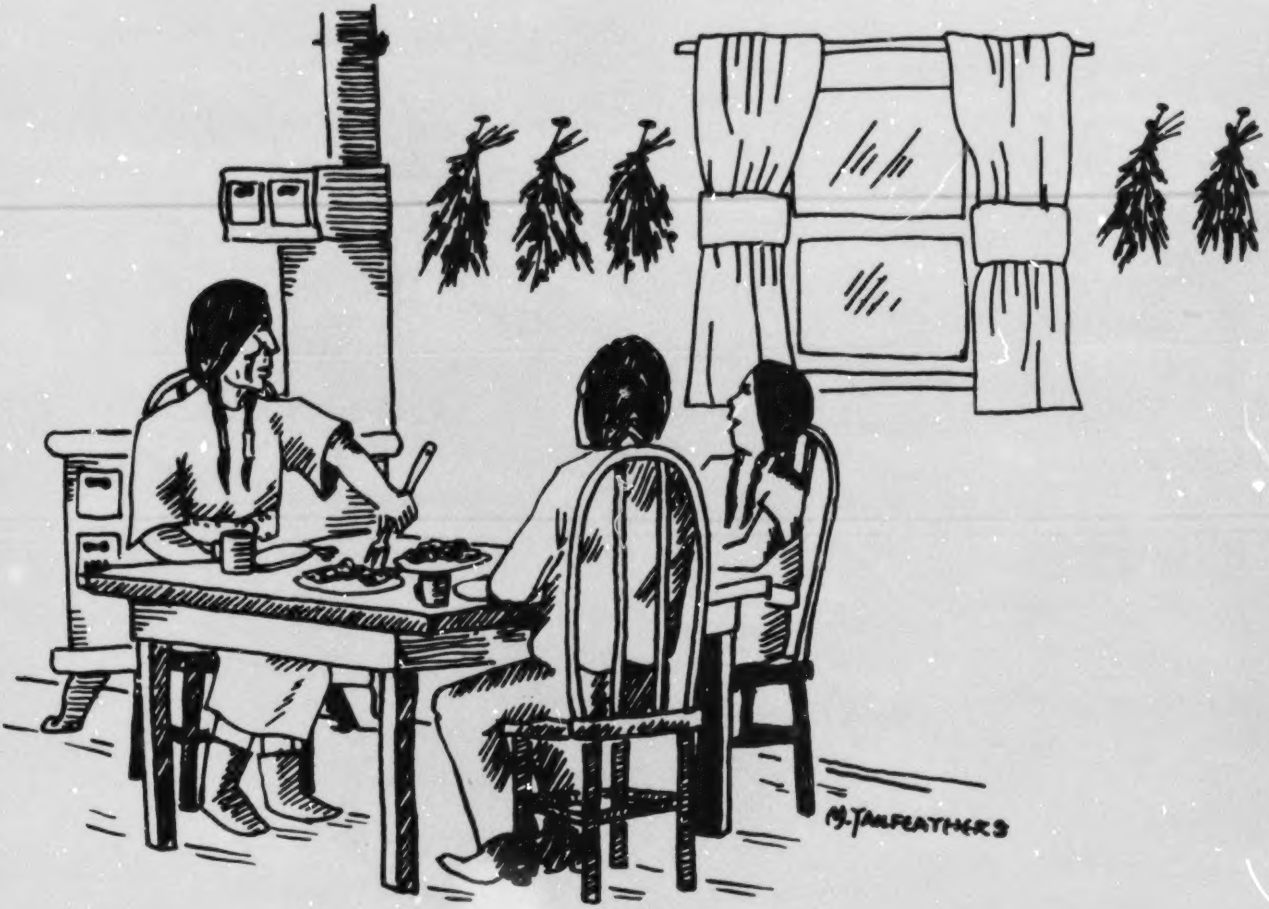
"Grandpa will use it for some of his Indian religious ceremonies."

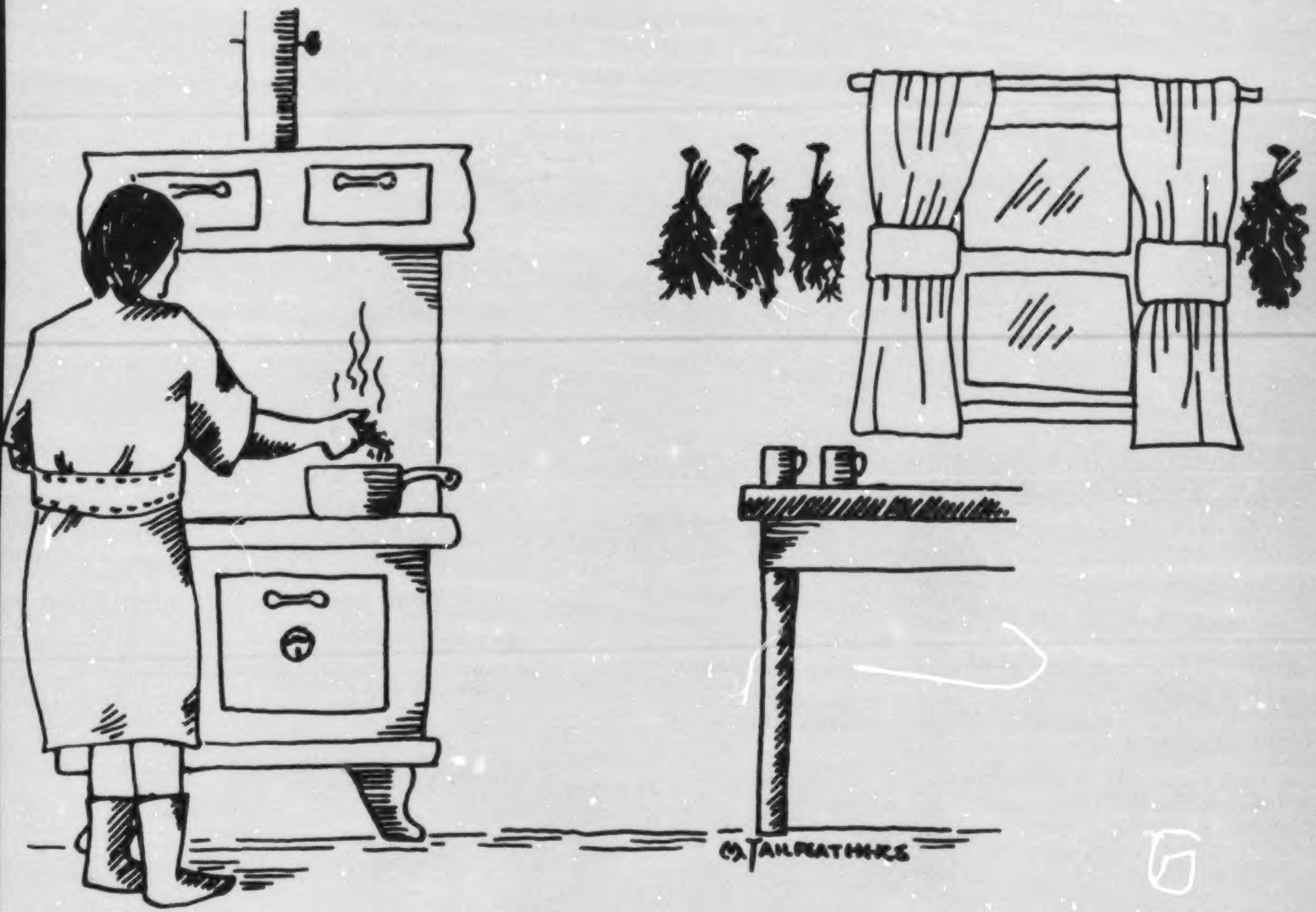

M. TAILFEATHERS


M. TAILFEATHERS

I will use it for medicine when you are sick.

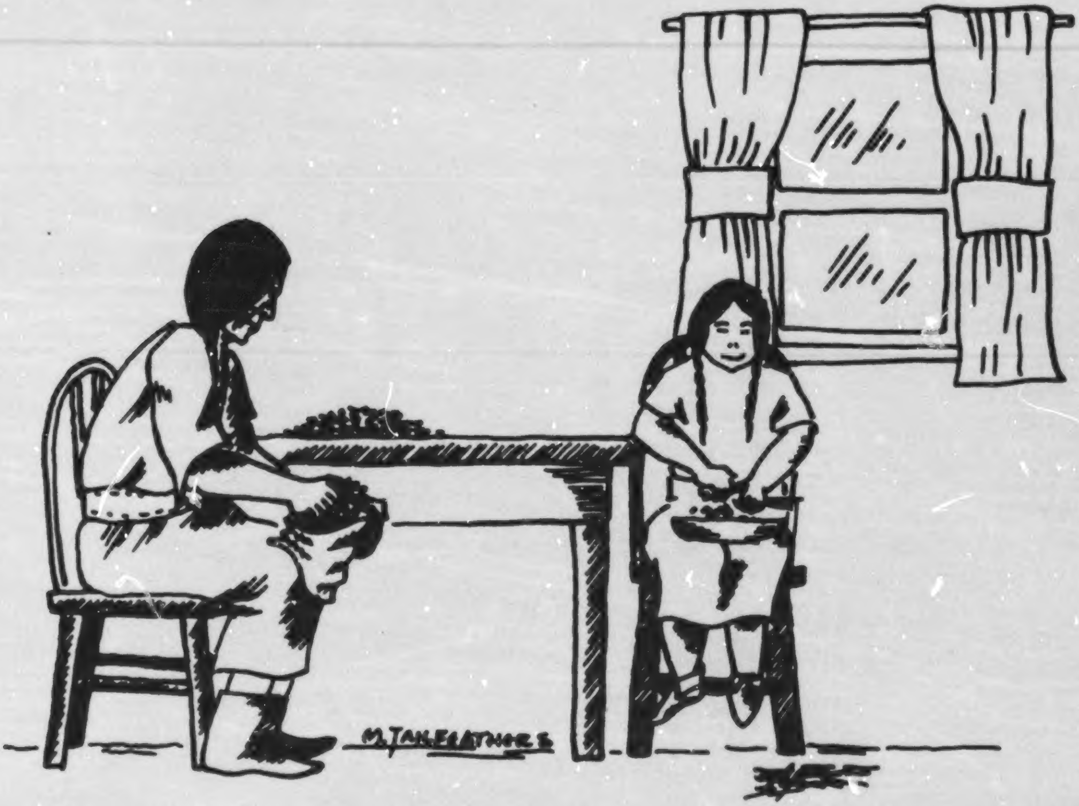
"I will also boil some fat
and put the wild peppermint in it.
The wild peppermint will flavor the boiled fat.
It will taste delicious to eat with meat."

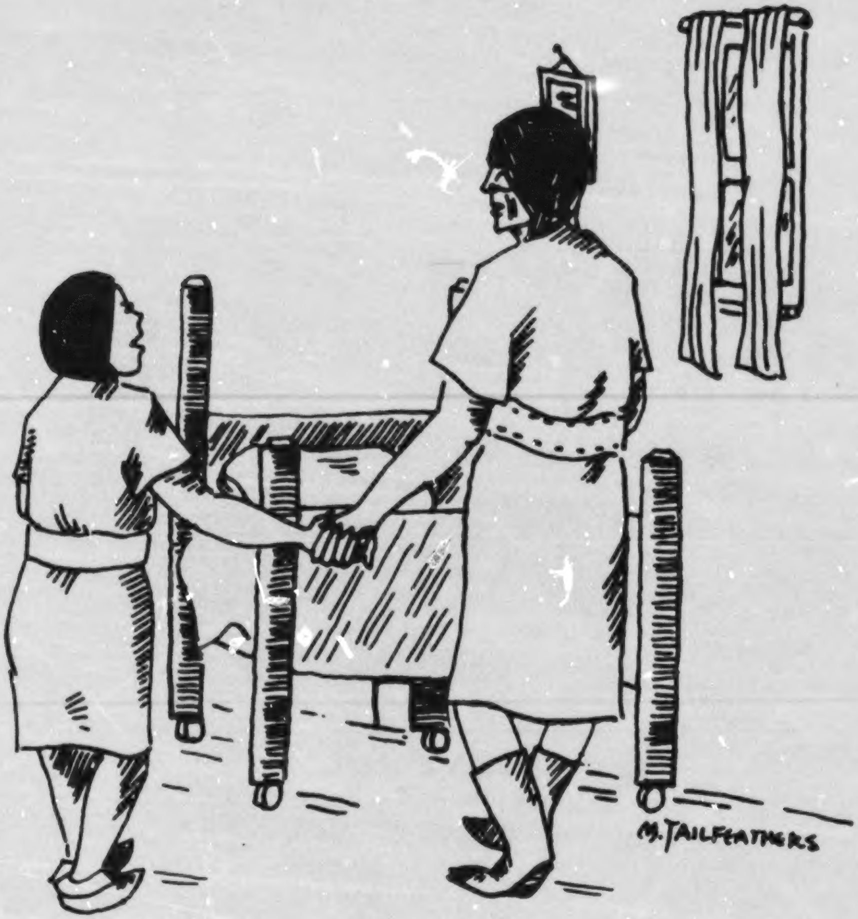



M. TAILFEATHERS

"I will make wild peppermint tea to drink with our meal.
I will mix water and wild peppermint together to drink."

"My little girl, I want you to remember
what I have shown you.
Someday Grandma will be gone from you.
When the Great Spirit calls me, I will leave you,"
said Grandma.

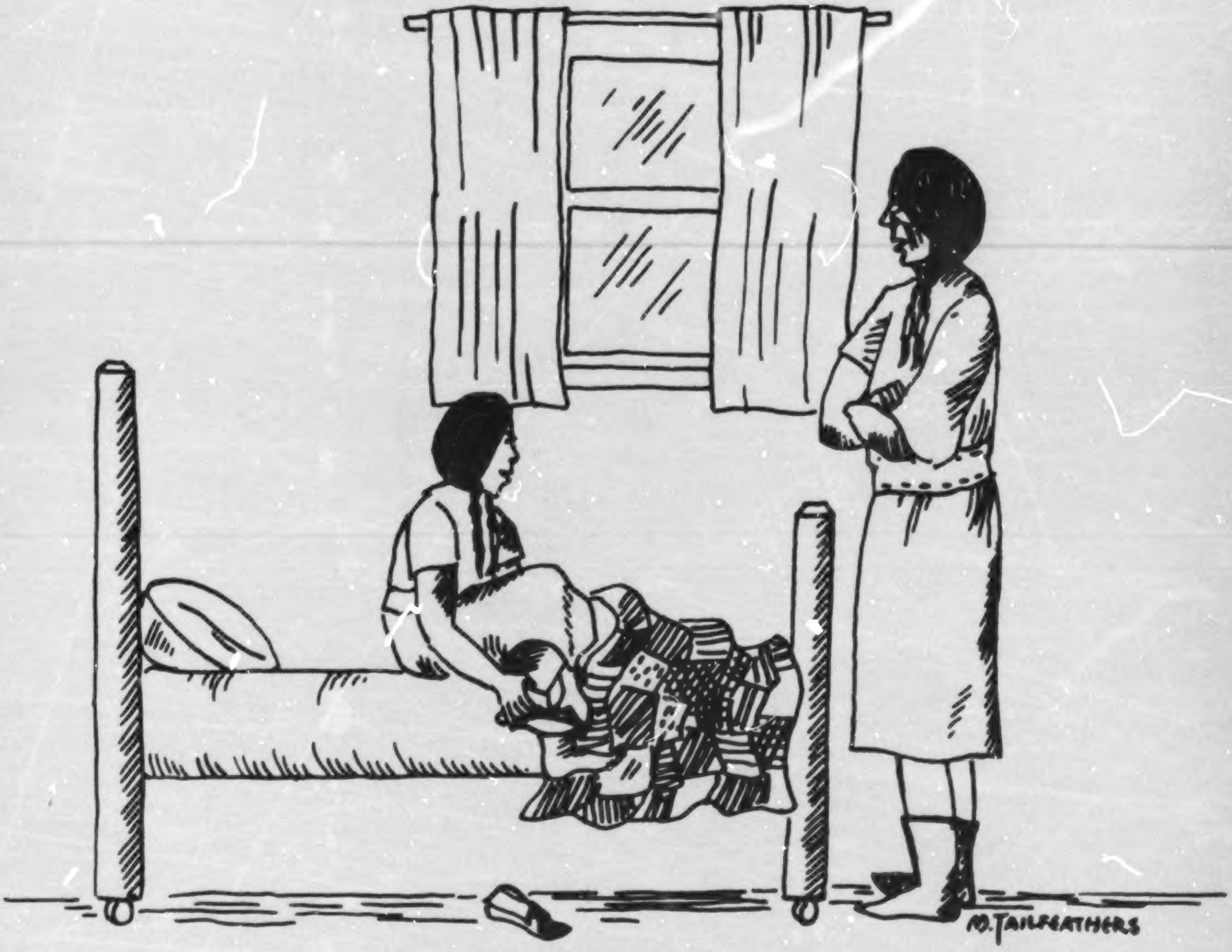


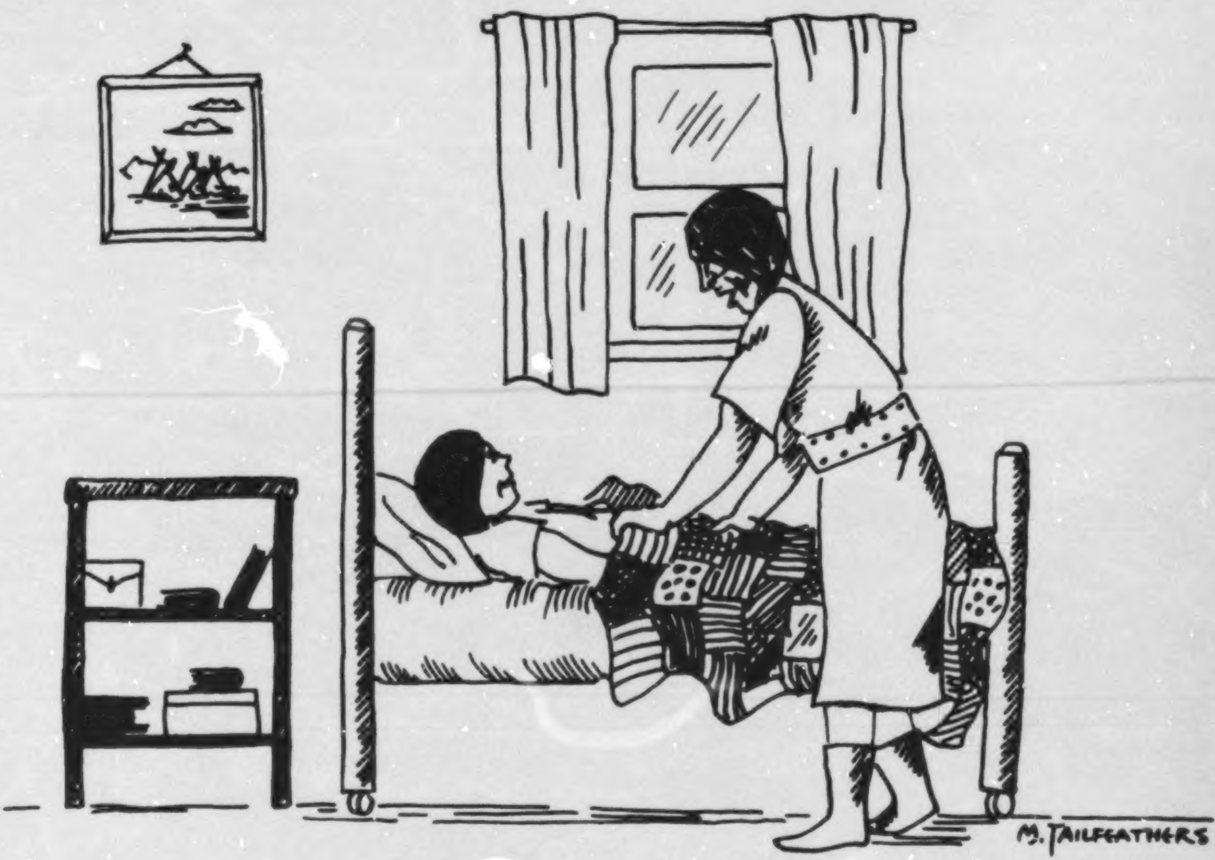

M. TAILFEATHERS

"Oh, Grandma!
I'm so lucky to have you," cried Pat.

"And I'm so lucky to have you, my girl," replied Grandma.

"You must go to sleep now.
I will wake you up when Grandpa comes home."


M. TAILFEATHERS


M. TAILFEATHERS

"Have a nice sleep now.
It has been a good day."

JOAN BULLSHOE KENNERLY

Mrs. Kennerly has twenty years of teaching experience in the Blackfeet and Northern Cheyenne public school systems and was the first runnerup for the 1972 Montana Teacher of the Year. She received her B.A. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in education from Arizona State University. She was responsible for establishing Native American Day for the State, and was appointed by the Governor of Montana to serve on the Commission on Post Secondary Education. She also was the Chairperson of House Joint Resolution 60, which established the Master Plan for Indian Education for the State of Montana. She has two children.

JUNE BULLSHOE TATSEY

Mrs. Tatsey is a Blackfeet Indian with sixteen years experience in teaching grades one through eight and pre-school in the public school system on the Blackfeet Reservation. She received her B.S. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in guidance and counseling from the University of South Dakota and the University of Montana. She was the reading supervisor and is now vice-principal at K.W. Bergen Elementary School in Browning, on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation.

CARMEN BULLSHOE MARCEAU

Mrs. Marceau is a Blackfeet Indian with eighteen years teaching experience. She has had one year experience in guidance and counseling on the Blackfeet Reservation and is principal of Browning Elementary School. She received her B.S. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in guidance and counseling from the University of South Dakota and the University of Montana.

DORIS BULLSHOE OLD PERSON

Mrs. Old Person has eighteen years experience teaching in the Blackfeet Public School System. She has specialized in remedial reading and has been Head Start Director-Supervisor for ESEA Title I and Director of the Native Song and Dance Program. She received her B.A. from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in education from Arizona State University. She has five children.

Mrs. Kennerly, Mrs. Tatsey, Mrs Marceau, and Mrs. Old Person are the daughters of Lillian and Francis Bullshoe. They were raised on a ranch near Badger Creek in the Blackfeet Reservation countryside.

All four women had similar educational backgrounds. They attended Mad Plume School (a one room rural school), the Blackfeet Indian Boarding School, and all but Mrs. Tatsey attended Flandreau Indian School in South Dakota. They all graduated from Browning High School. At the present time the four women are teaching in the Blackfeet Public School System in Browning, Montana.

MELVIN TAILFEATHERS

Mr. Tailfeathers is a self-taught artist who has lived on the Blackfeet Reservation all his life. His grandmother was a Blackfeet medicine woman. Mr. Tailfeathers prefers to do pen and ink sketches of Blackfeet life although he sometimes works with ceramic figurines.

Mrs. Old
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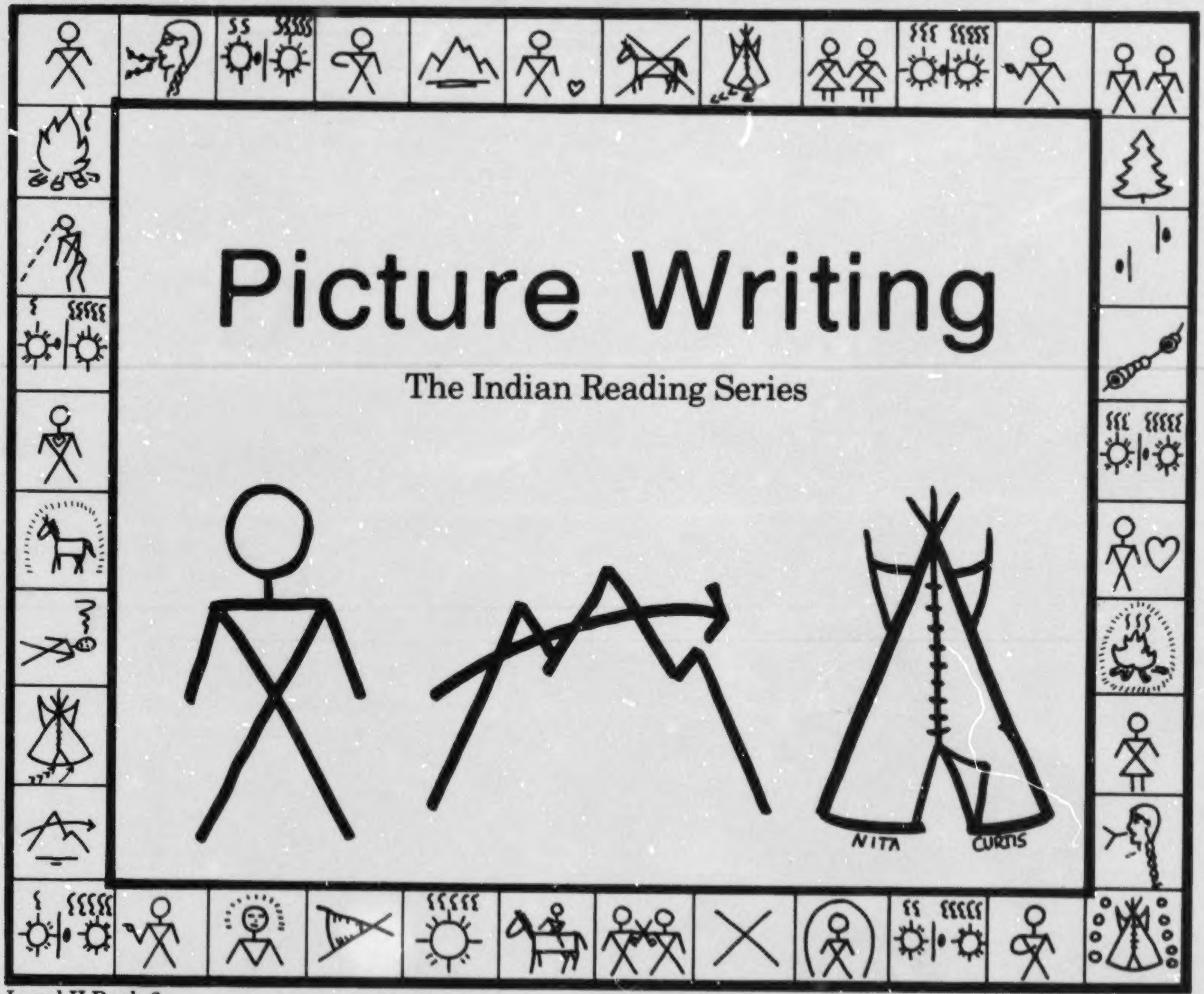
Picture Writing

The Indian Reading Series



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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Picture Writing

Level II Book 6

By members of the Warm Springs
Reservation Committee

Carol Allison, *Illustrator*
Nita Curtis, *Consultant*
William Frank, *Illustrator*
Rena Greene
Verbena Greene, *Coordinator*
Viola Kalama
Stella McKinley
Ada Sooksoit
Felix Wallulatum
Wilson Wewa

Illustrated by Nita Curtis

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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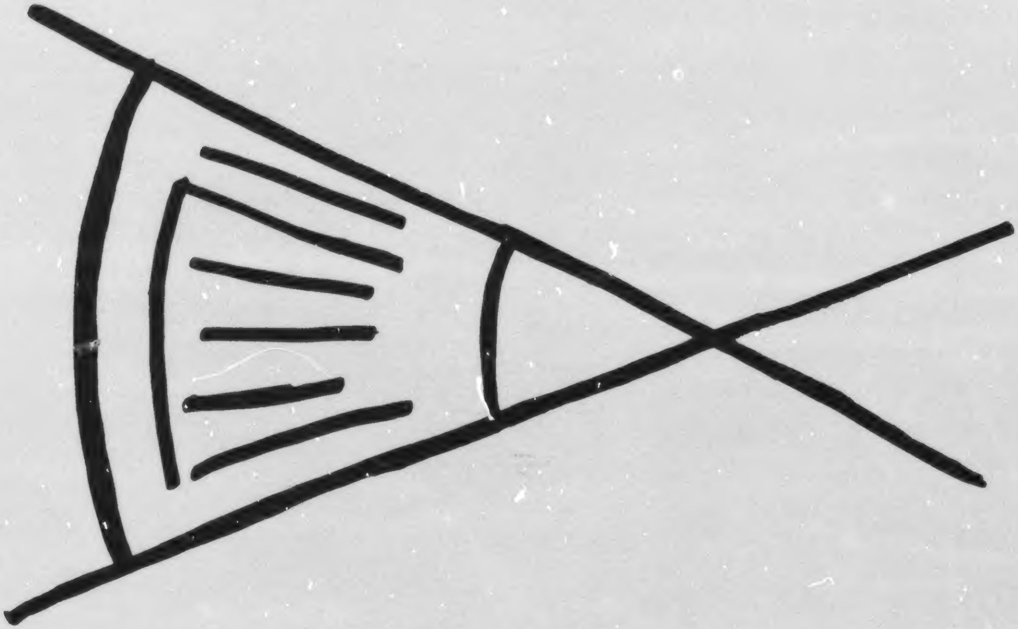
Printed and bound in the United States of America

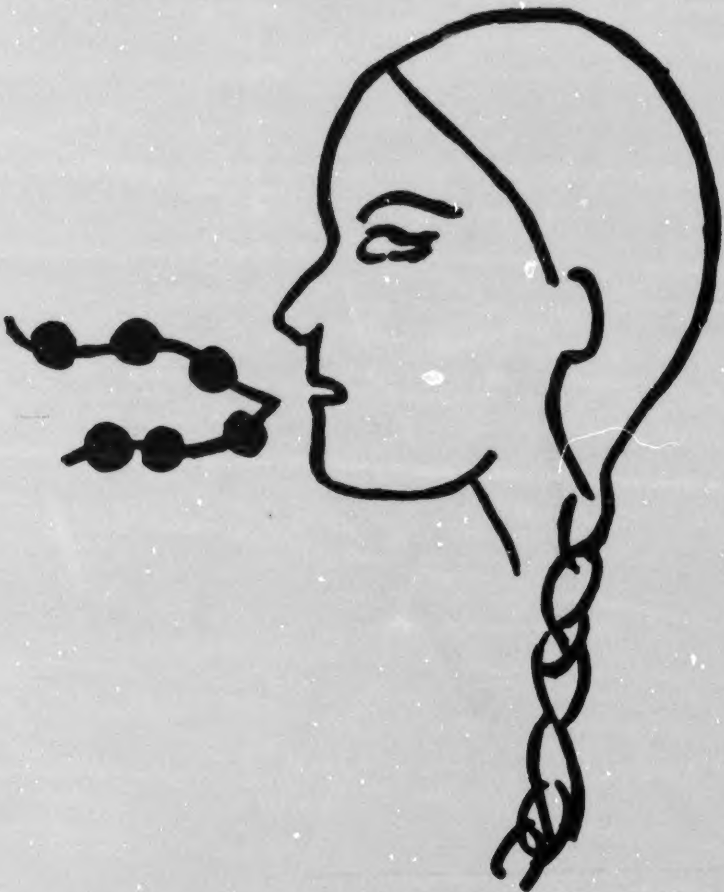
Picture Writing

Picture writing expresses thoughts and events
through drawings or pictures.
American Indians used pictures for writing their legends,
dreams, and family and tribal history.
Some of the drawings are very old,
and others are more modern.
Some of the drawings stand for more than one word.
Our people made colors from earth, grass, plants,
flowers and herbs.
They dried most of the plants.
When they were ready to use them, the plants were crushed
and mixed with water.
The Indians drew on used hides, tree bark and the ground.



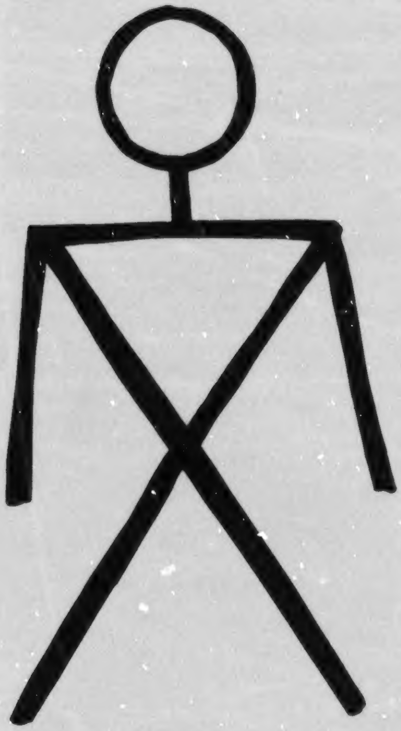
travel

Many Indian people used a travois when they traveled. Dogs and horses pulled the travois which was made out of hides tied to two poles.

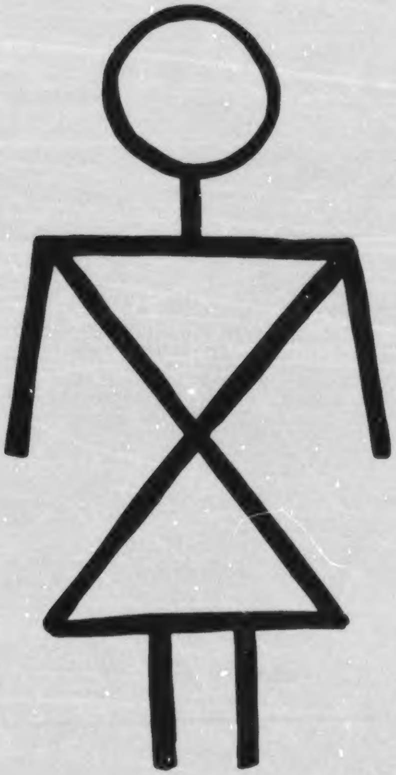


powerful talk

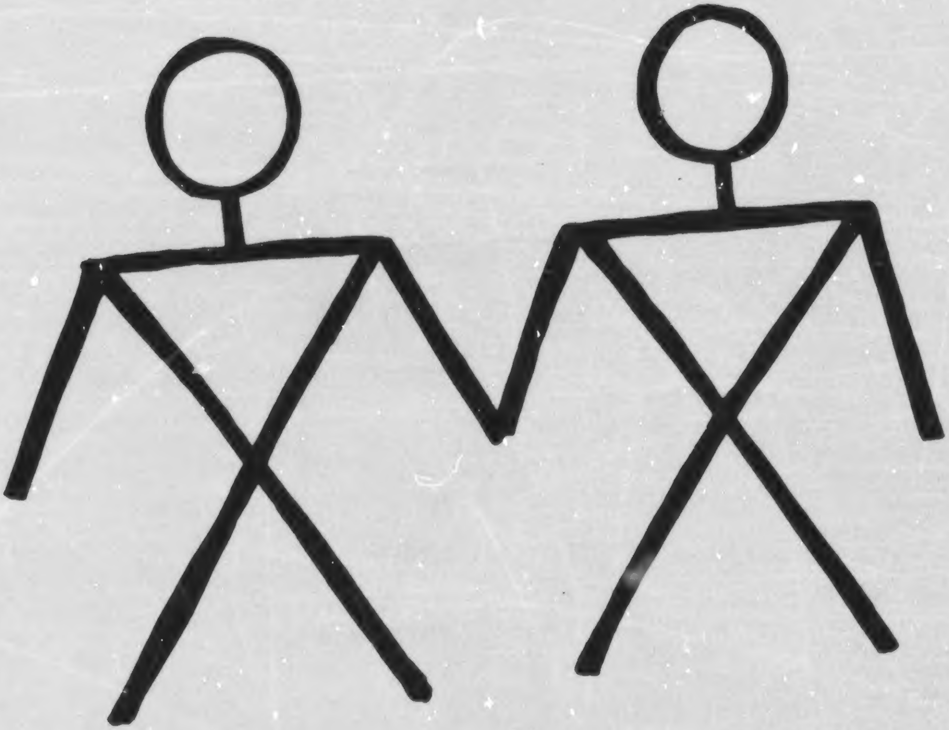
The dots along the lines emphasized powerful words.



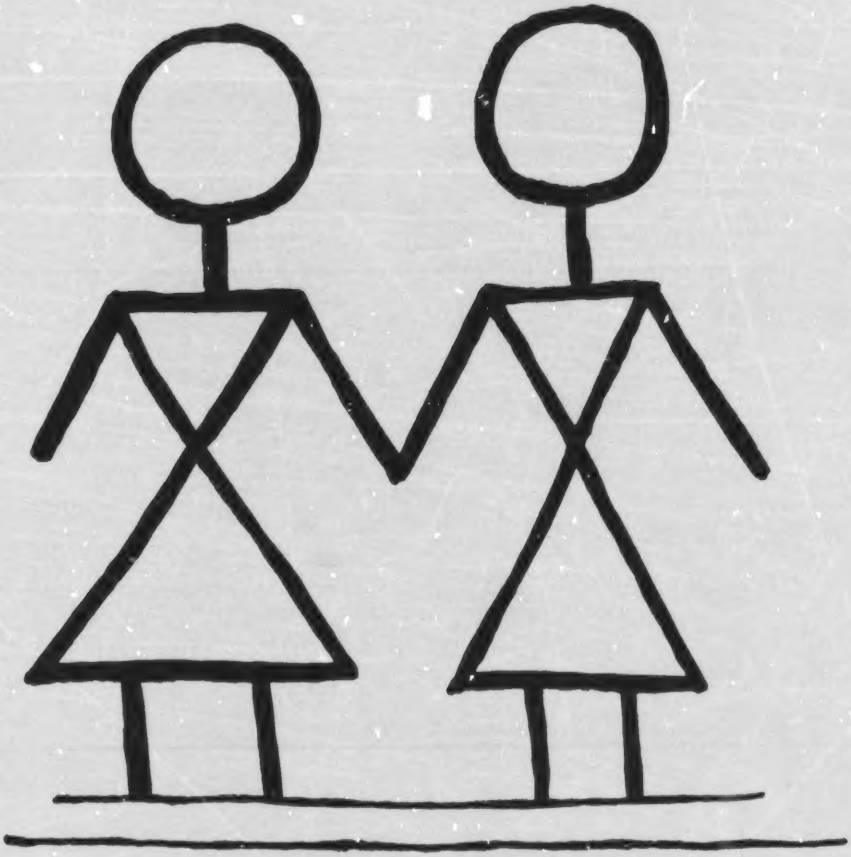
man



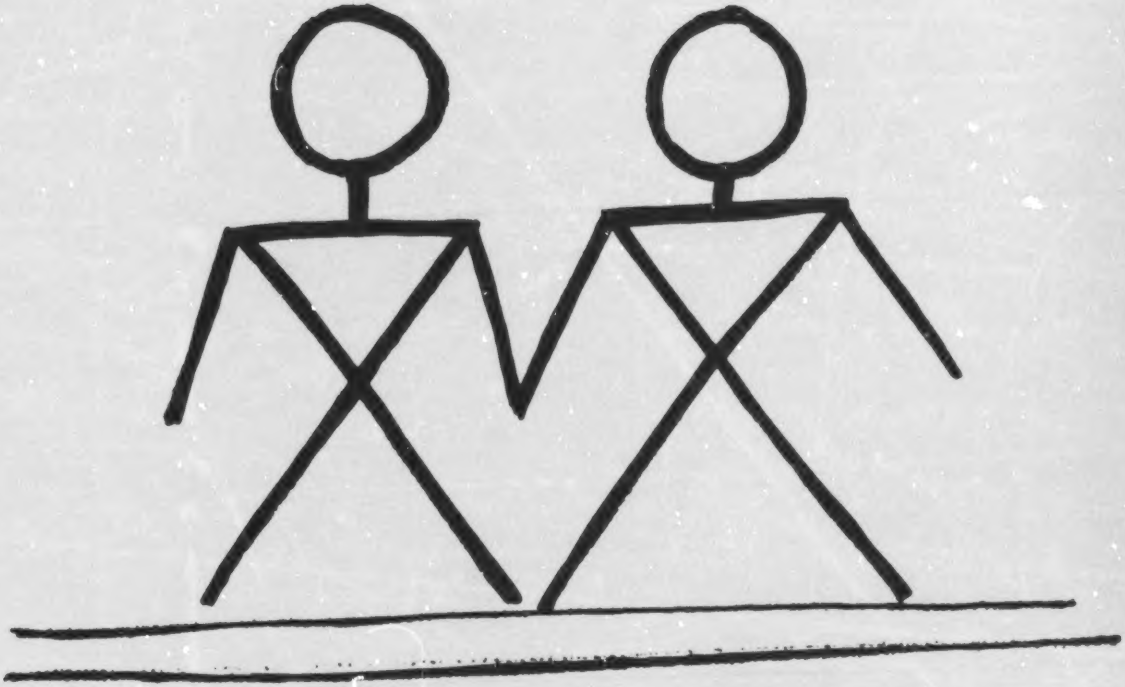
woman



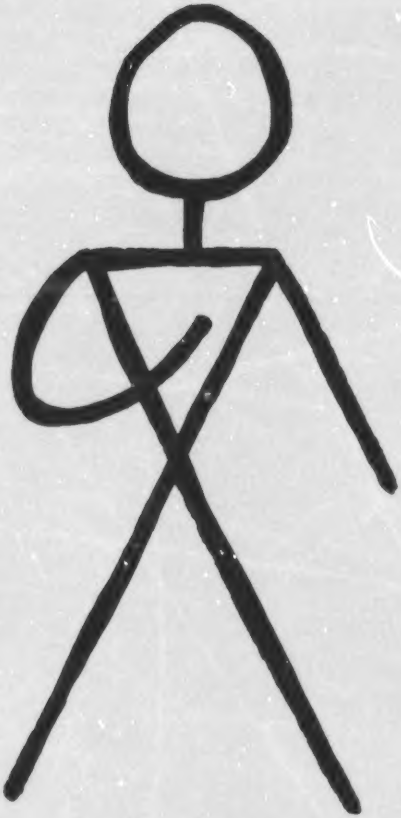
brothers



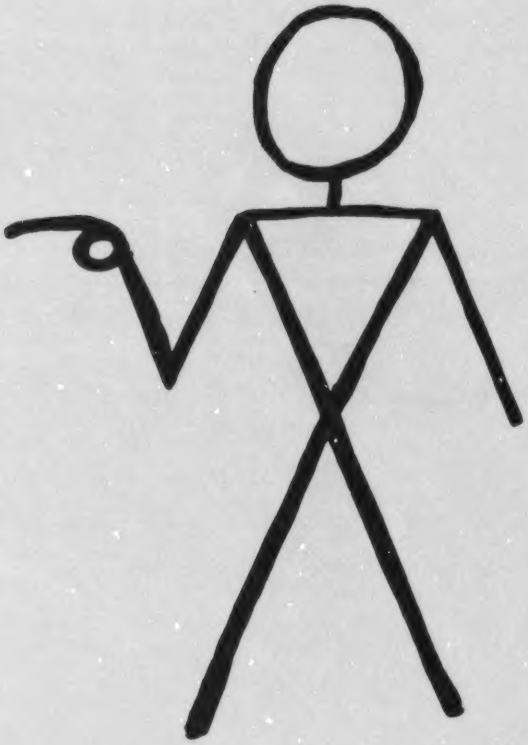
sisters



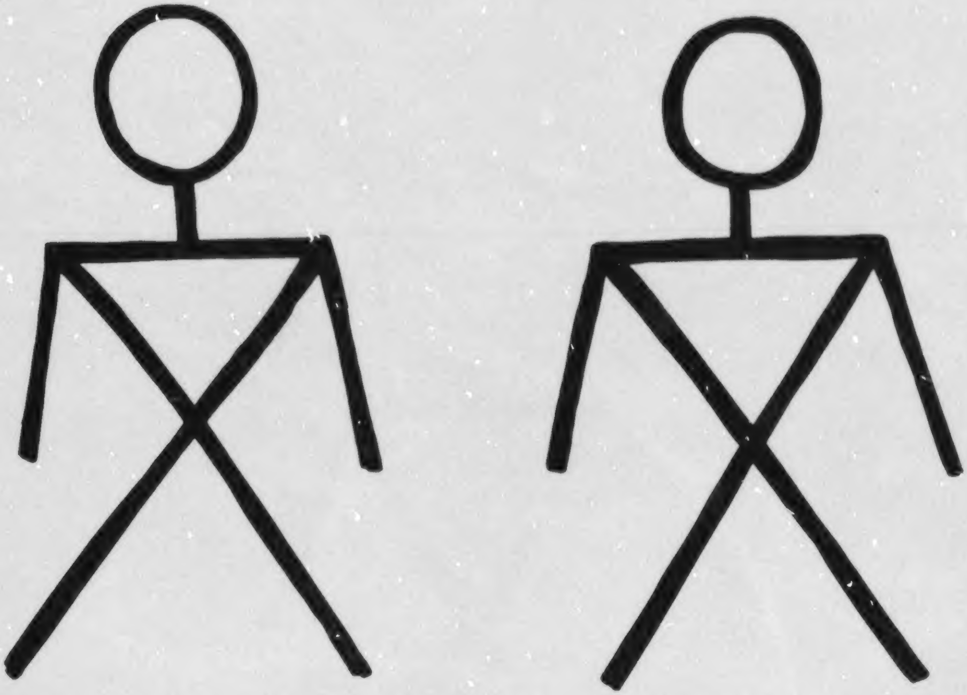
friends



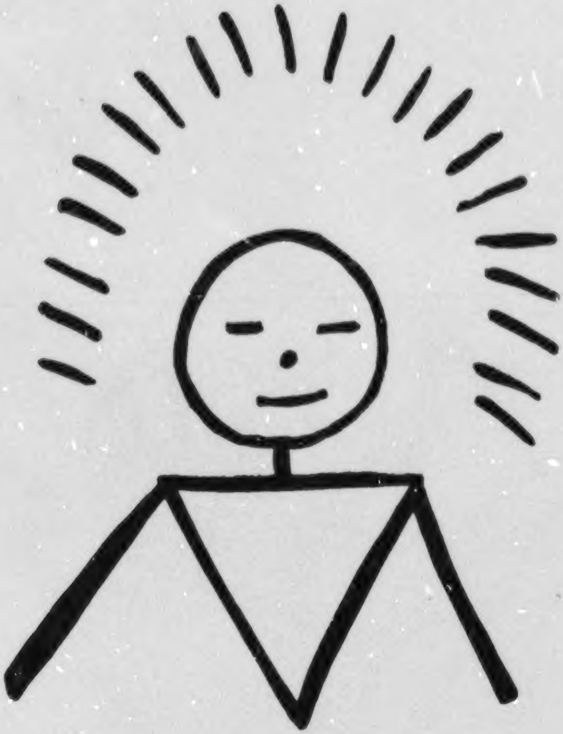
I, me, my



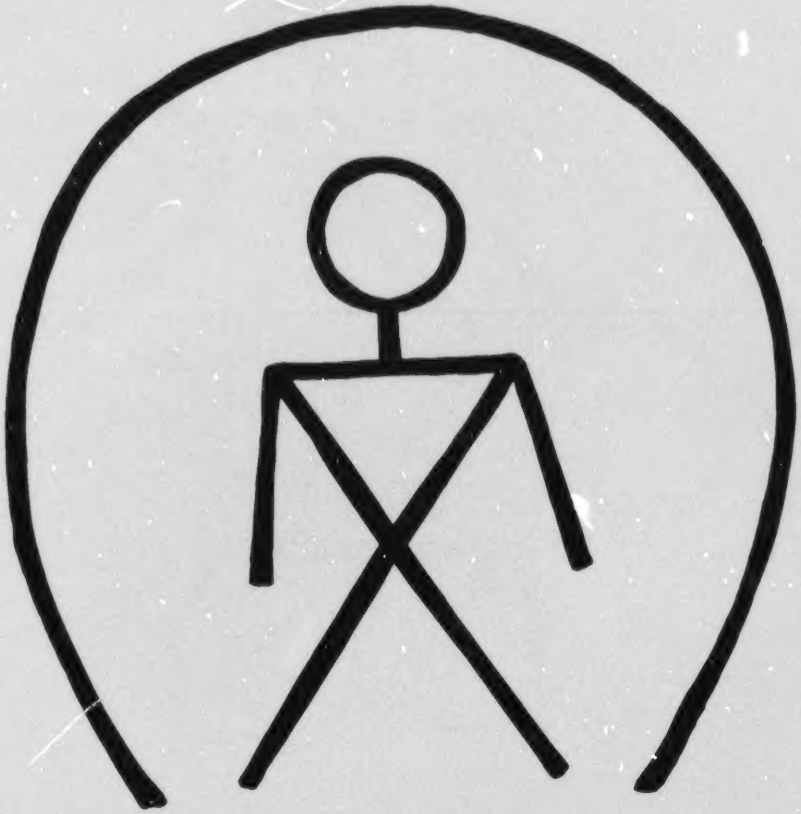
you, him, her



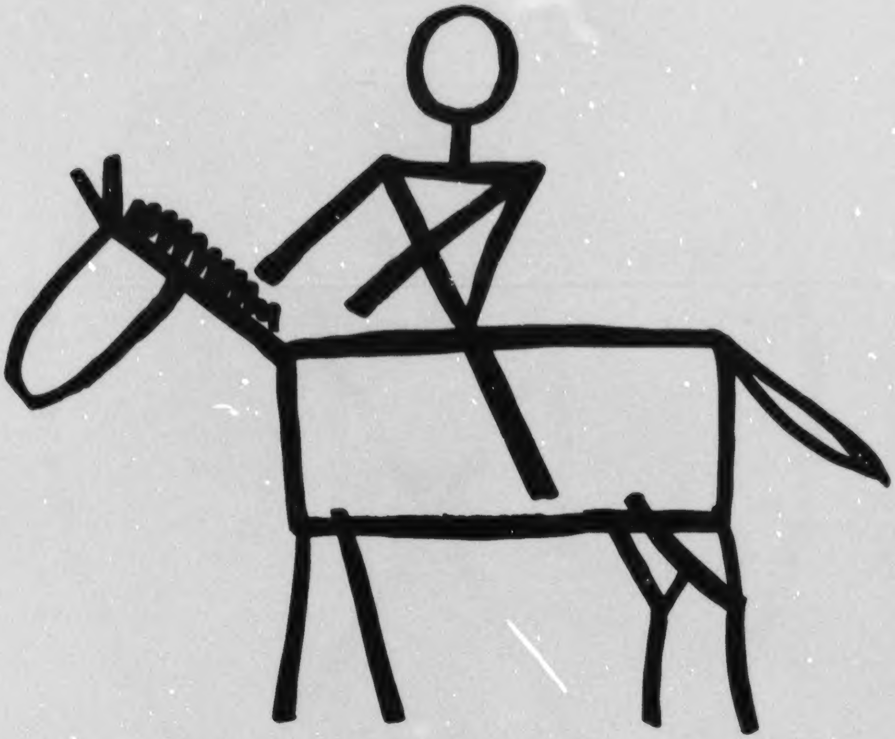
we, us, they



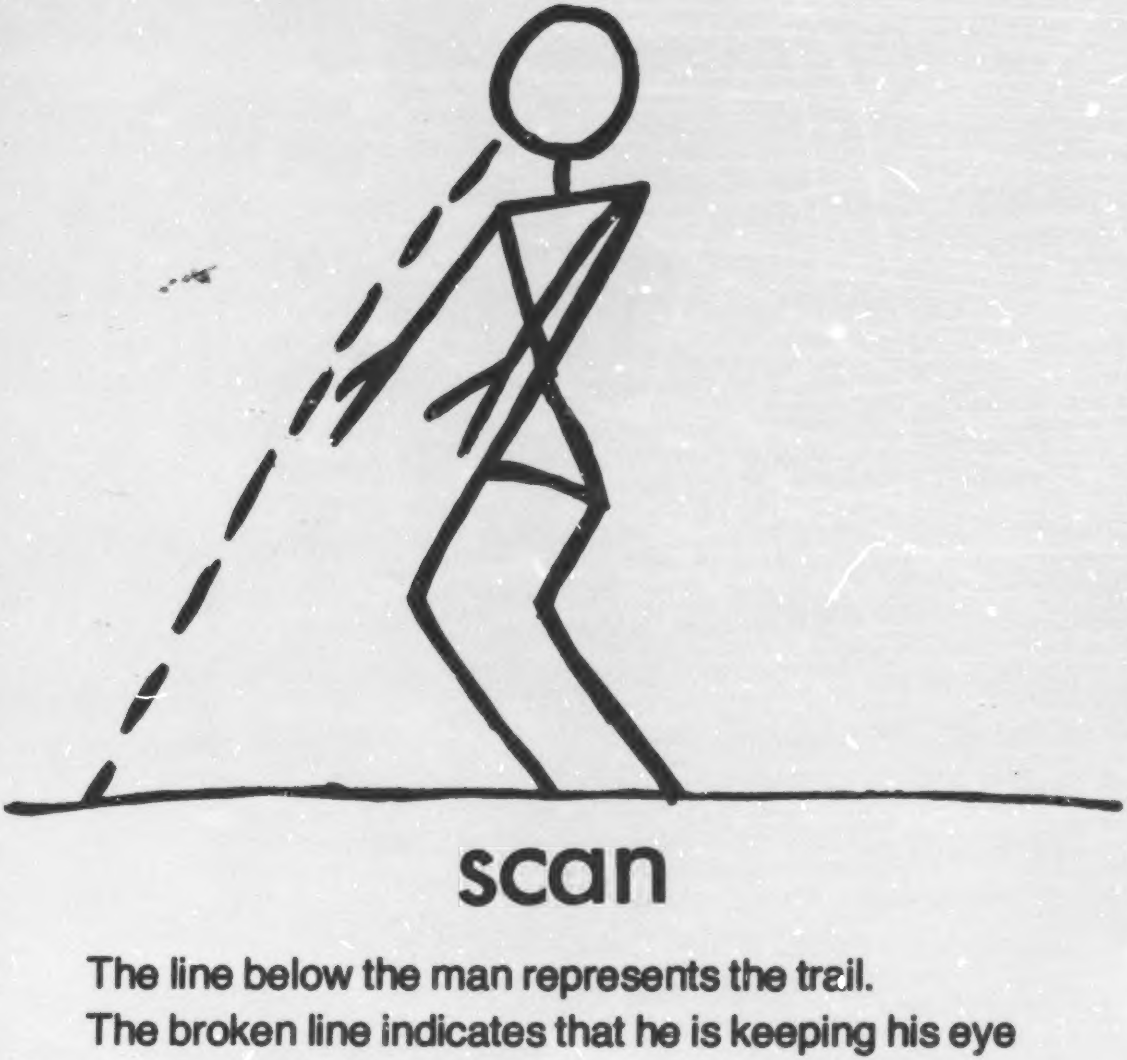
wise, bright



man alone

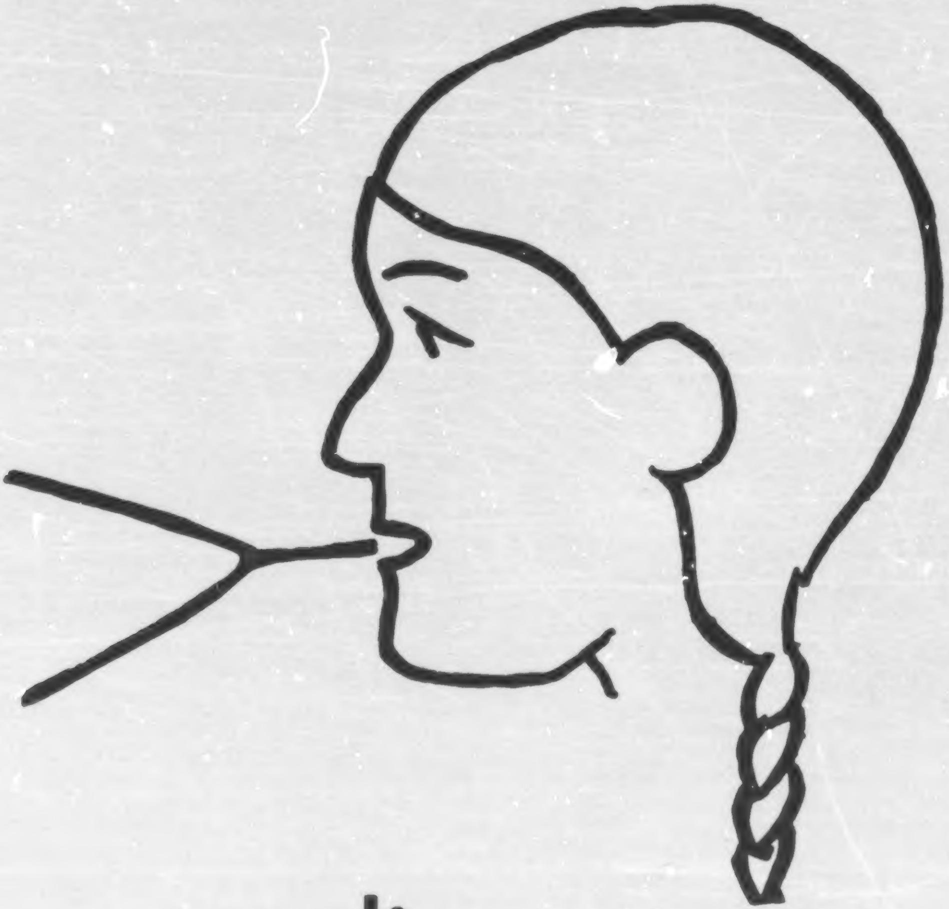


man on horse



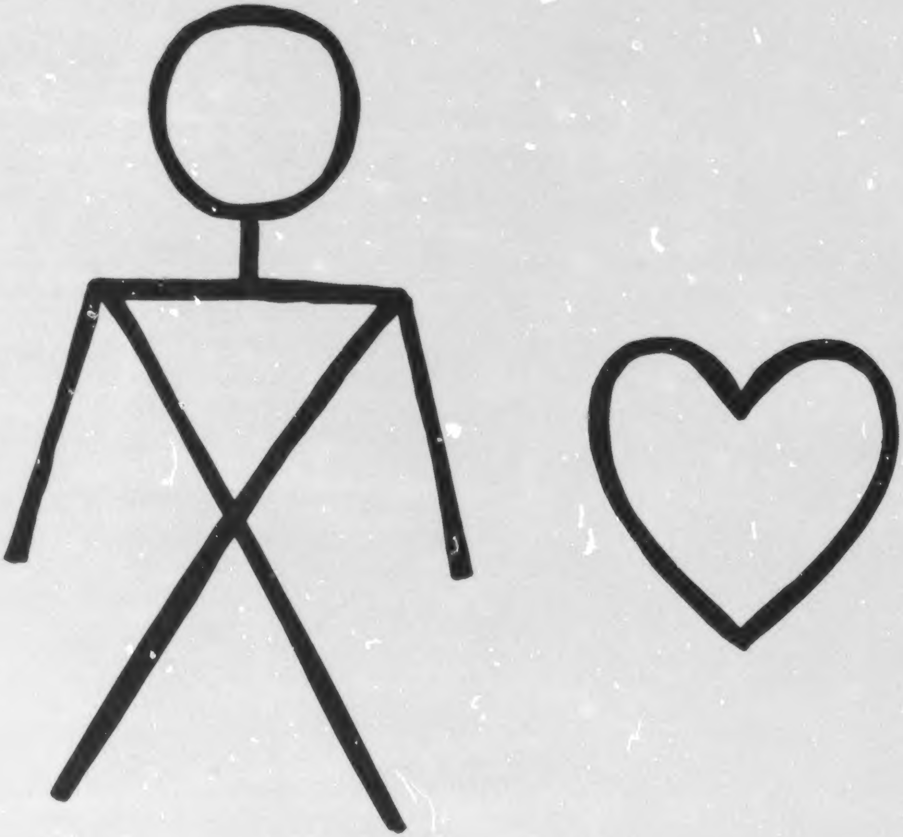
scan

The line below the man represents the trail.
The broken line indicates that he is keeping his eye on the trail.

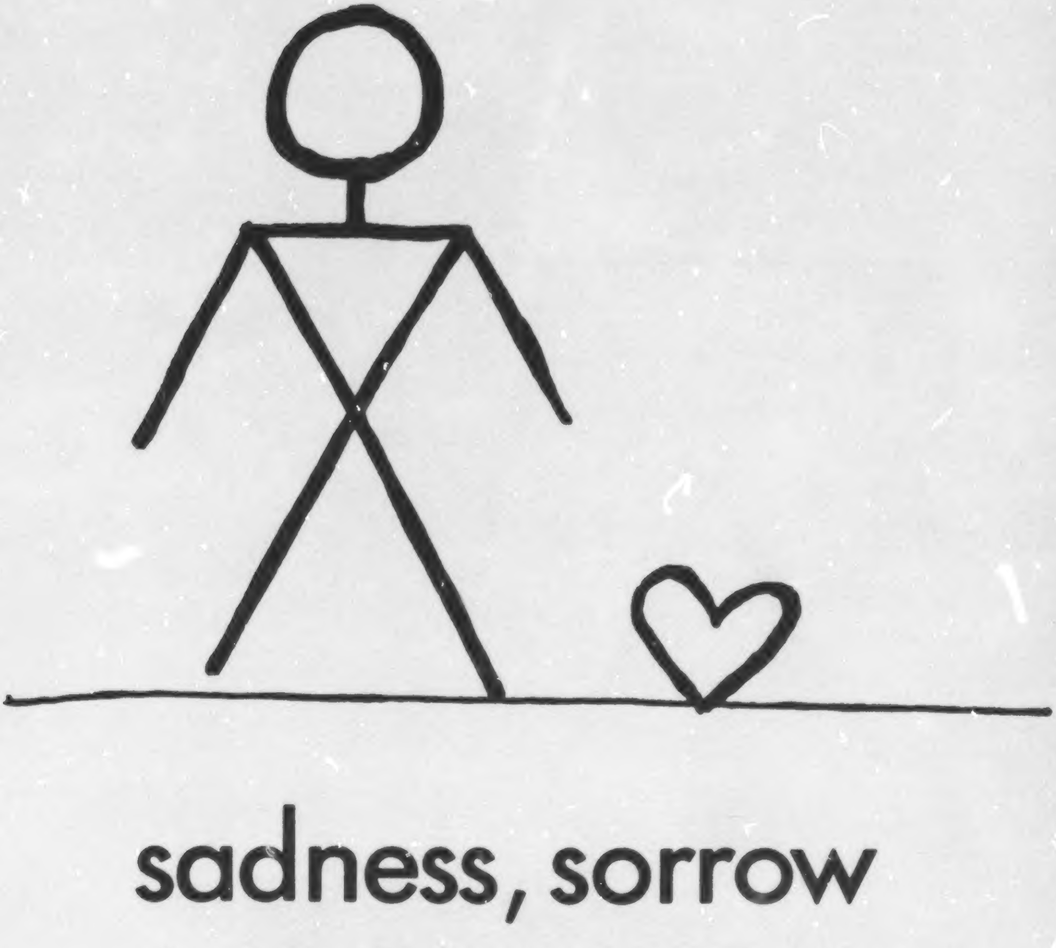


lies

A forked tongue indicates talking two directions at once.

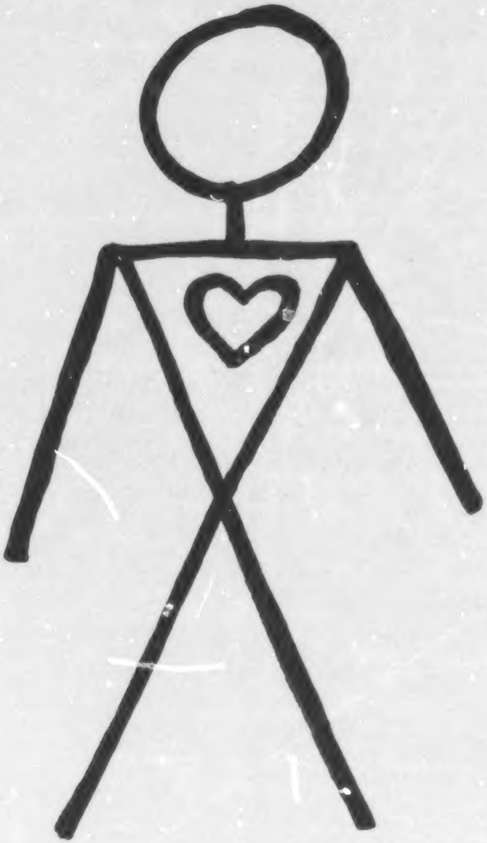


generous, big-hearted



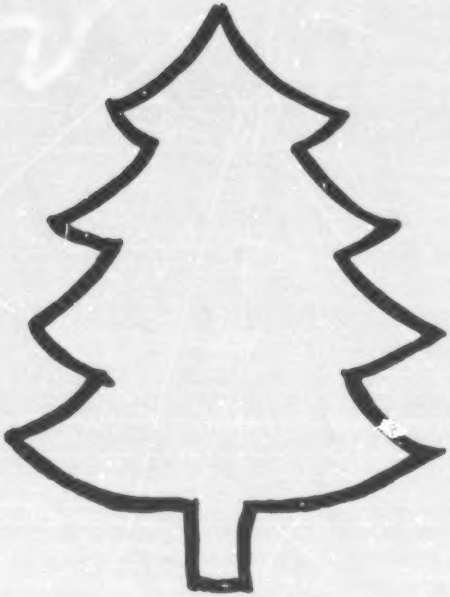
sadness, sorrow

A sad person's heart is on the ground.

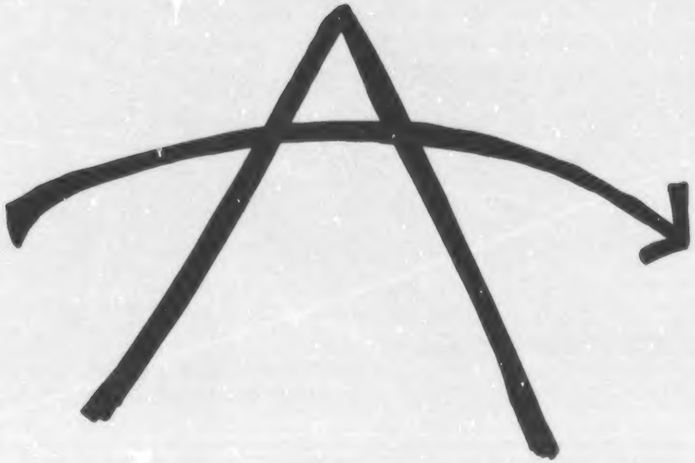


happiness

A happy person's heart is where it belongs.

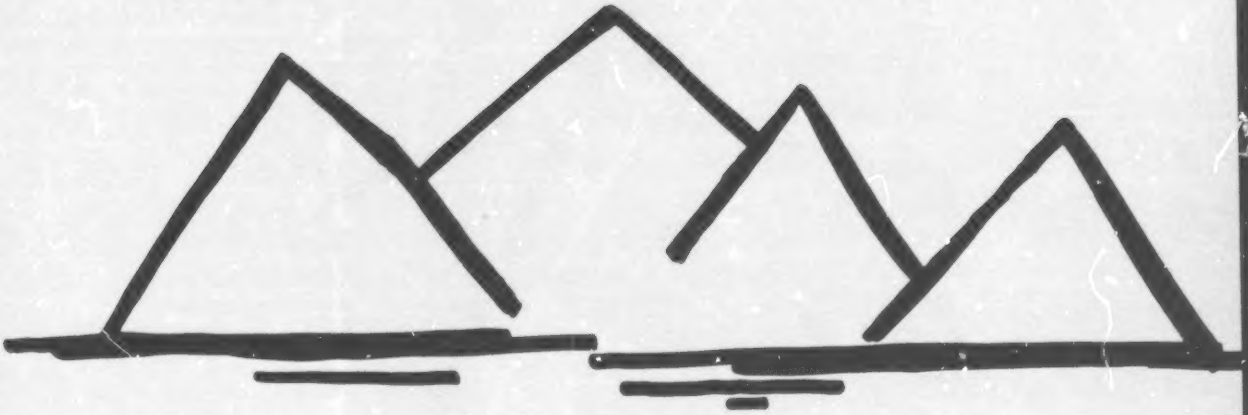


tree, forest

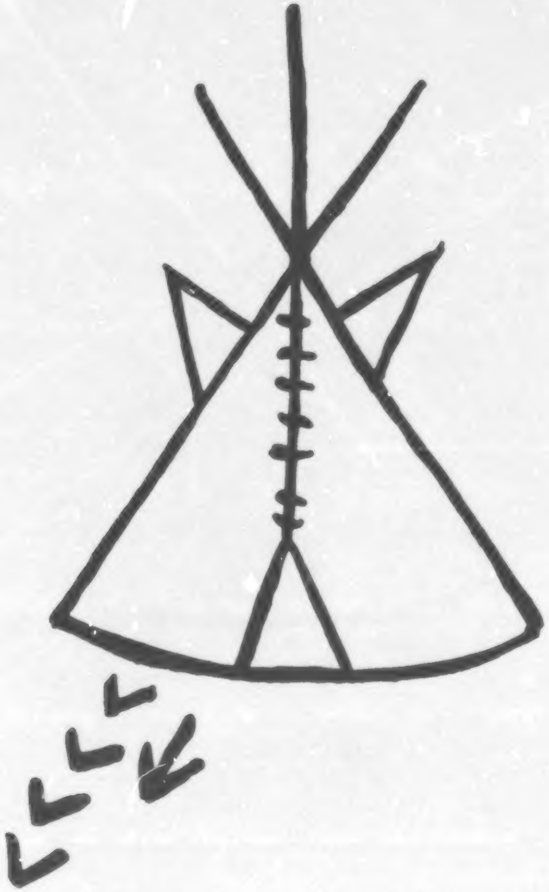


across the mountain

The arrow indicates crossing over the mountain.

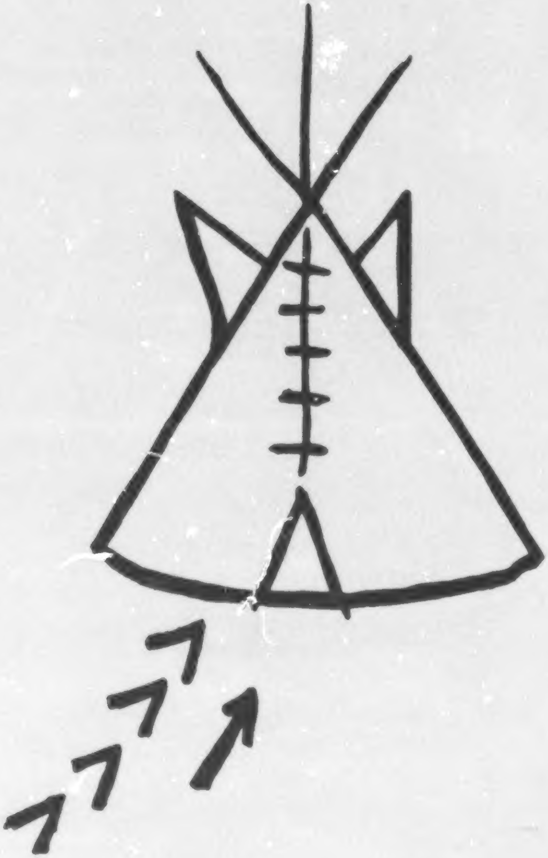


mountains



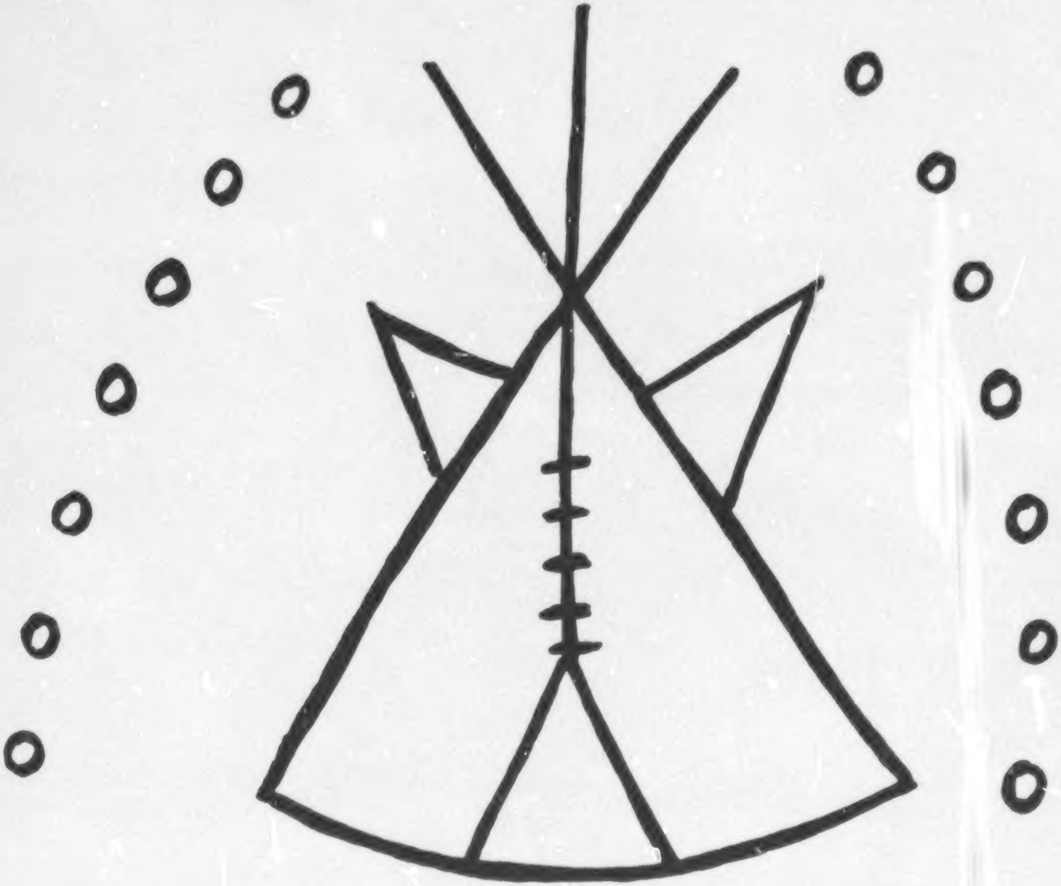
go away, leave

Footprints show that someone is leaving the tepee.

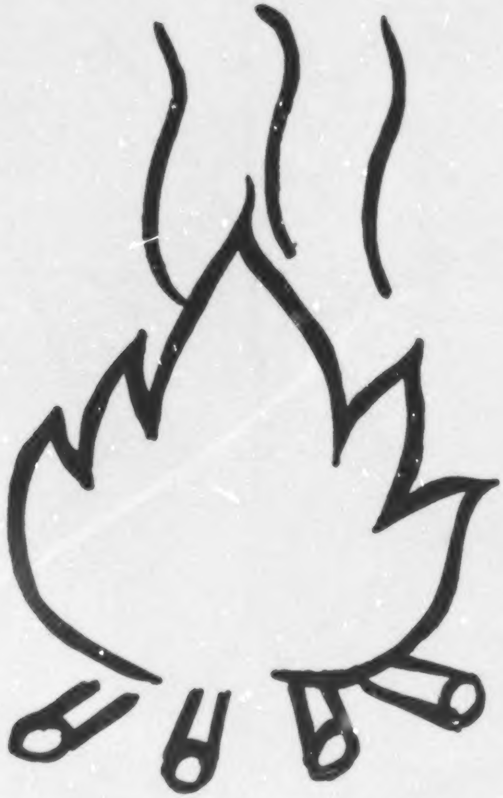


arrive, return

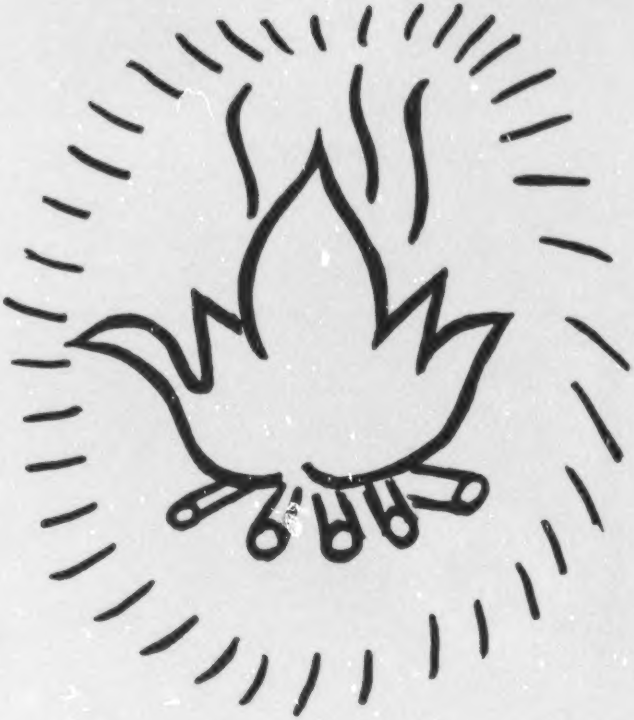
Footprints show that someone is going toward the tepee.



tepee village

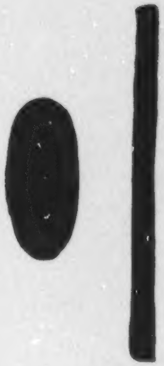


campfire

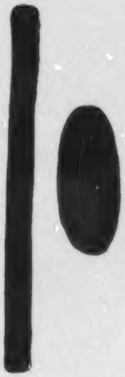


council fire

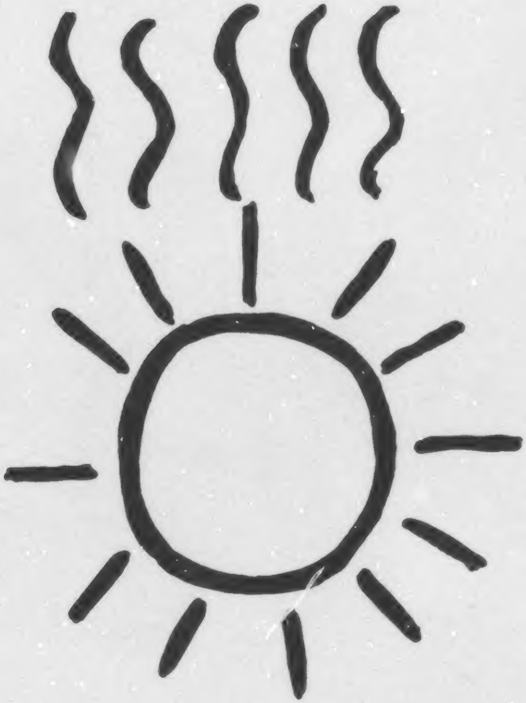
The circle and lines represent the people seated around the fire.



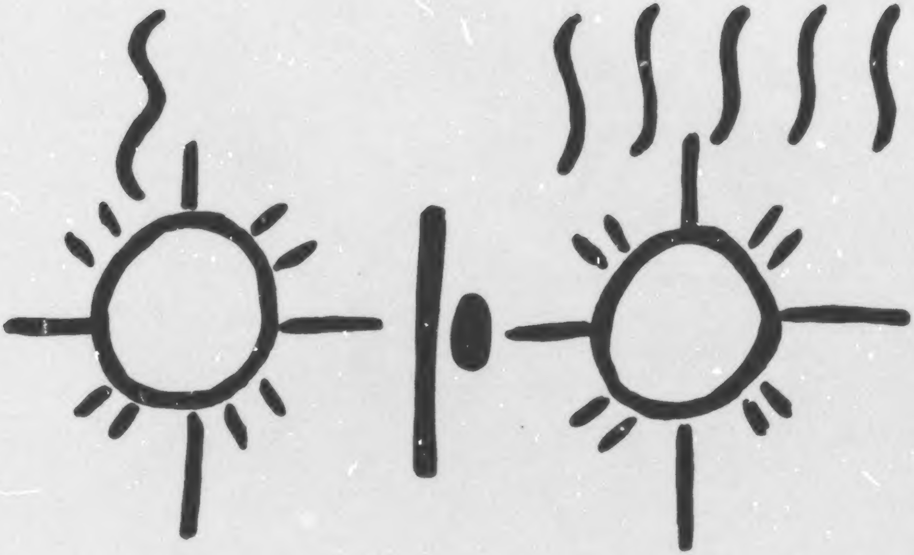
before



after

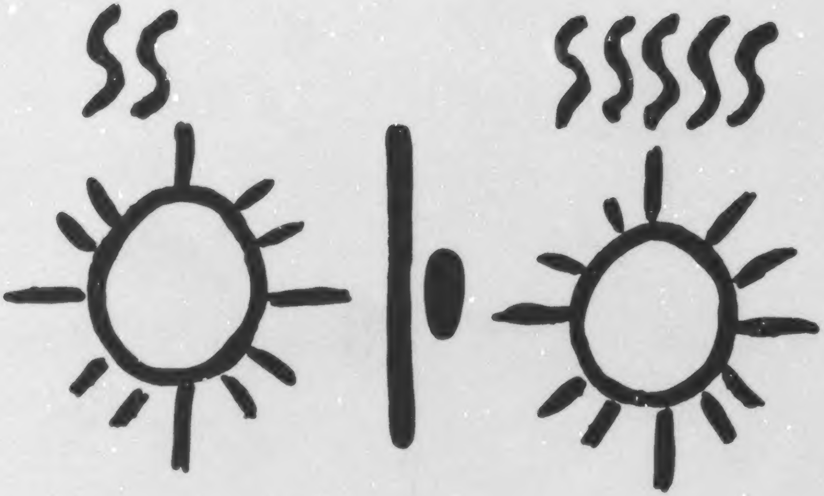


Sunday



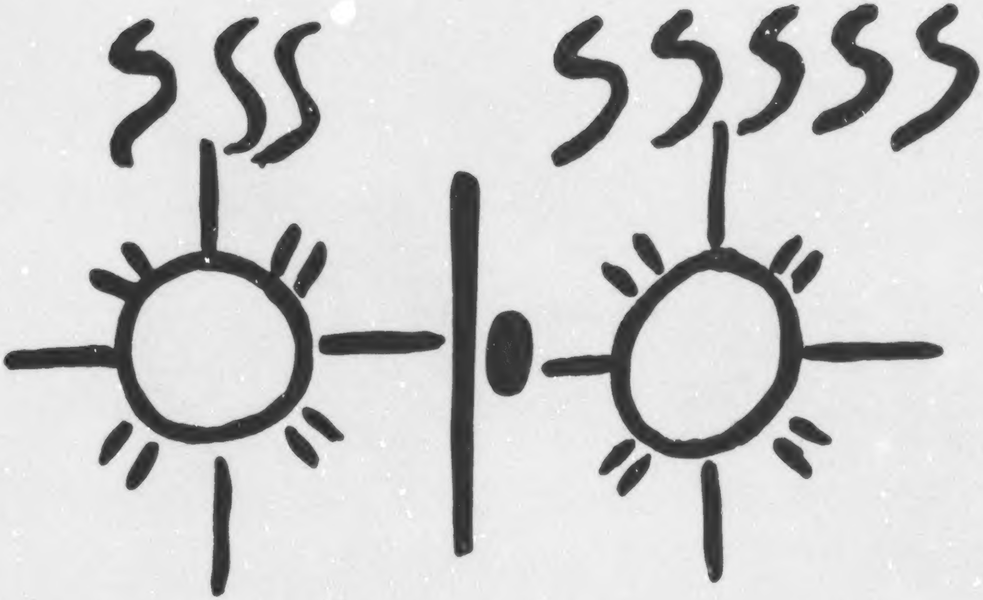
Monday

One day after Sunday.



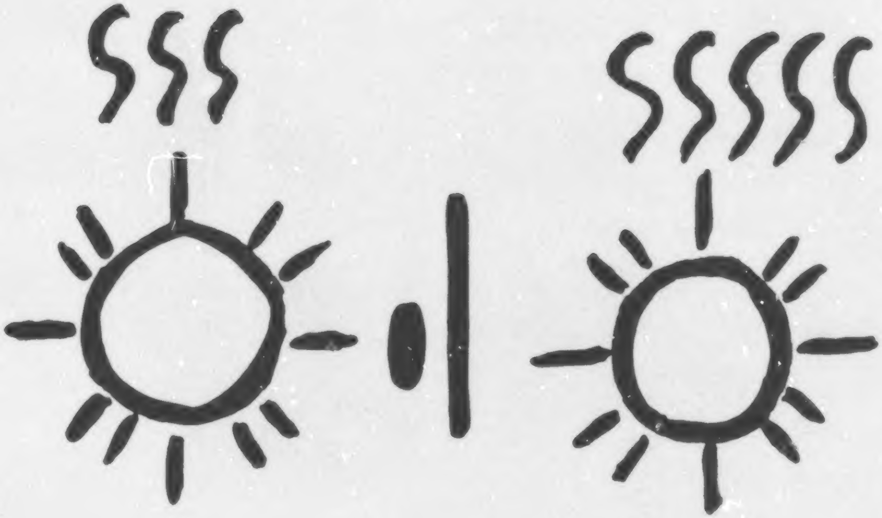
Tuesday

Two days after Sunday.



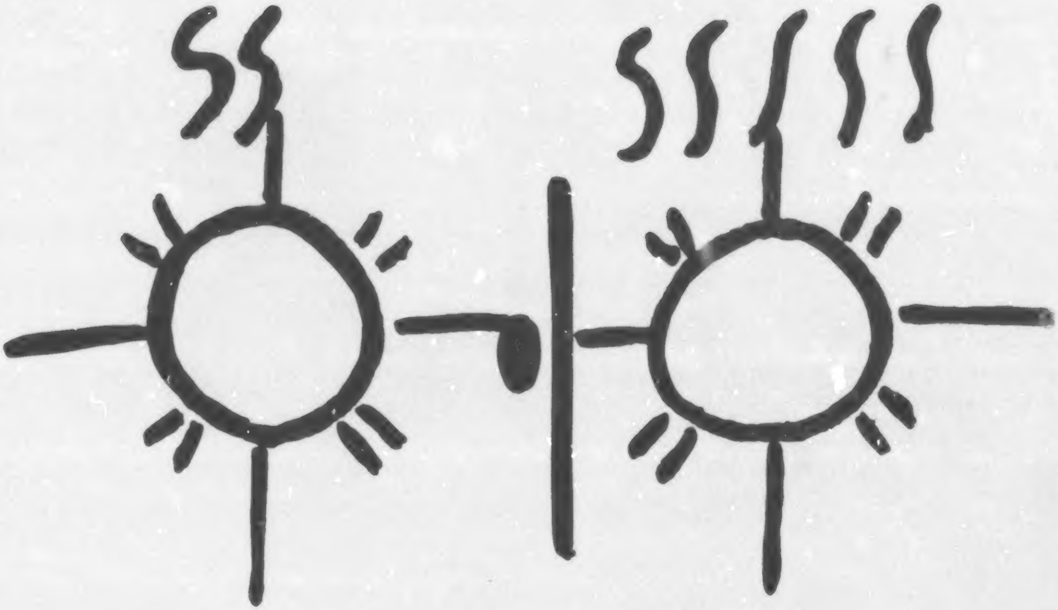
Wednesday

Three days after Sunday.



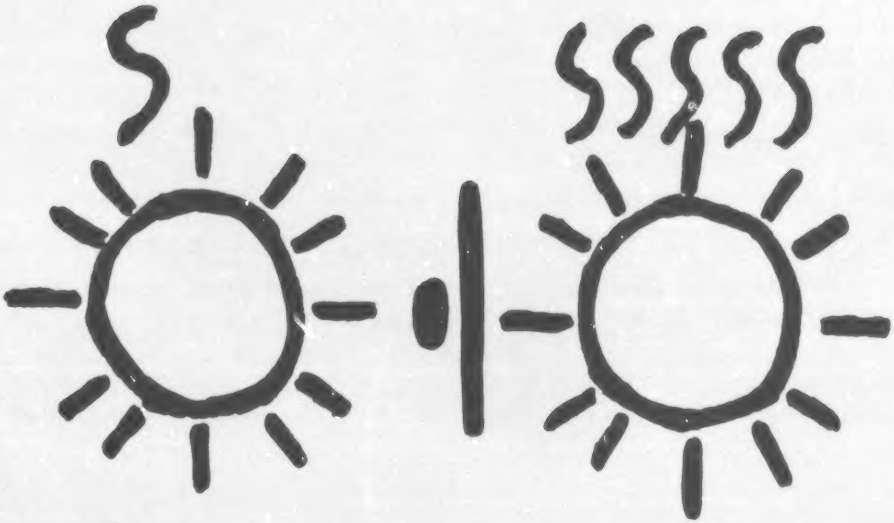
Thursday

Three days before Sunday.



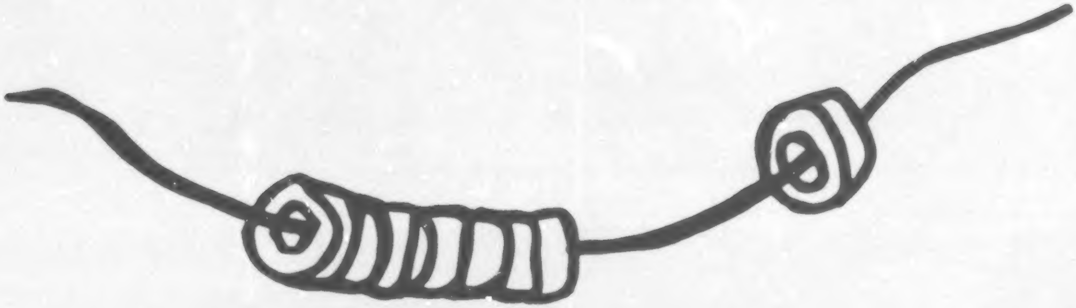
Friday

Two days before Sunday.



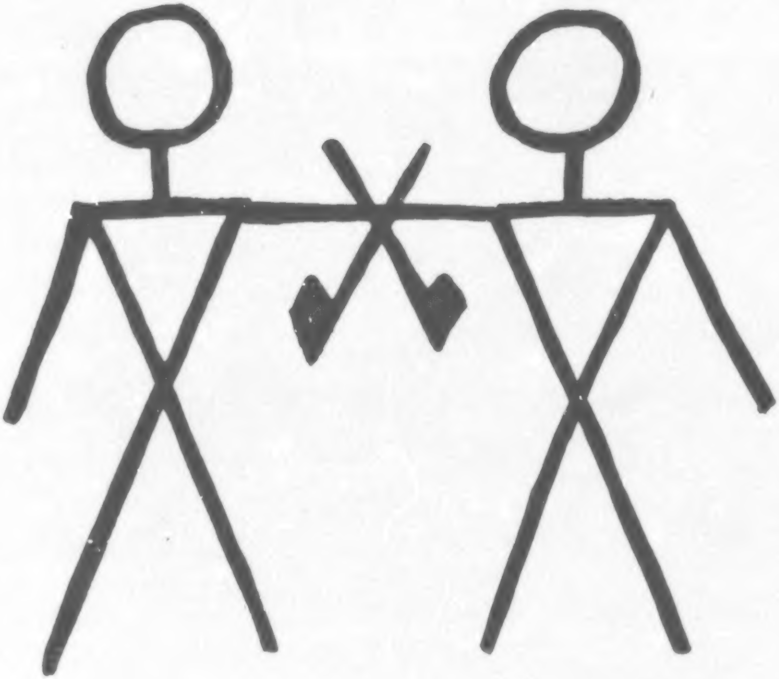
Saturday

One day before Sunday.



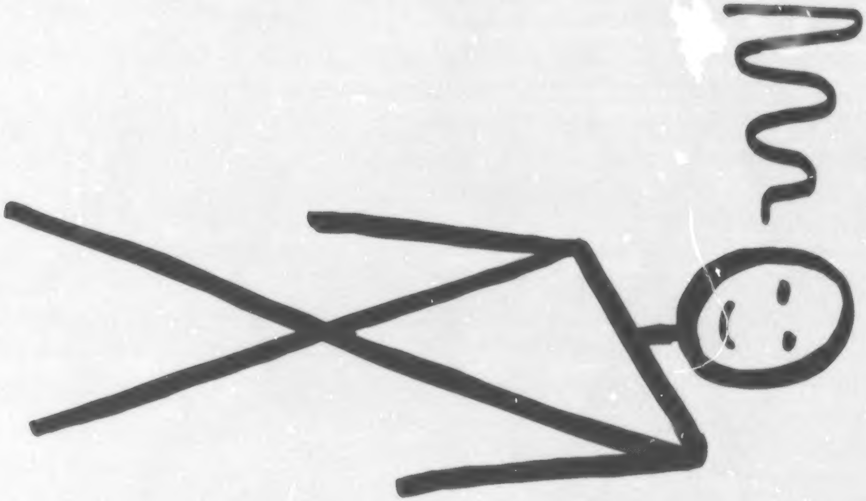
wampum

Wampum beads were made from shell and bone.
Wampum was used as money and for trading by some Indians.



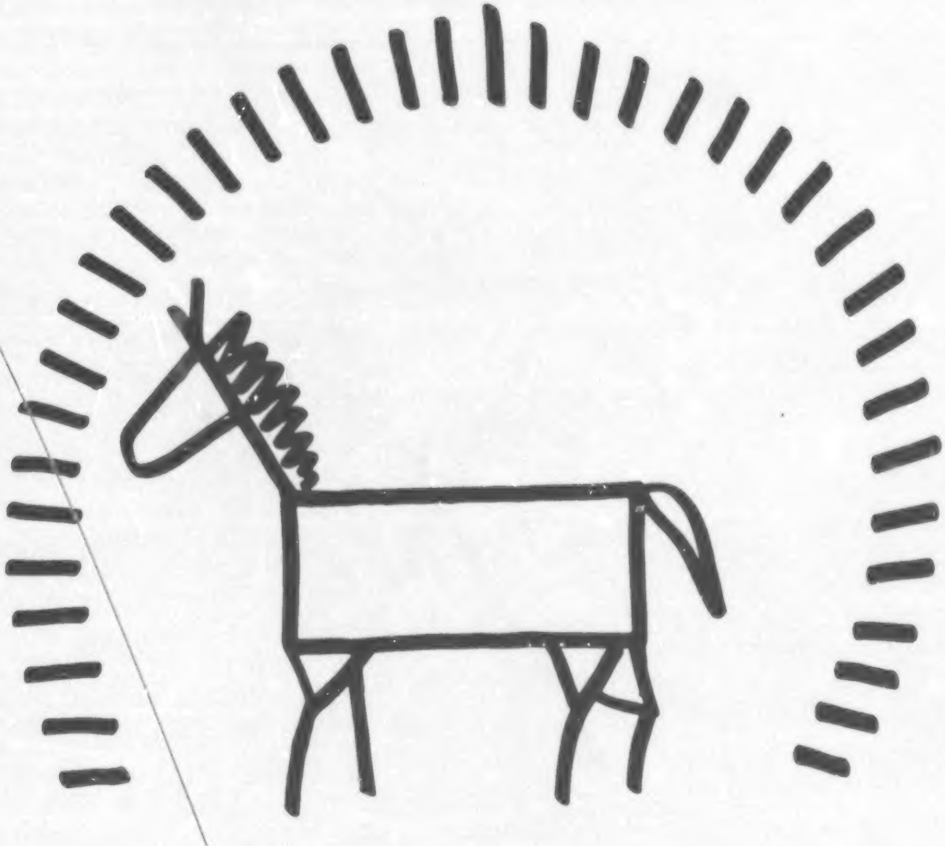
treaty

A treaty among the Indian people
was a very sacred agreement.



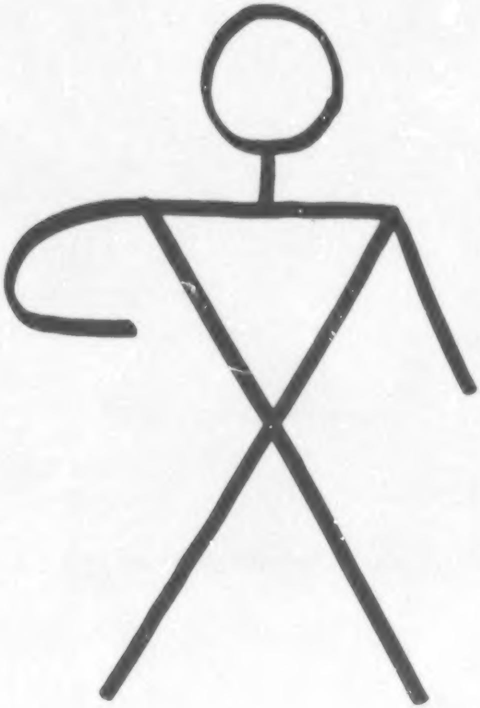
dream

Dream lines are rising from the head of the sleeping person.

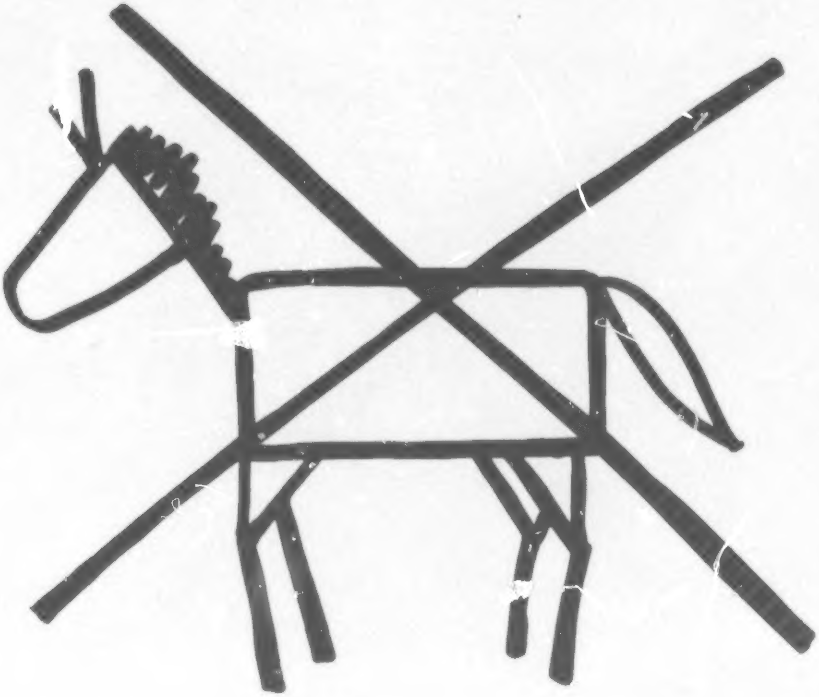


rich, many horses

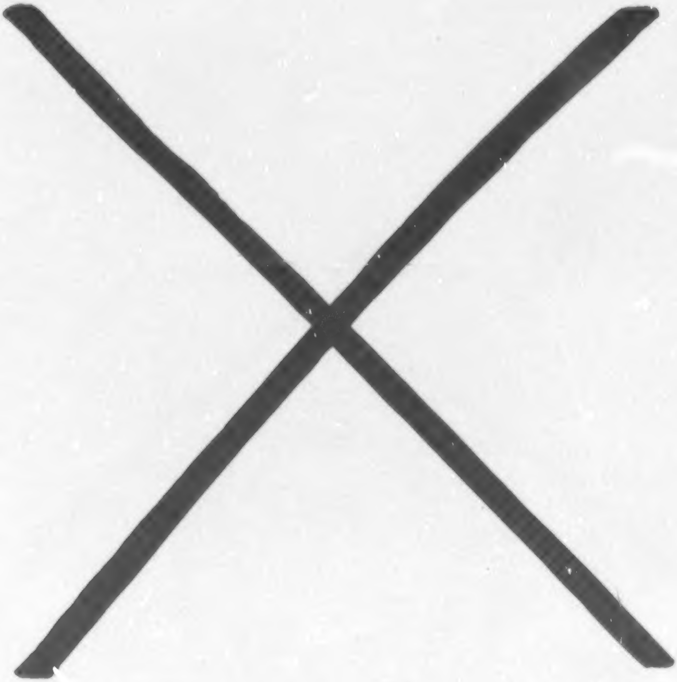
An Indian who owned many horses was rich.



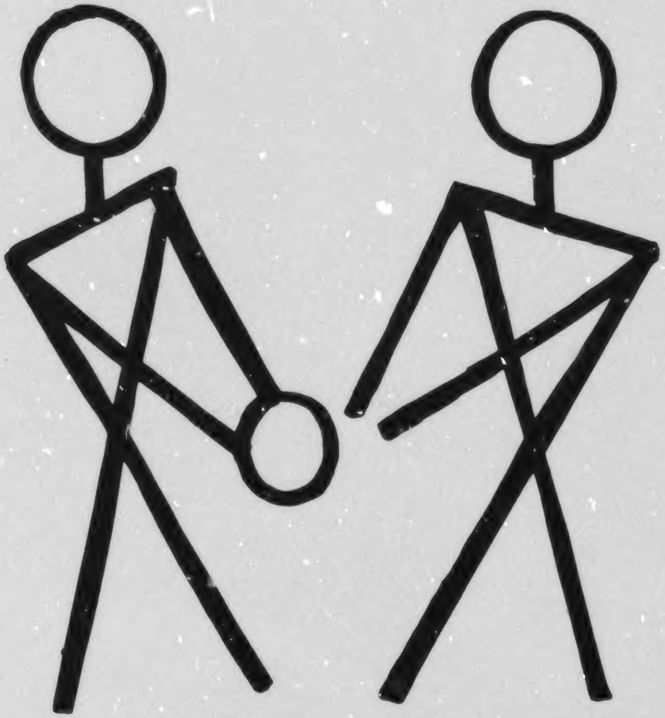
catch, take



poor



exchange, sell, trade



offer, give

VERBENA GREENE

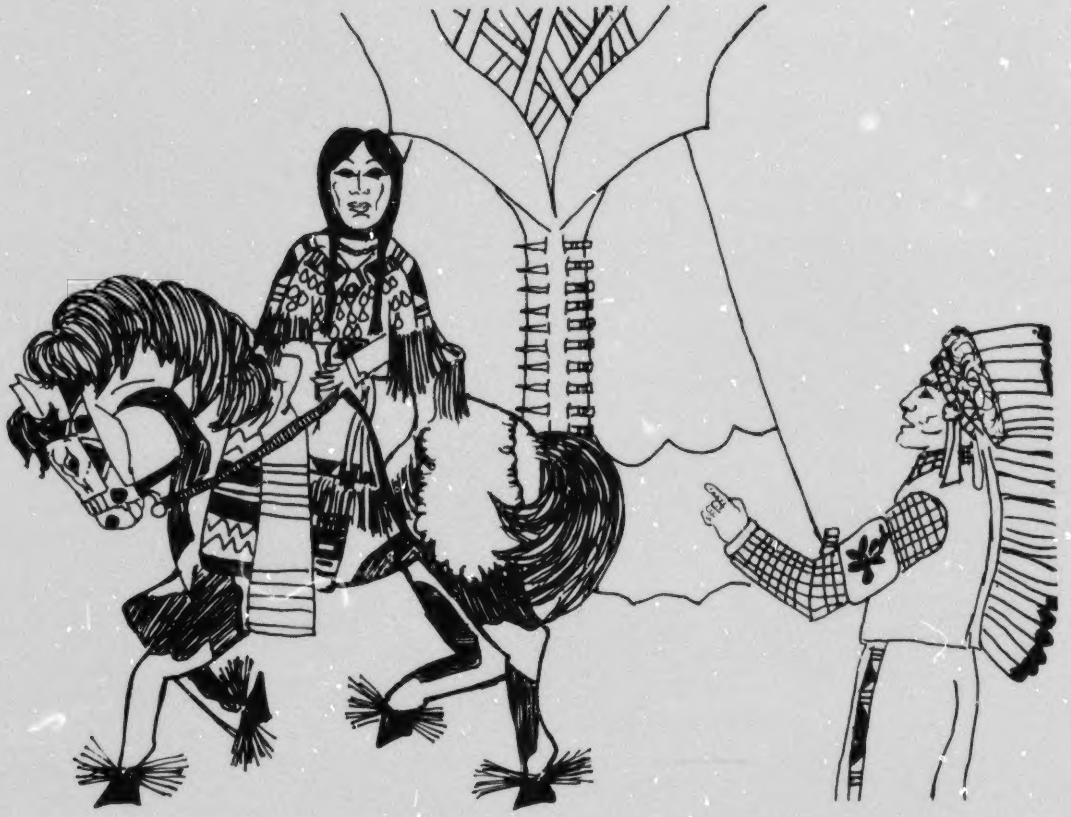
Verbena Greene, a member of the Confederated Tribes of Warm Springs, Oregon, is the mother of eight children. She attended Warm Springs Boarding School until the 11th grade and later earned her G.E.D. She has served as Local Coordinator for the Warm Springs Curriculum Development Committee and was the Tribal Education Program Liaison for more than seven years. She presently is serving as Culture Resource Person for the Tribes, providing classroom cultural instruction (legends, values, songs, etc.) on a consultant basis to schools and community colleges. She enjoys working with young people and is pleased that students are now forming culture clubs and holding powwows in the school environment.

NITA CURTIS

Nita Curtis was born and raised in Portland, Oregon, and for the past 10 years has lived and taught on the Warm Springs Reservation in Central Oregon. She has been interested in art for about 15 years and uses several media, including watercolor, acrylics, and pen and ink. For the past five years she has been successfully exhibiting and selling her work. In addition to participating in the development of the Warm Springs materials for The Indian Reading Series, she has worked with two other Indian curriculum projects, including a fifth-grade, social studies program funded by the Donner Foundation and a federally funded program in Brigham City, Utah.

Grandma Rides in the Parade

The Indian Reading Series



Level II Book 7

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Grandma Rides in the Parade

Level II Book 7

A Crow Story

Written by Joy Yellowtail Toineeta

Illustrated by Audrey Toineeta

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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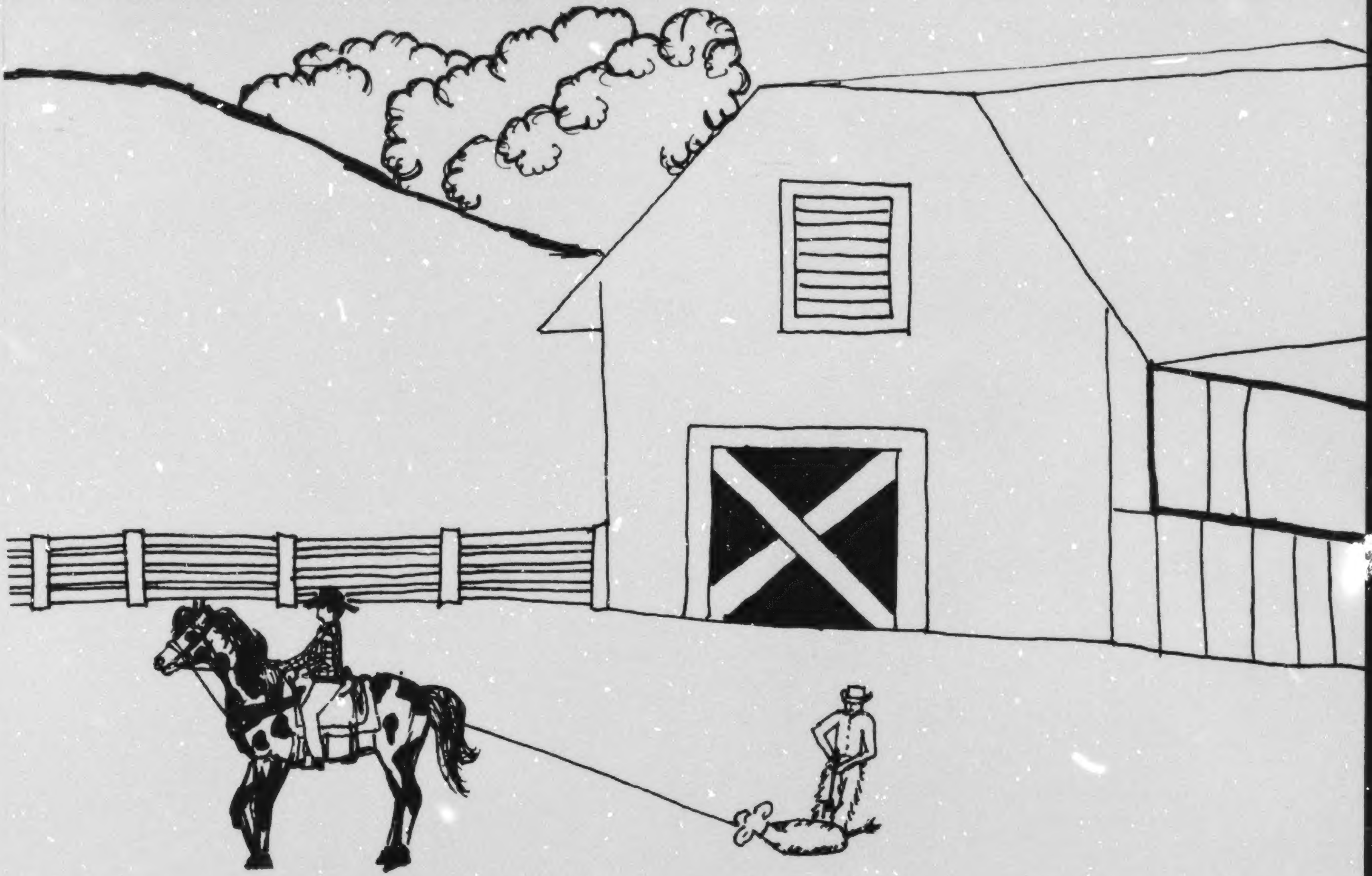
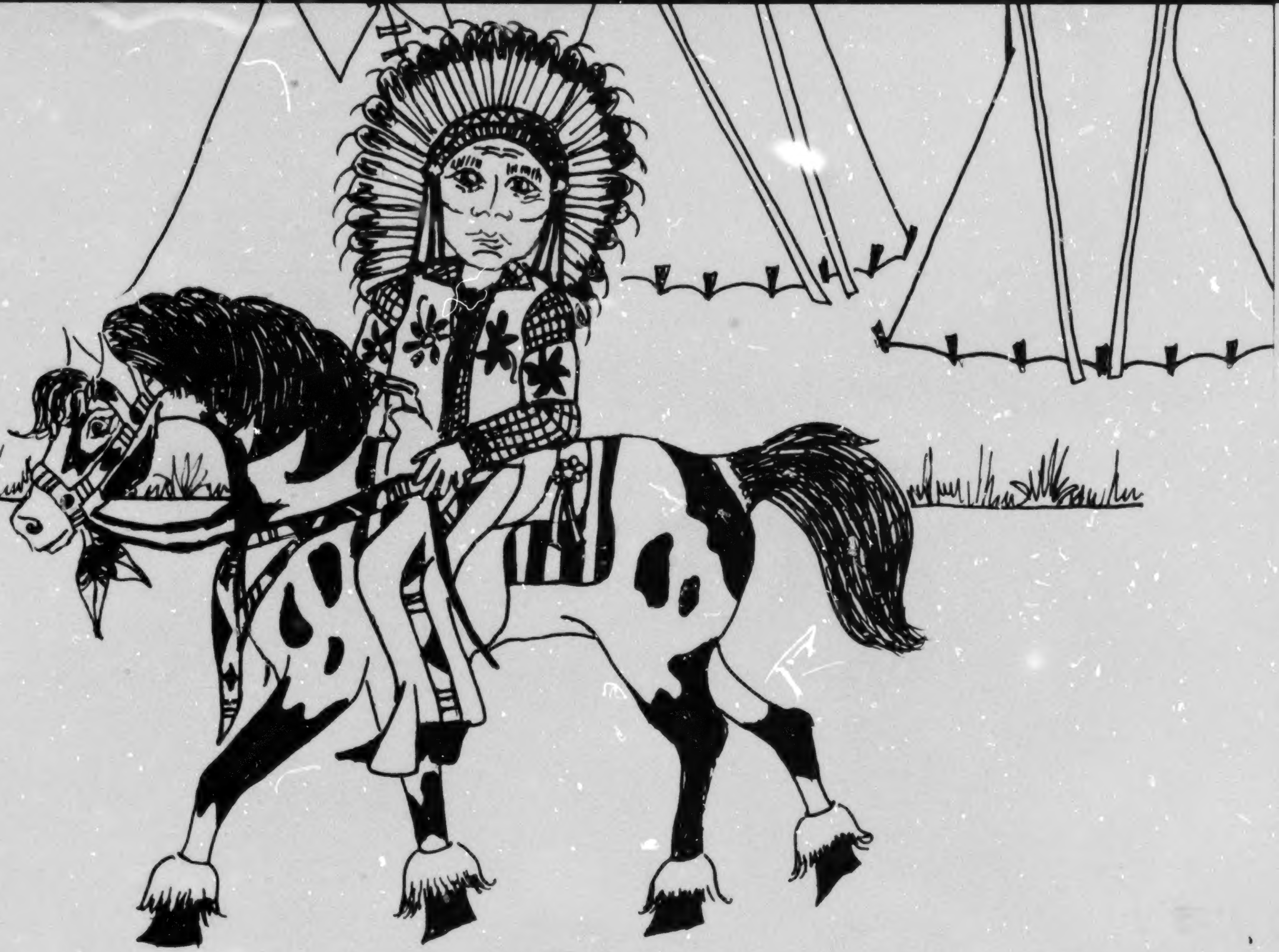
Printed and bound in the United States of America

This story is about the preparation and excitement of being in a parade at the Crow Fair.

April Young Beaver lives near her grandparents
on the Crow Indian Reservation.
Her Grandfather Summers has lots of horses.
They are wild and beautiful.
Some are pinto.
Some are palomino.
Others are black, bay and sorrel.

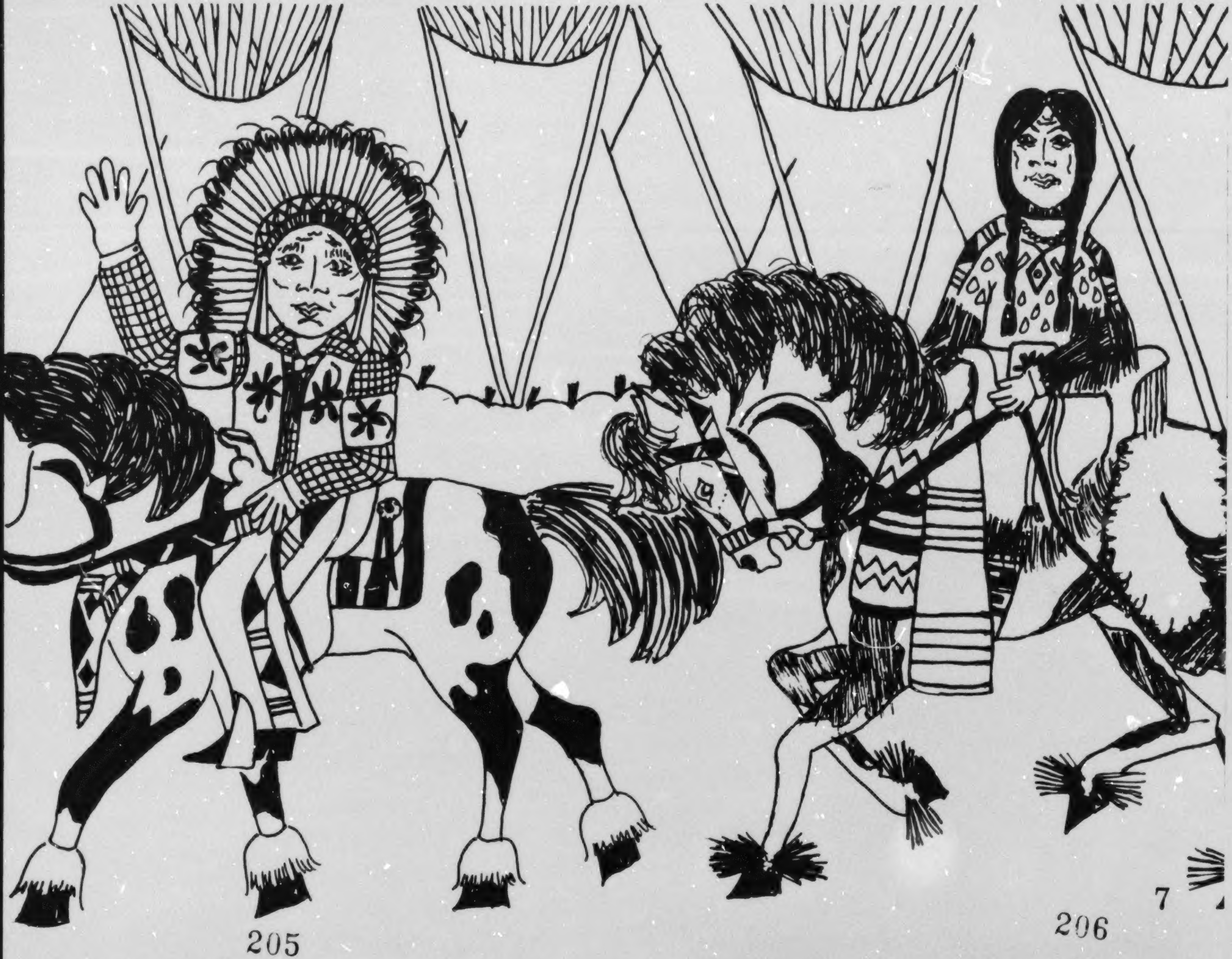


Grandfather is a cowboy.
He helps round up his cattle.
He helps with the branding.



At Crow Fair time, Grandfather rides a pinto
in the parade.
He wears his buckskin suit and his war bonnet.

Grandmother Walks Toward The Mountain
rides with Grandpa.
She rides a palomino pinto named Capino.
Capino always snorts and jumps around,
but Grandmother isn't afraid of him.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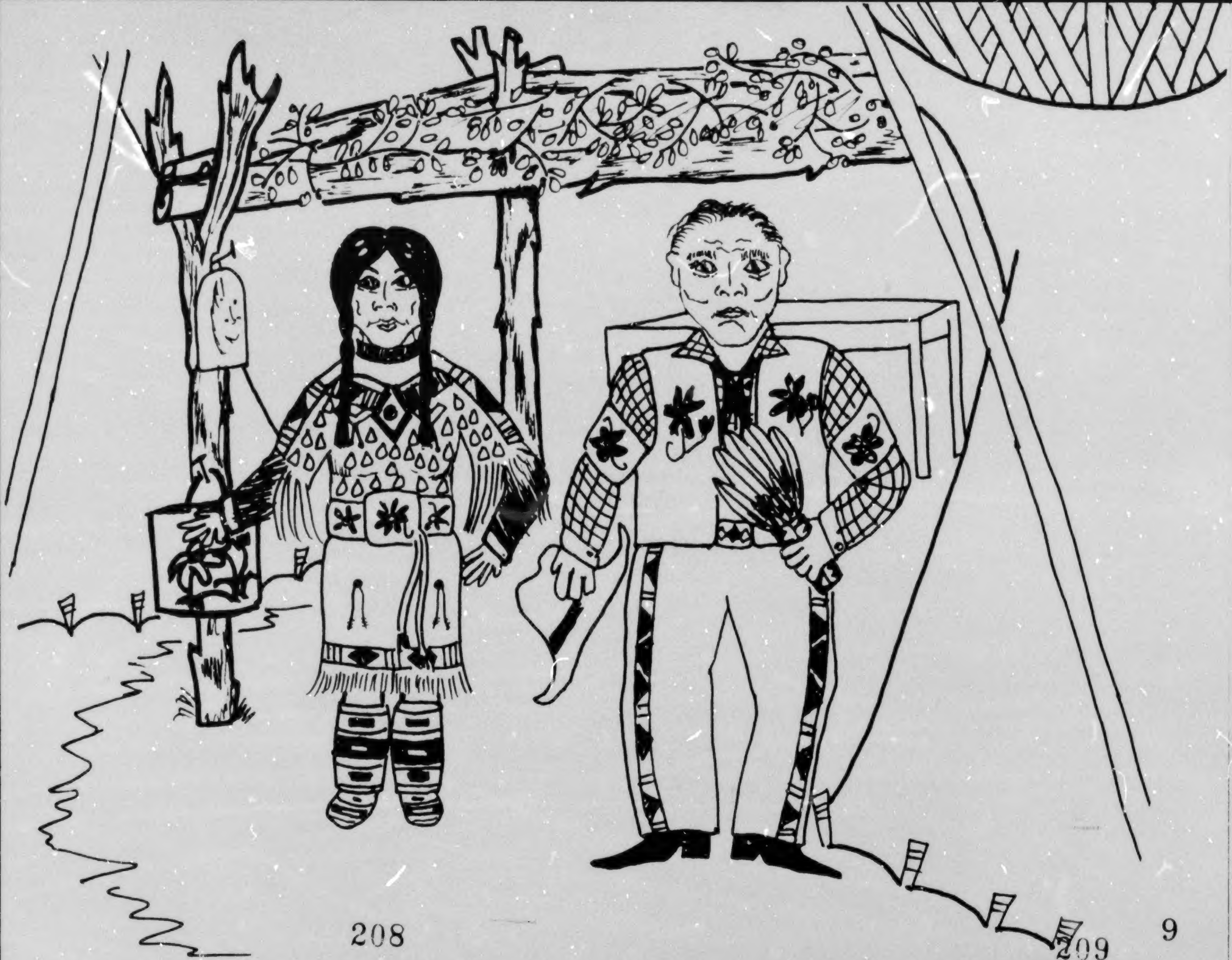
7

On the day of the Crow Fair, Grandfather and Grandmother got ready to ride in the parade.

Grandmother put on her elktooth dress, beaded moccasins and leggings, belt and other pretty things.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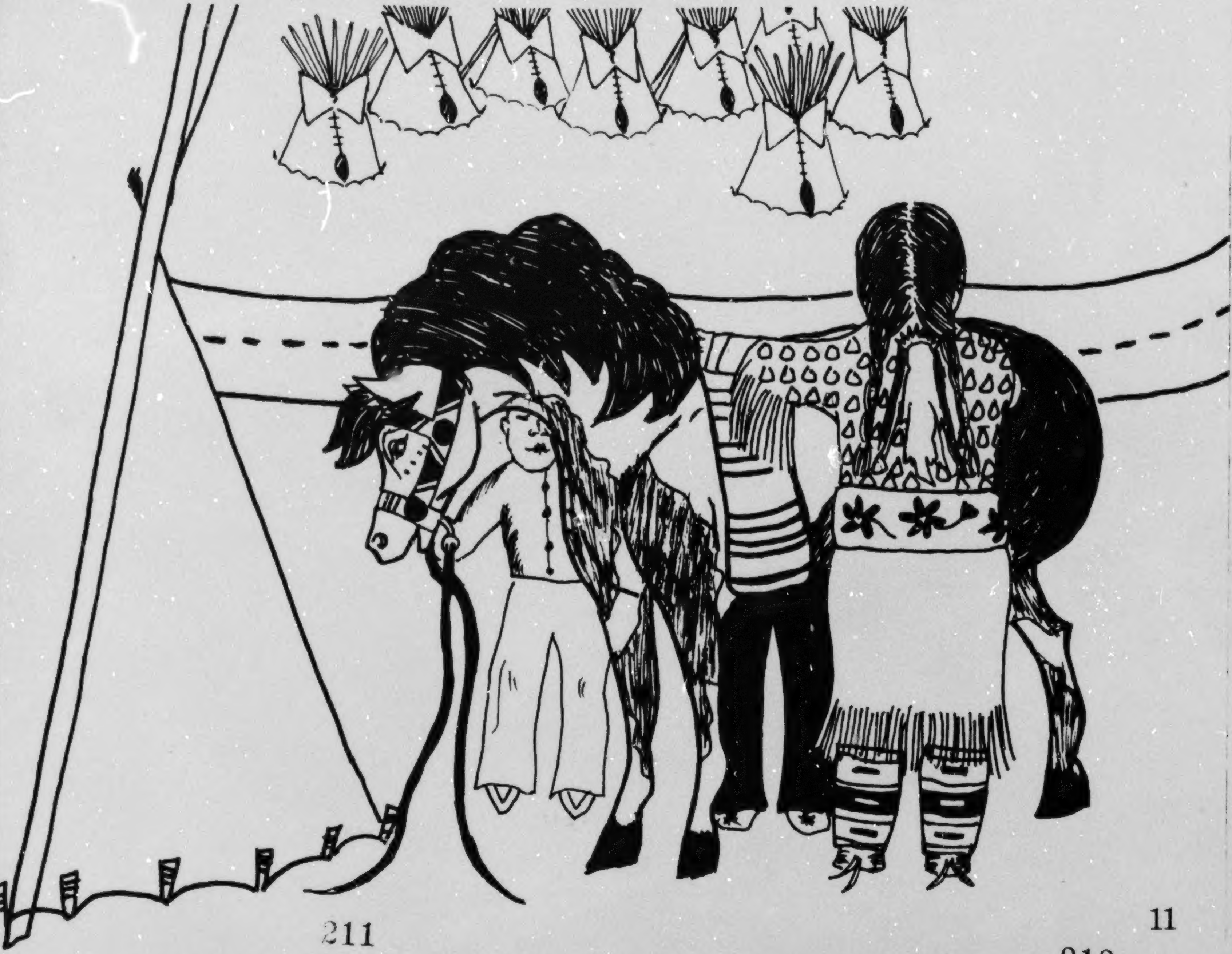
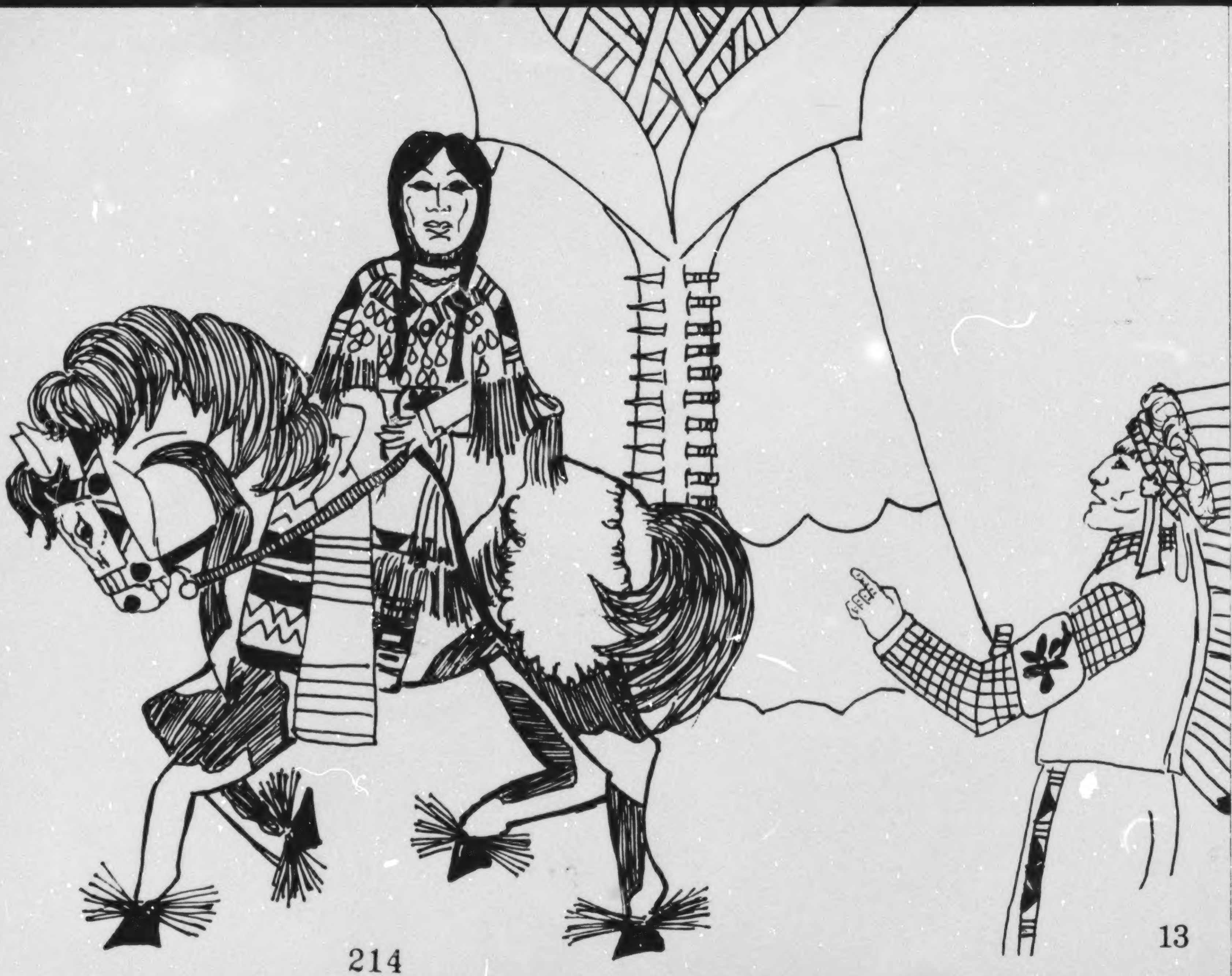
Grandmother said to the children,
"Help me get Capino ready."
She put pretty beaded things on him.
Even his bridle was beaded.



When Capino was ready, Grandmother got on him.
Capino danced around.
Grandfather said, "Look at him prancing around.
I think he just likes to show off
because he is pretty."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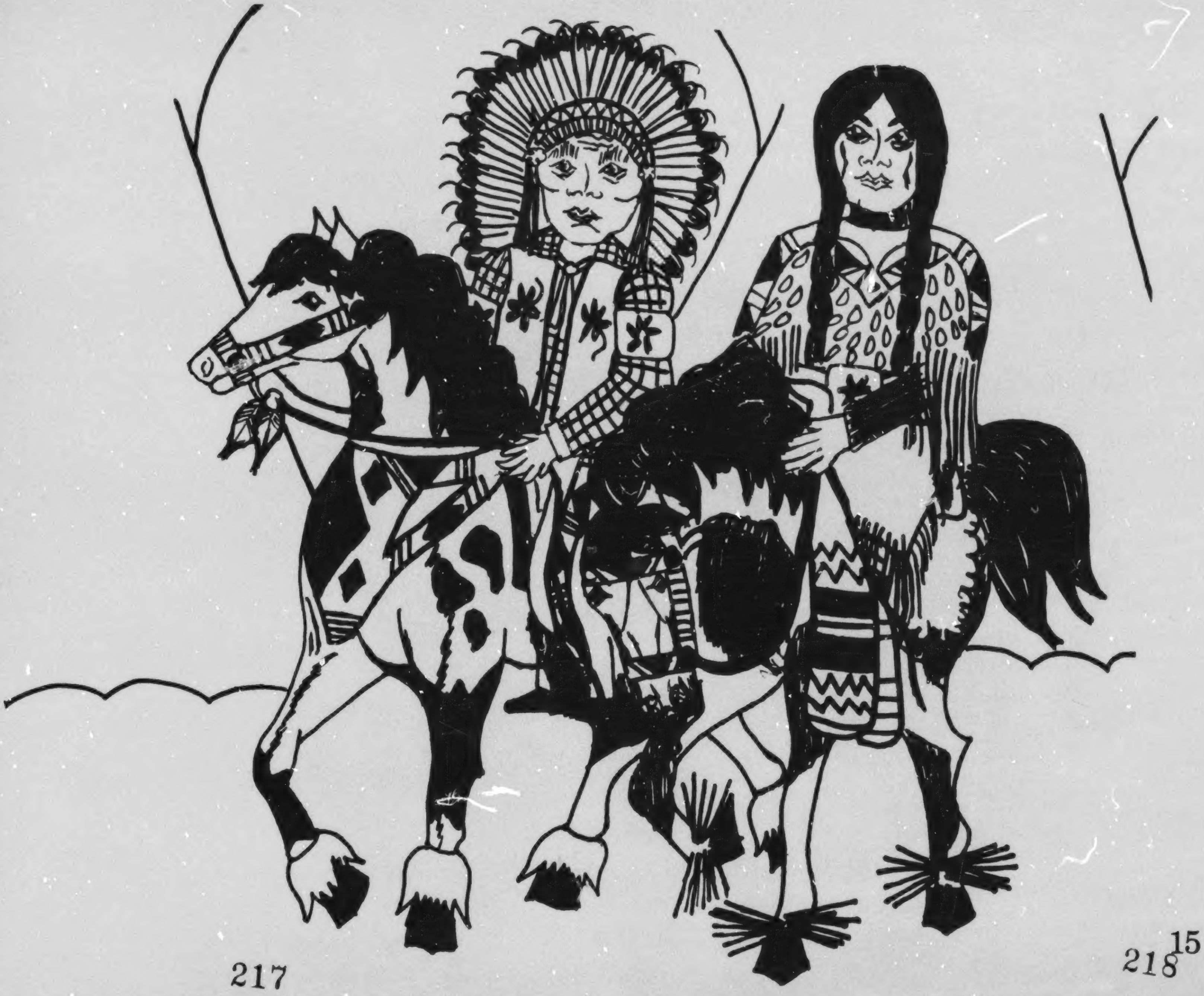
Capino lifted his head and bowed his neck.
Grandmother rode him up beside Grandfather,
and they rode off to join the parade.



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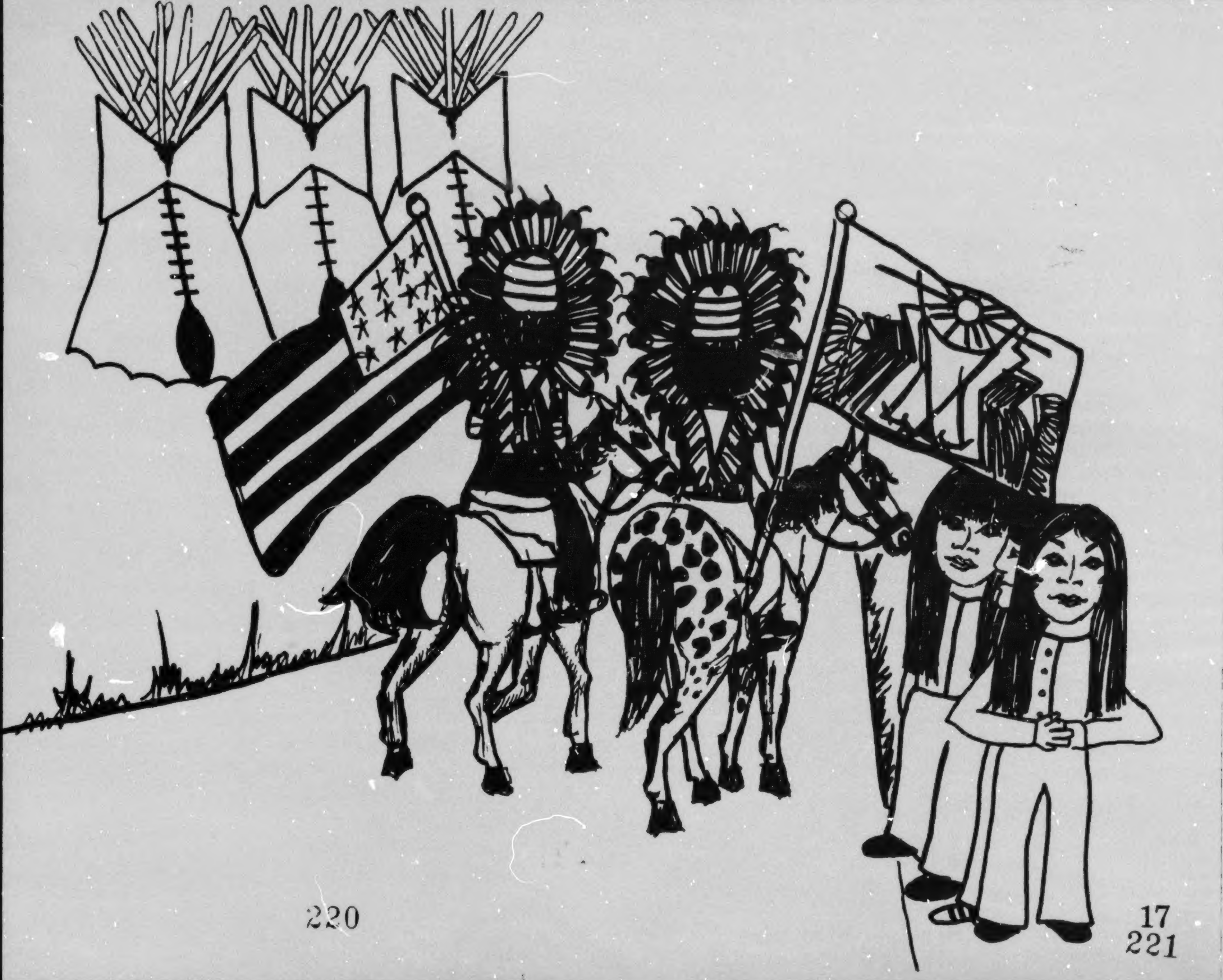
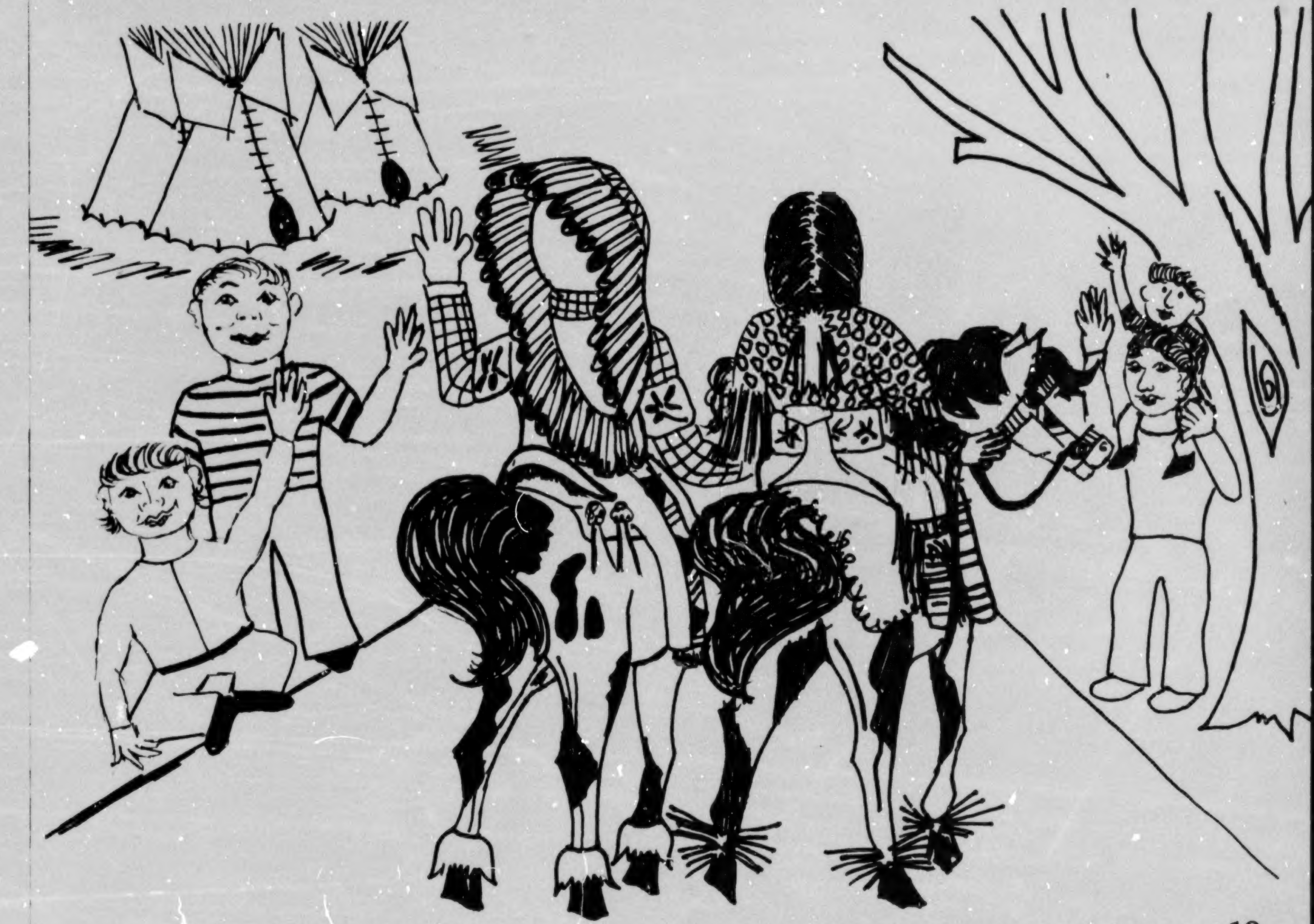
April and her cousins stood along the road
and watched the parade go by.
In the lead were important tribal leaders
in big, colorful war bonnets.
One carried the American flag.
Another carried the Crow flag.



The children watched for Grandmother.
"There she is!" cried one of the boys.
"Hi, Grandmother!
Hi, Grandfather!"
He waved his arms as they rode past.



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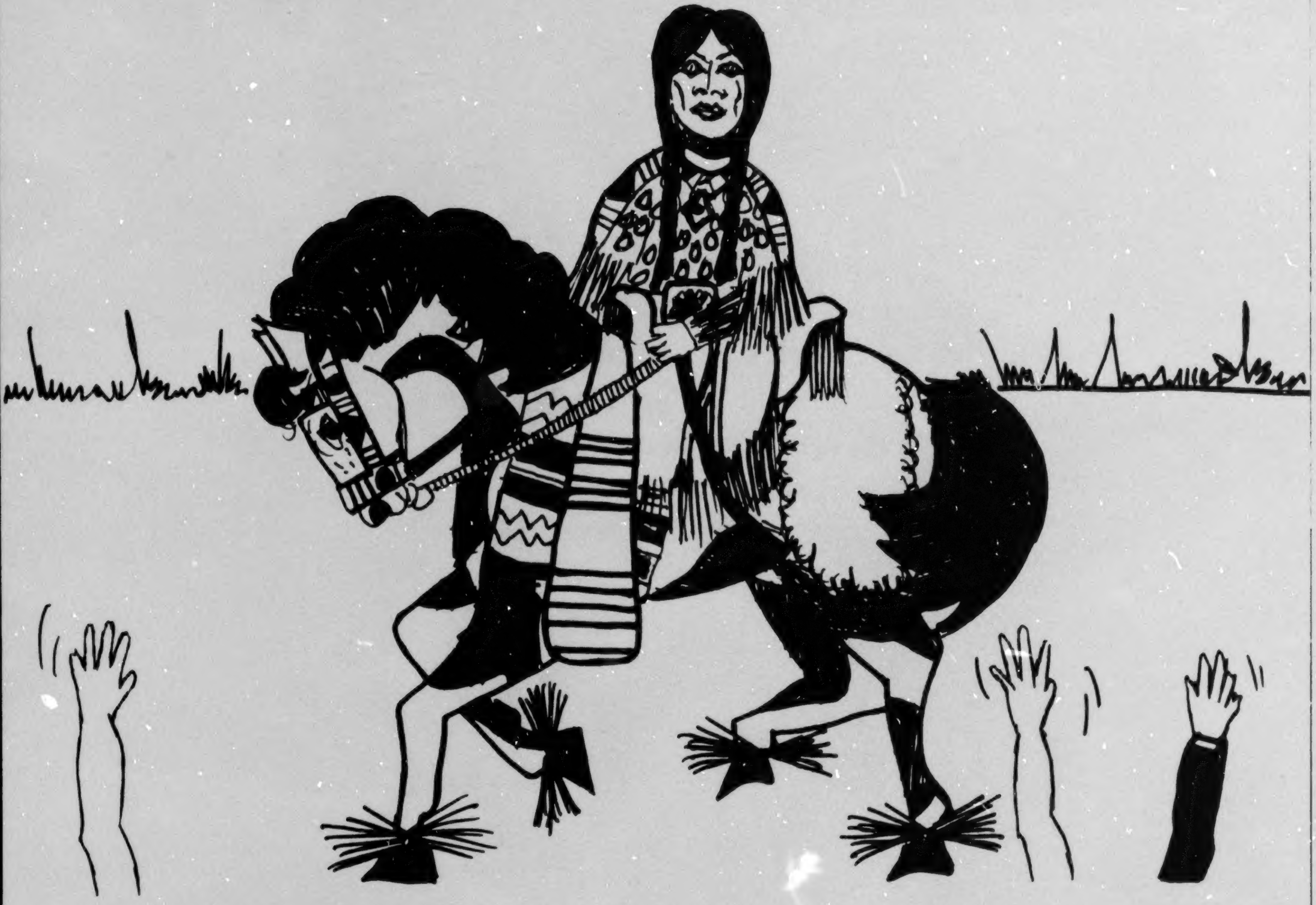
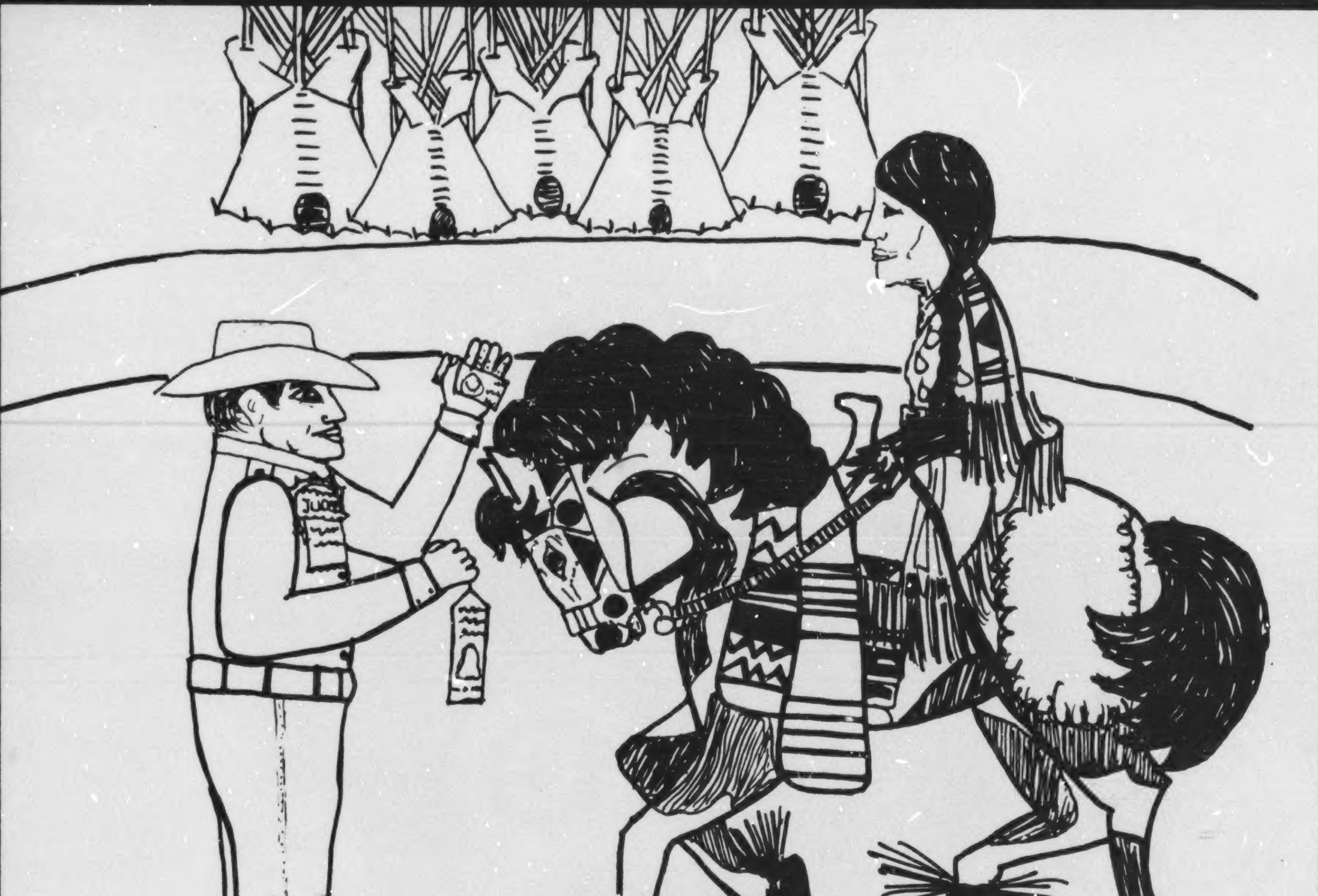
Capino was prancing until he saw the waving arms.
Then he snorted and began to jump around.
But Grandmother wasn't afraid of him.
She pulled on the reins, and the horse stopped jumping.
He began to prance again.



After the parade went around the camp twice,
the judges announced the best man rider.
Then it was time for them to announce the best
woman rider.
The announcer said, "The best woman rider is
Walks Toward The Mountain, on Capino."



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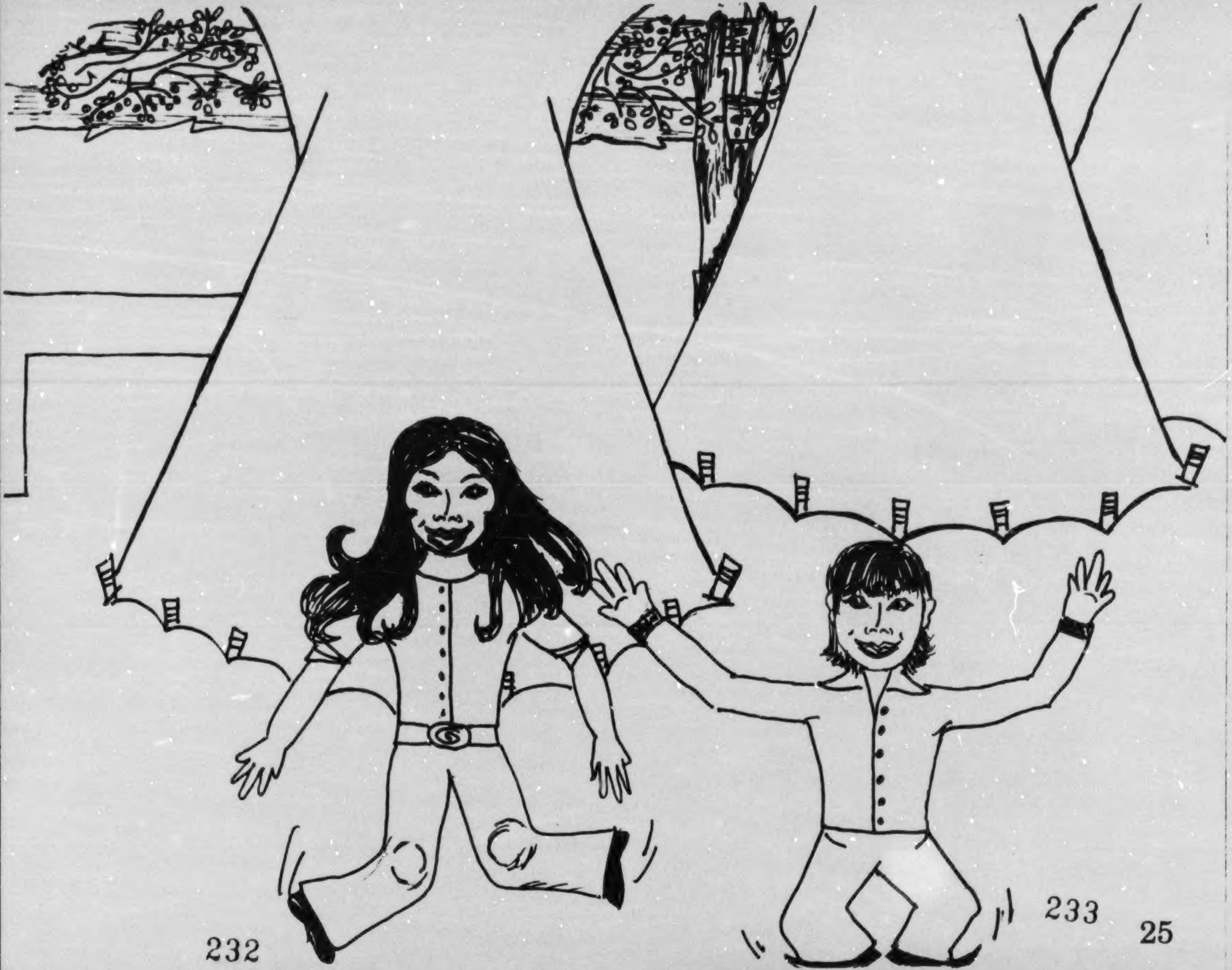
The grandchildren jumped up and down.
"Grandma has won the prize!" they shouted.



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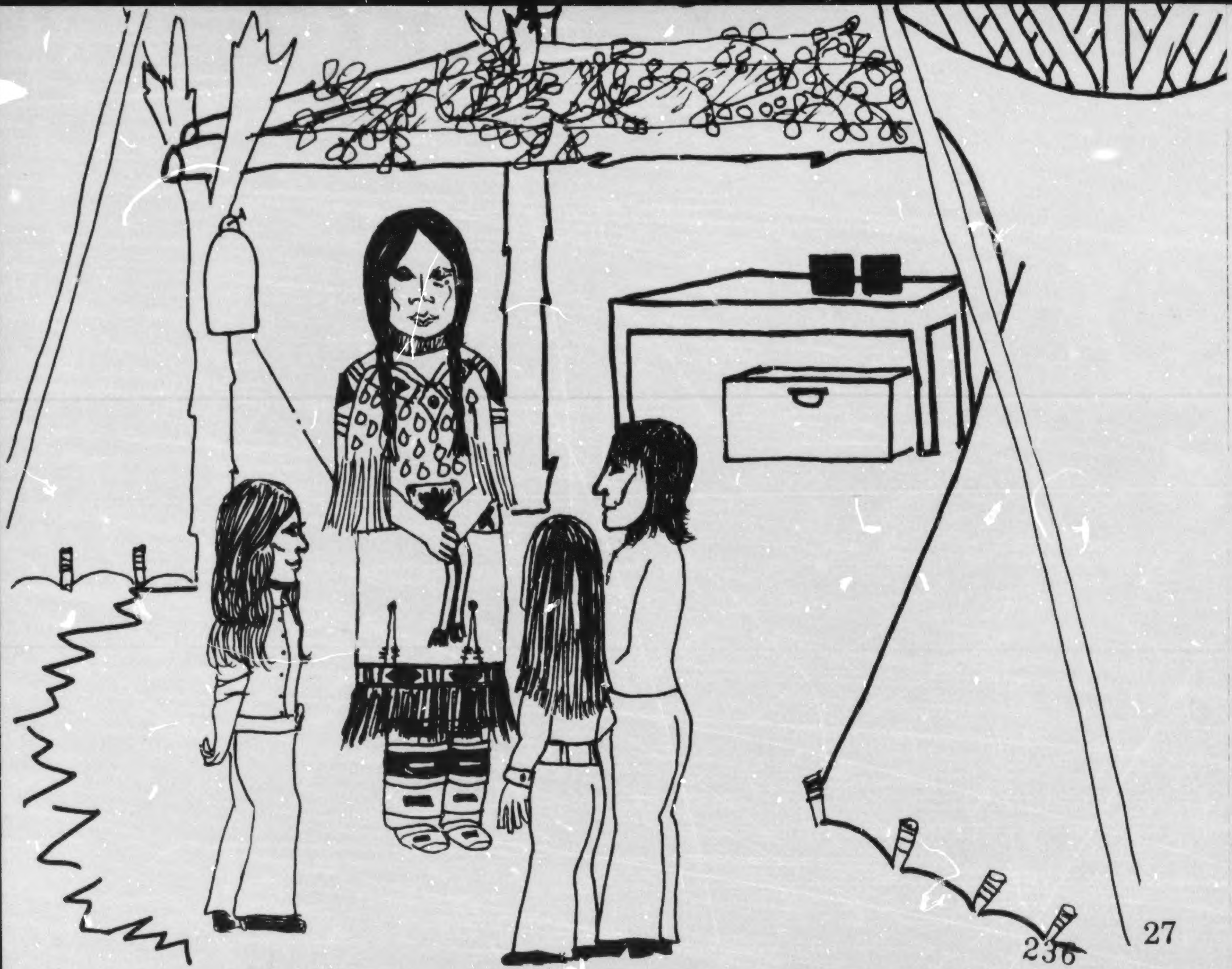
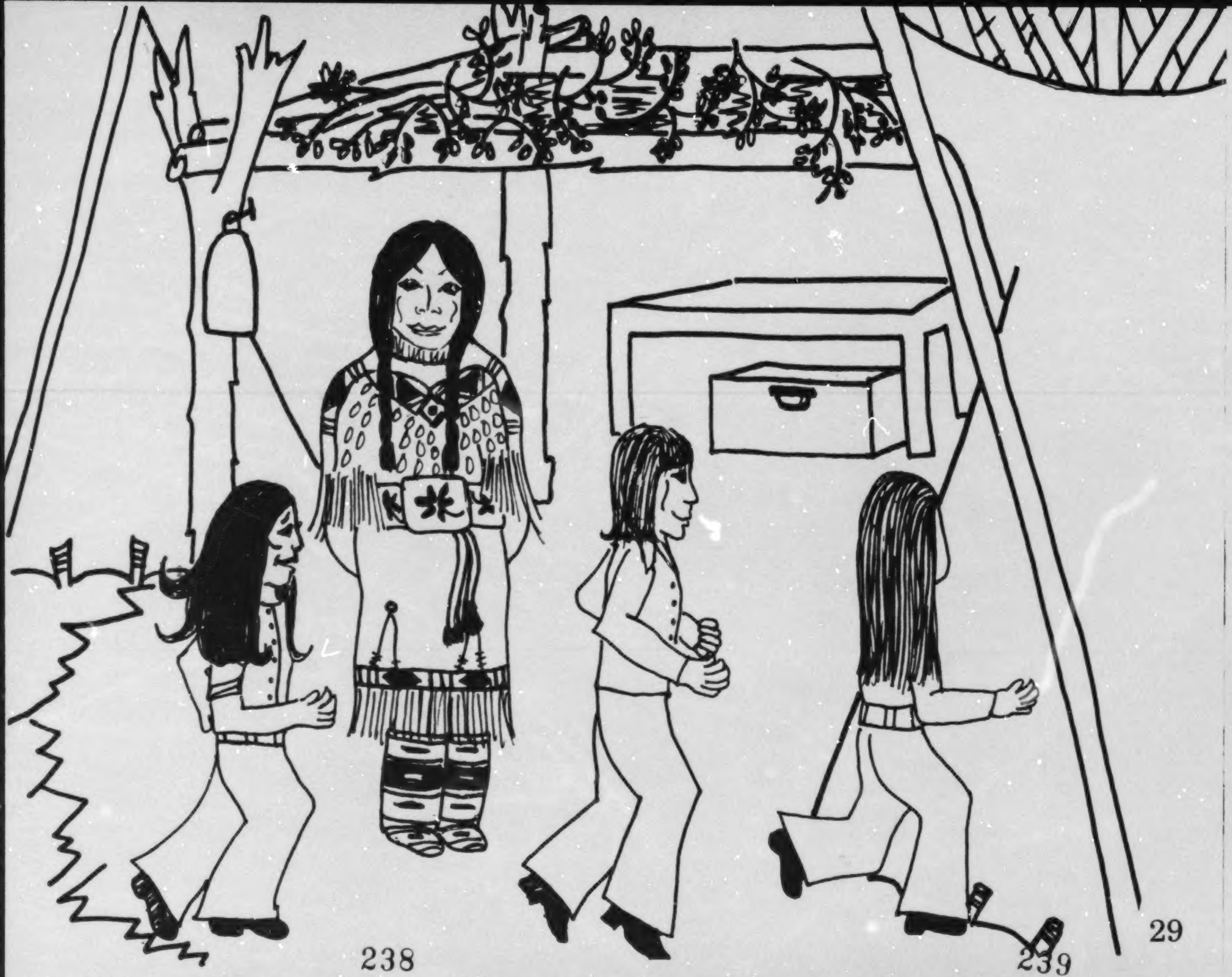
When Grandmother Walks Toward The Mountain
came back to the camp with her prize,
she called to the grandchildren.
"I have been paid for being the best woman rider
in the parade," she said.
"I will share with you."



27

Grandmother gave each child some money.
They ran to get pop and ice cream.
It was a day for celebration.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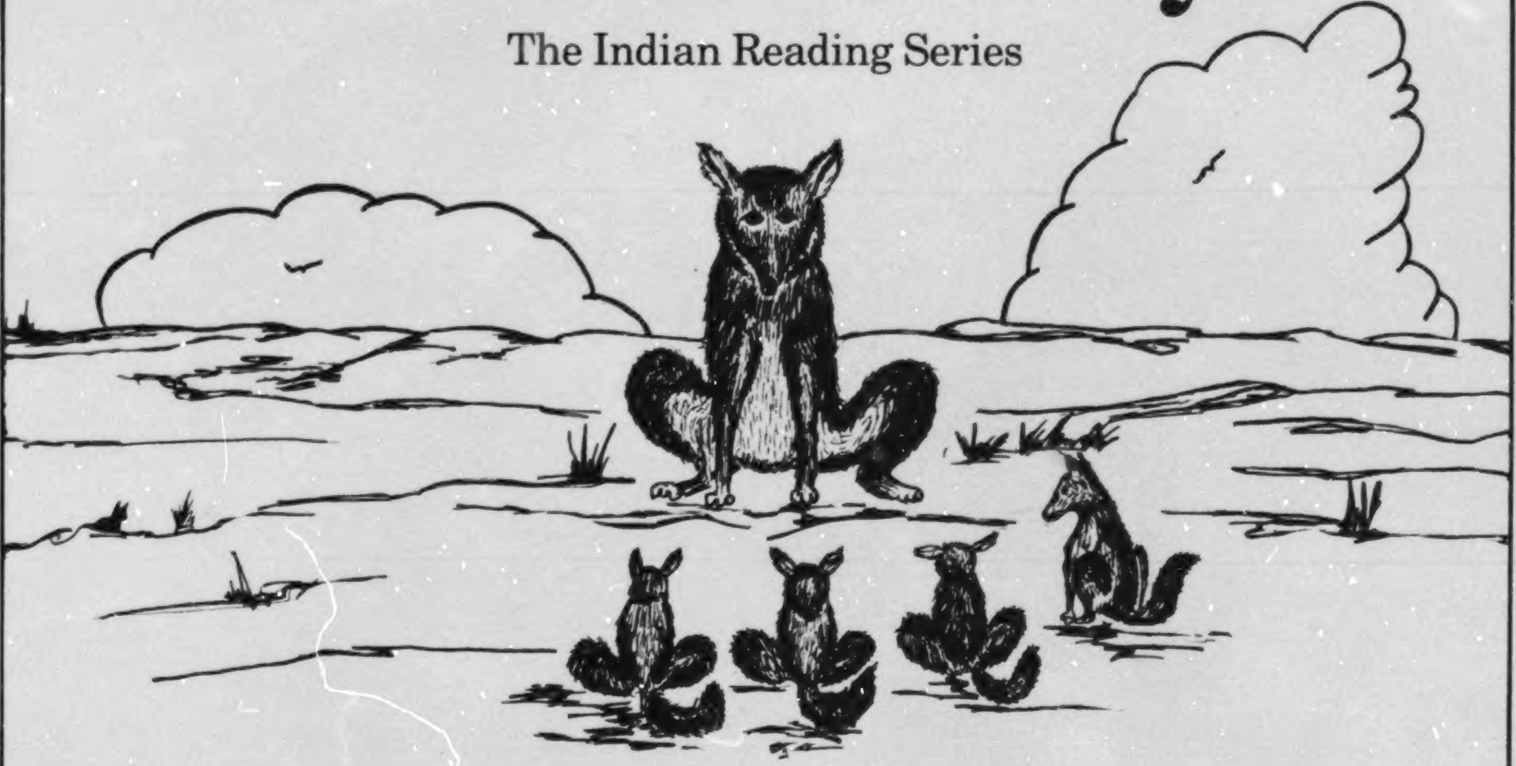
The Bob-Tailed Coyote

The Indian Reading Series



Level II Book 8

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Bob-Tailed Coyote

Level II Book 8

By members of the Northern Cheyenne
Research and Human Development Association

Illustrated by Dale Brady

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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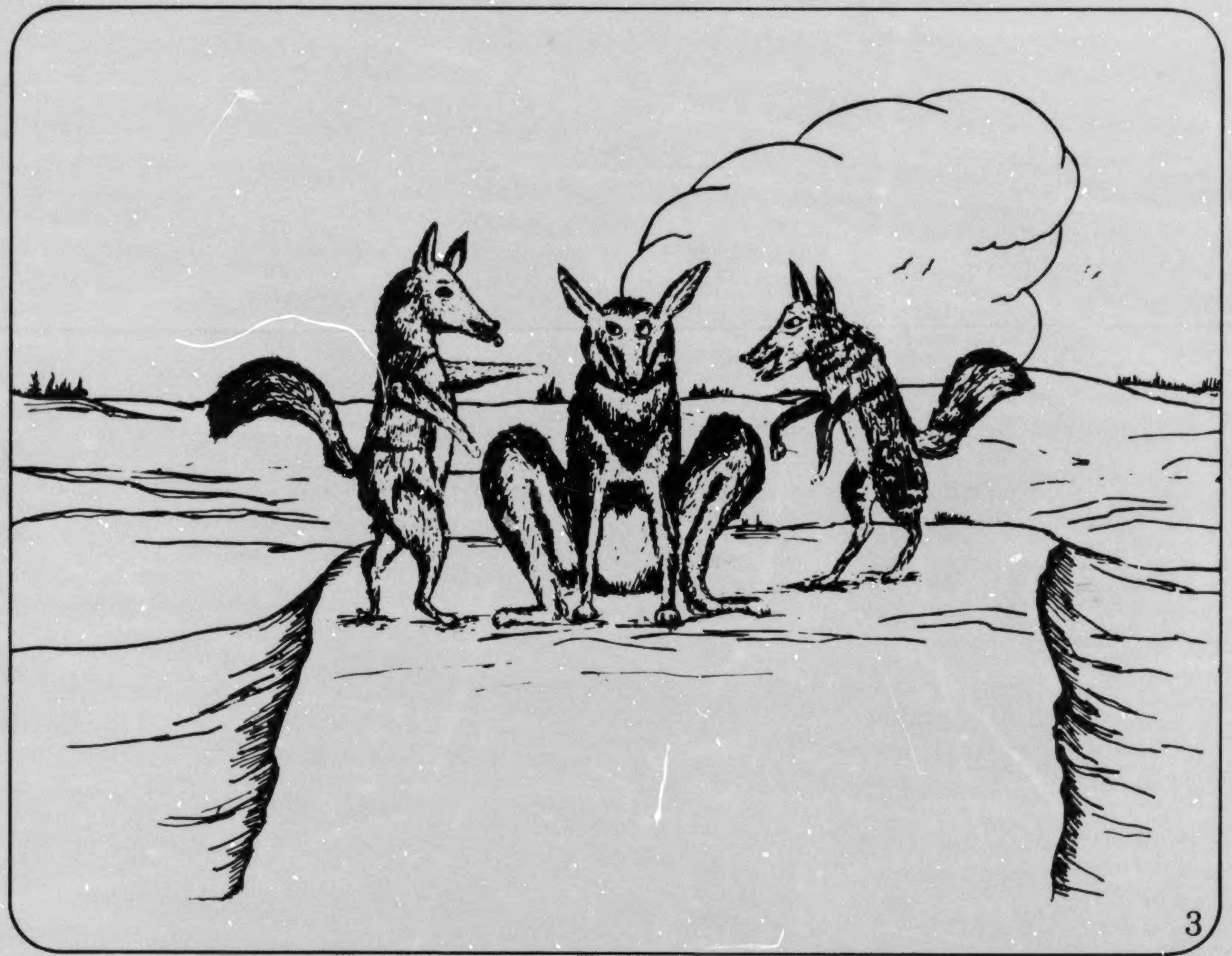
Printed and bound in the United States of America

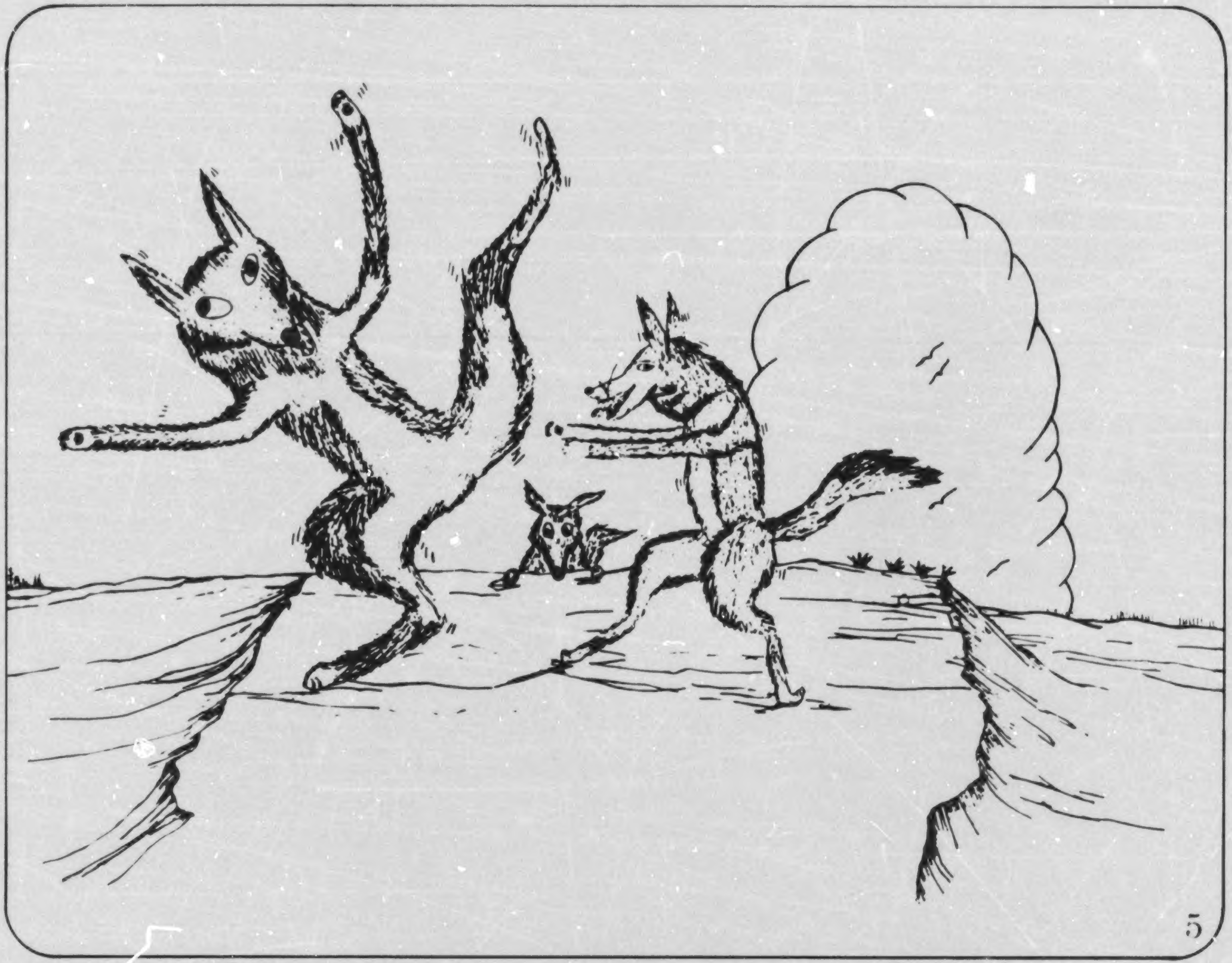
This Northern Cheyenne legend is about a bob-tailed coyote who tries to trick other coyotes into getting rid of their tails.

One day long ago, Old Wily Coyote was sitting on a hill.
He called all the young coyotes together.
"Listen to me," he said.
"Our tails stop us from going under fences.
Bears grab our tails and we cannot get away.
We should get rid of our tails."

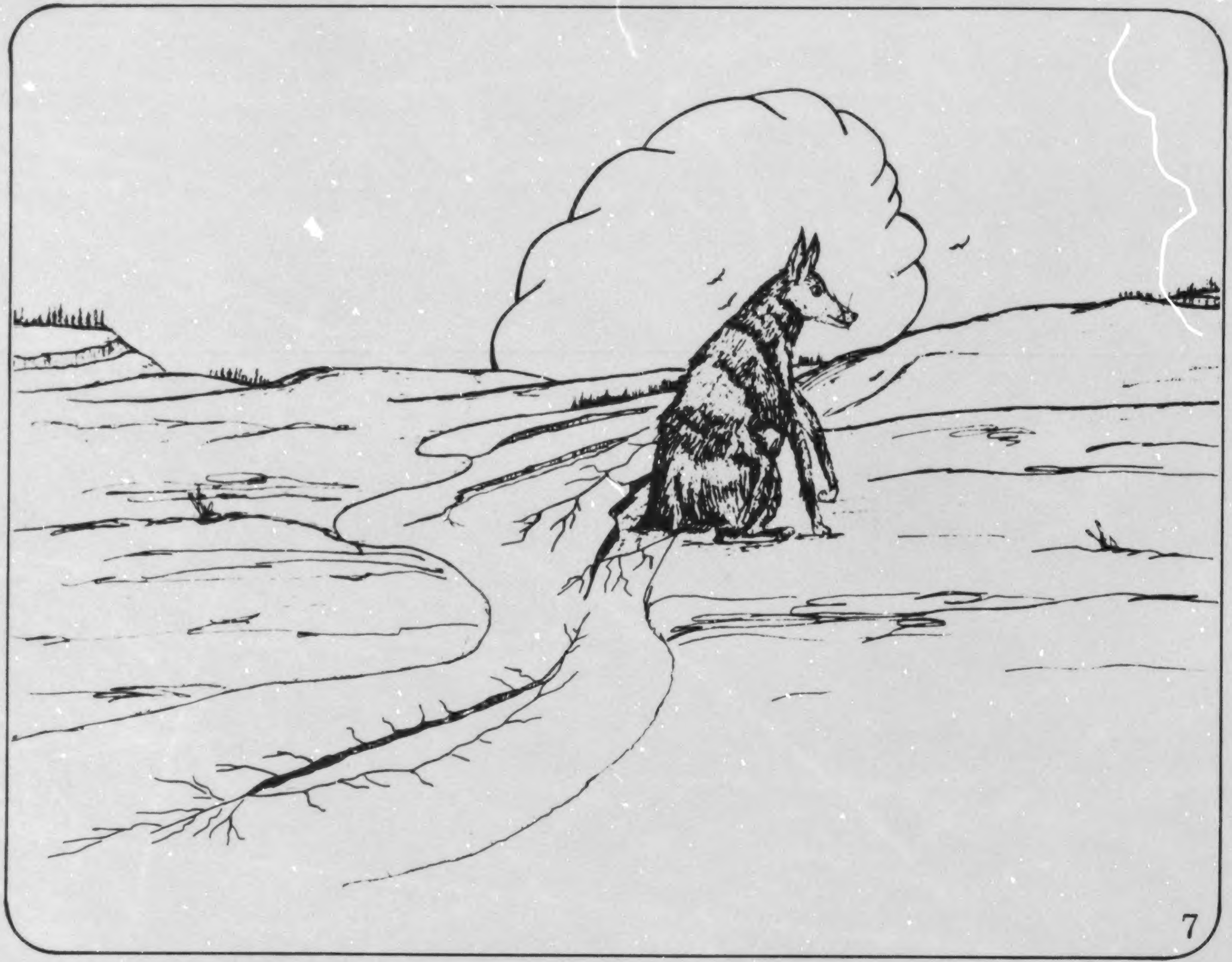


3

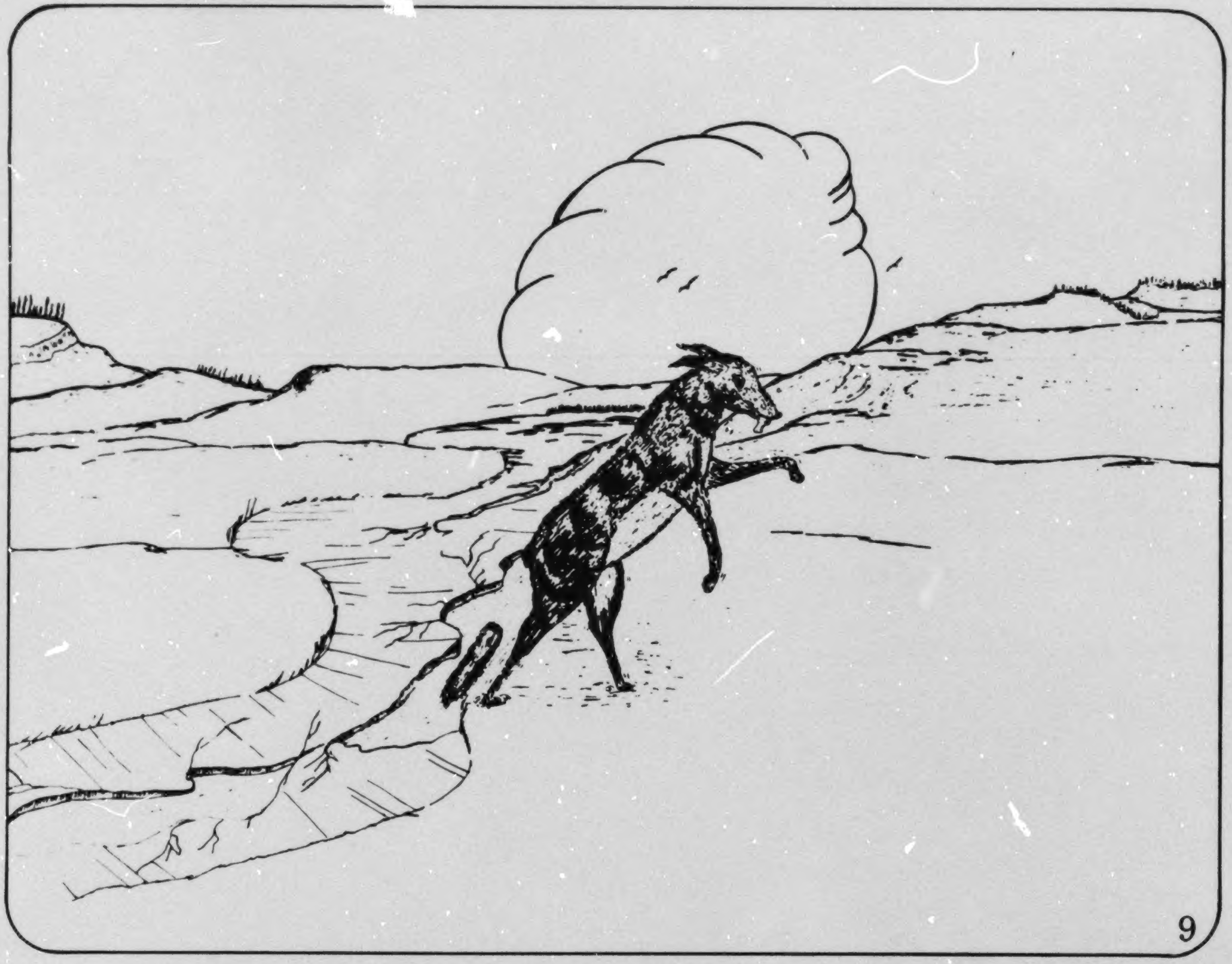
The young coyotes wondered why Old Wily Coyote
said these things.
They looked at him.
They went behind him and pushed him over.
Then they knew why Old Wily Coyote did not like tails.
Old Wily Coyote did not have a tail.


5

Old Wily Coyote told the young coyotes
    how he lost his tail.
One day when he was fishing with his tail,
    it became frozen in the ice.
He pulled and pulled to get his tail out of the ice.

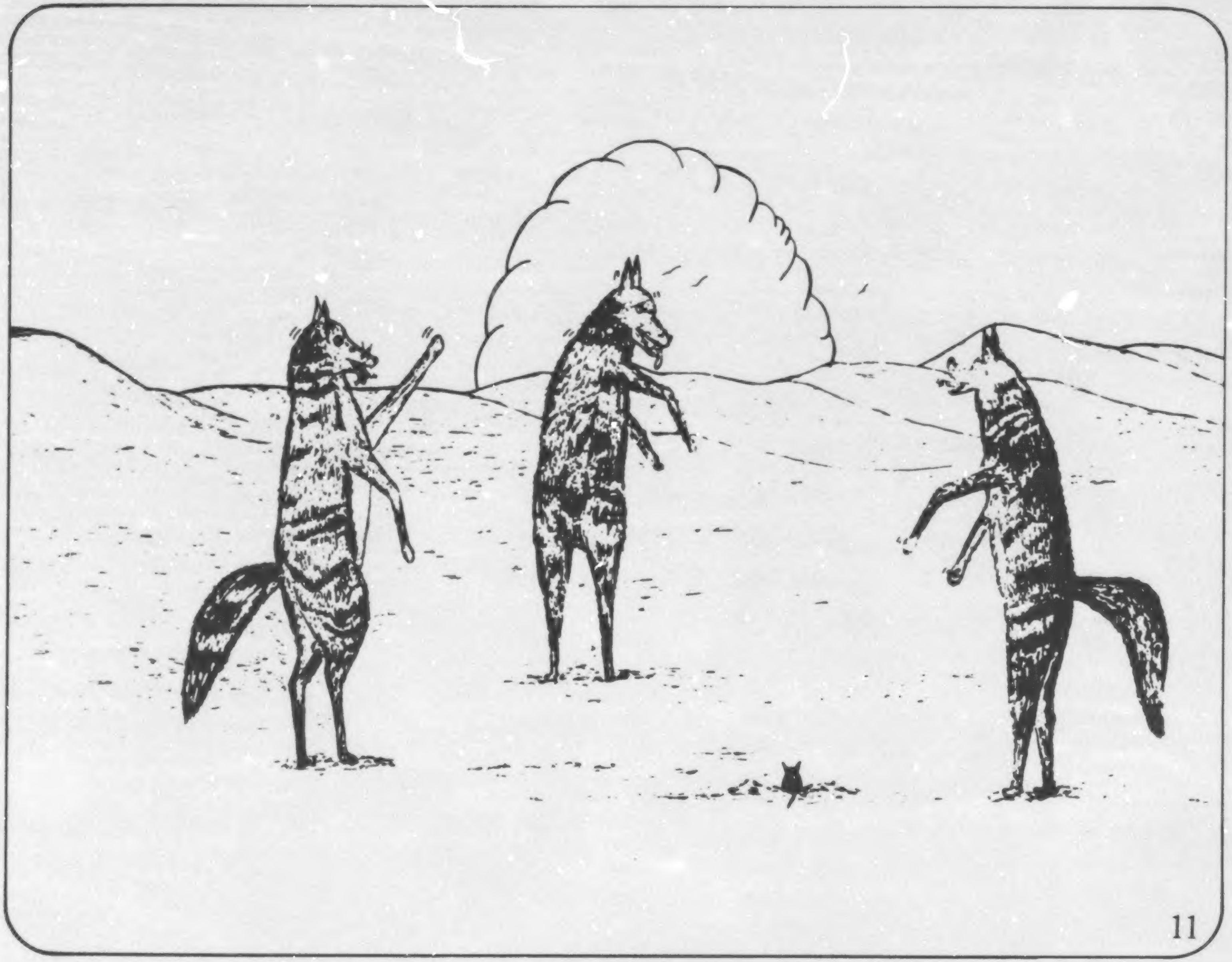

7

At last Old Wily Coyote jumped free.
But he pulled off his tail.
And this is why Old Wily Coyote had no tail.



9

The young coyotes knew Old Wily Coyote
had tried to fool them.
They said,"Let Old Wily Coyote be the only one
with a short tail."
And he was the only bob-tailed coyote.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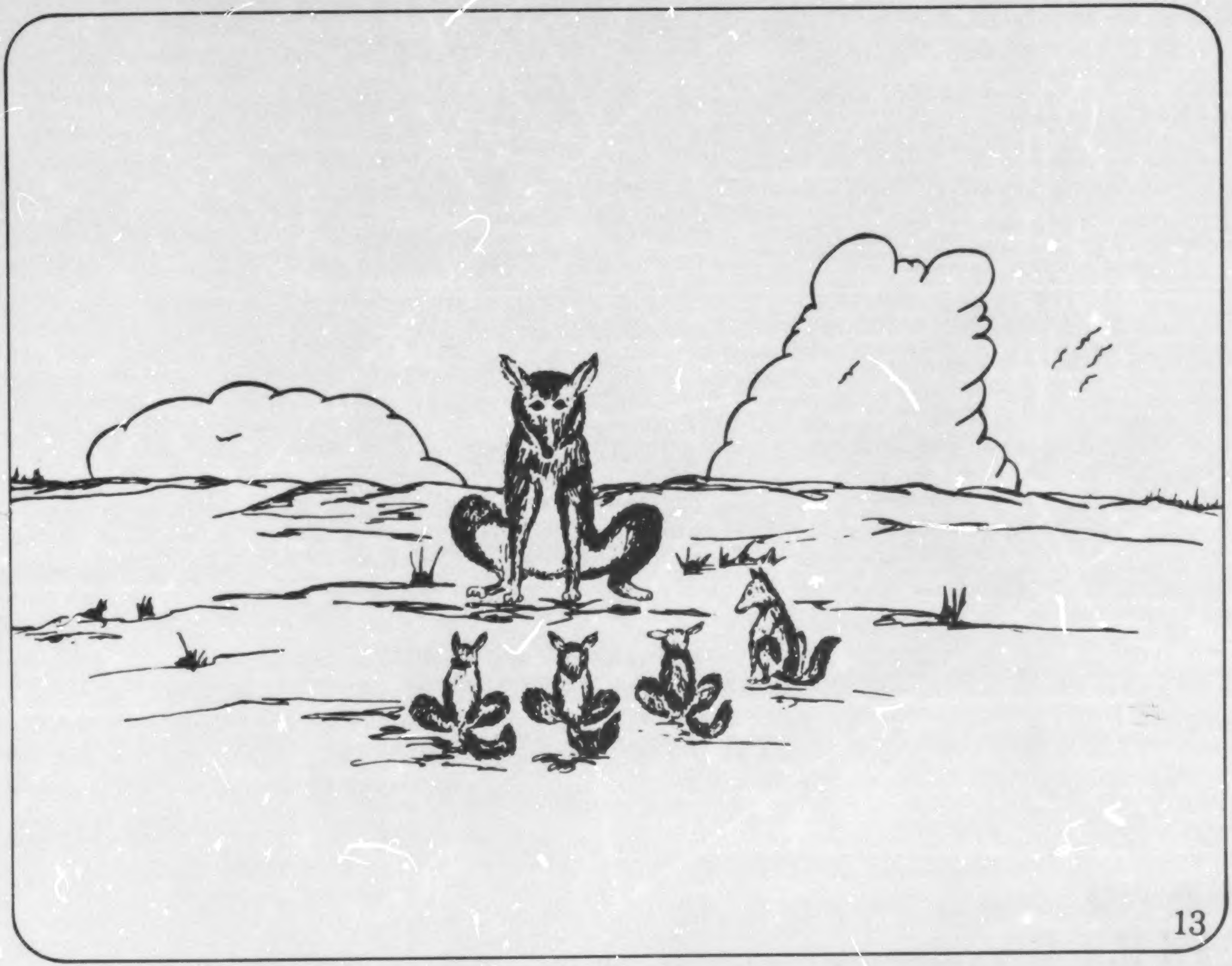
Moral:

At times people try to talk you into doing something
before you know the reason.

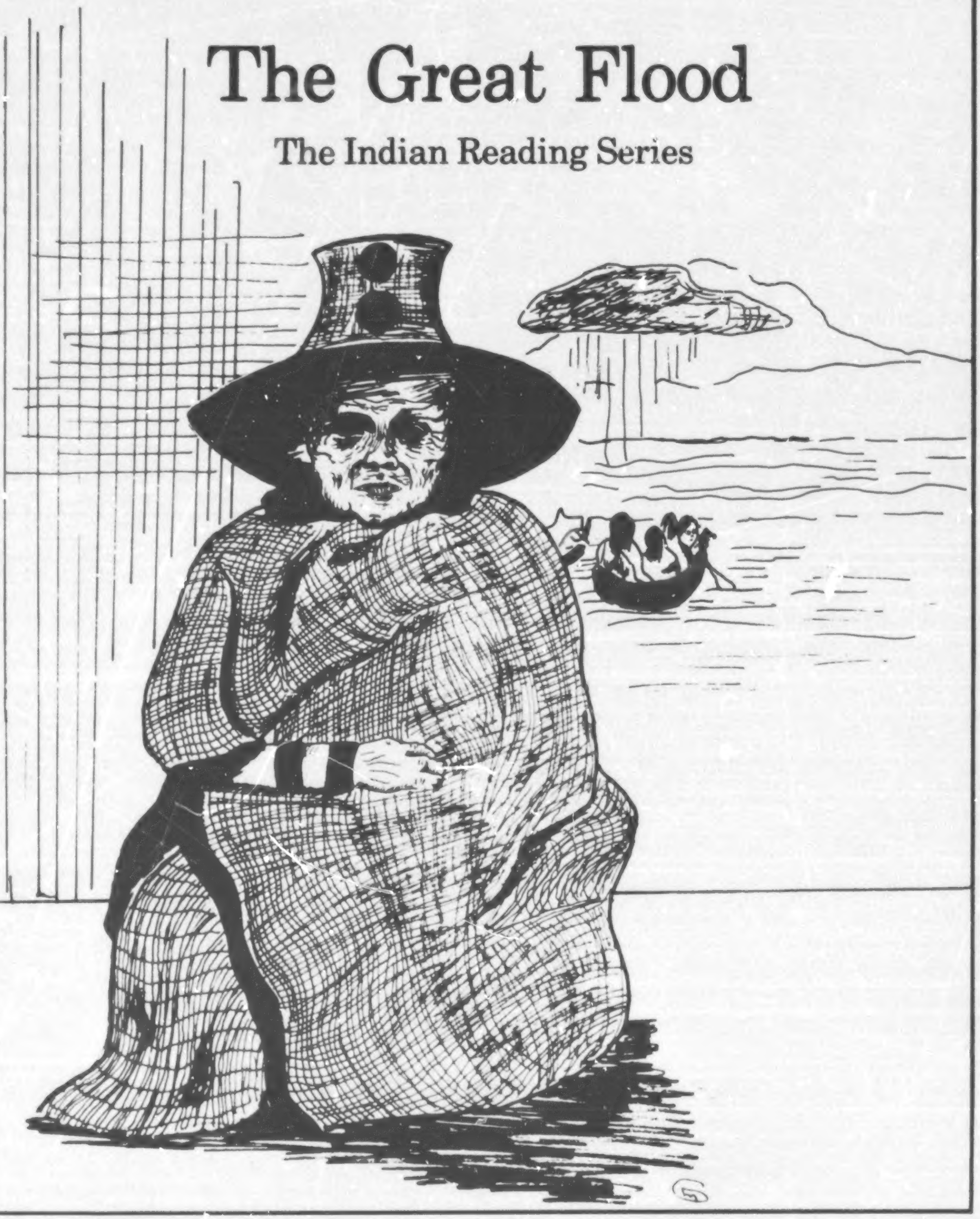
Think before you let someone talk you
into doing something.



13

The Great Flood

The Indian Reading Series



Level II Book 9

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Great Flood

Level II Book 9

Coast Area Planning Committee

Edith Cusack
Jeanne Evernden
Bruce Miller
Georgia Oliver, *Consultant*
Wilma Petty
Seahtlhuk (Gary Hillaire)
Bernice Lozier Tanewasha
Charlotte Williams

A Skokomish Legend

Illustrated by Bruce Miller

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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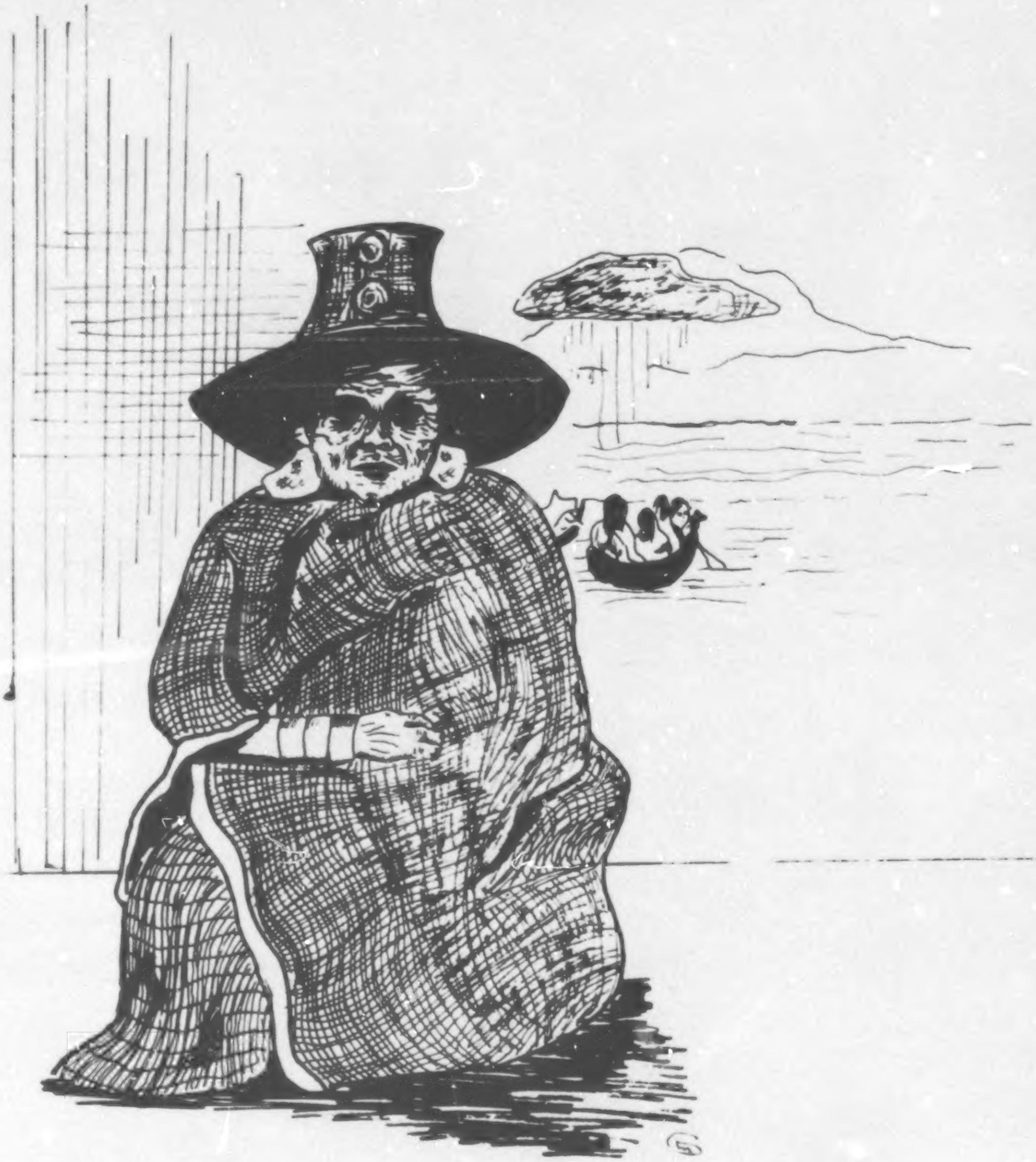
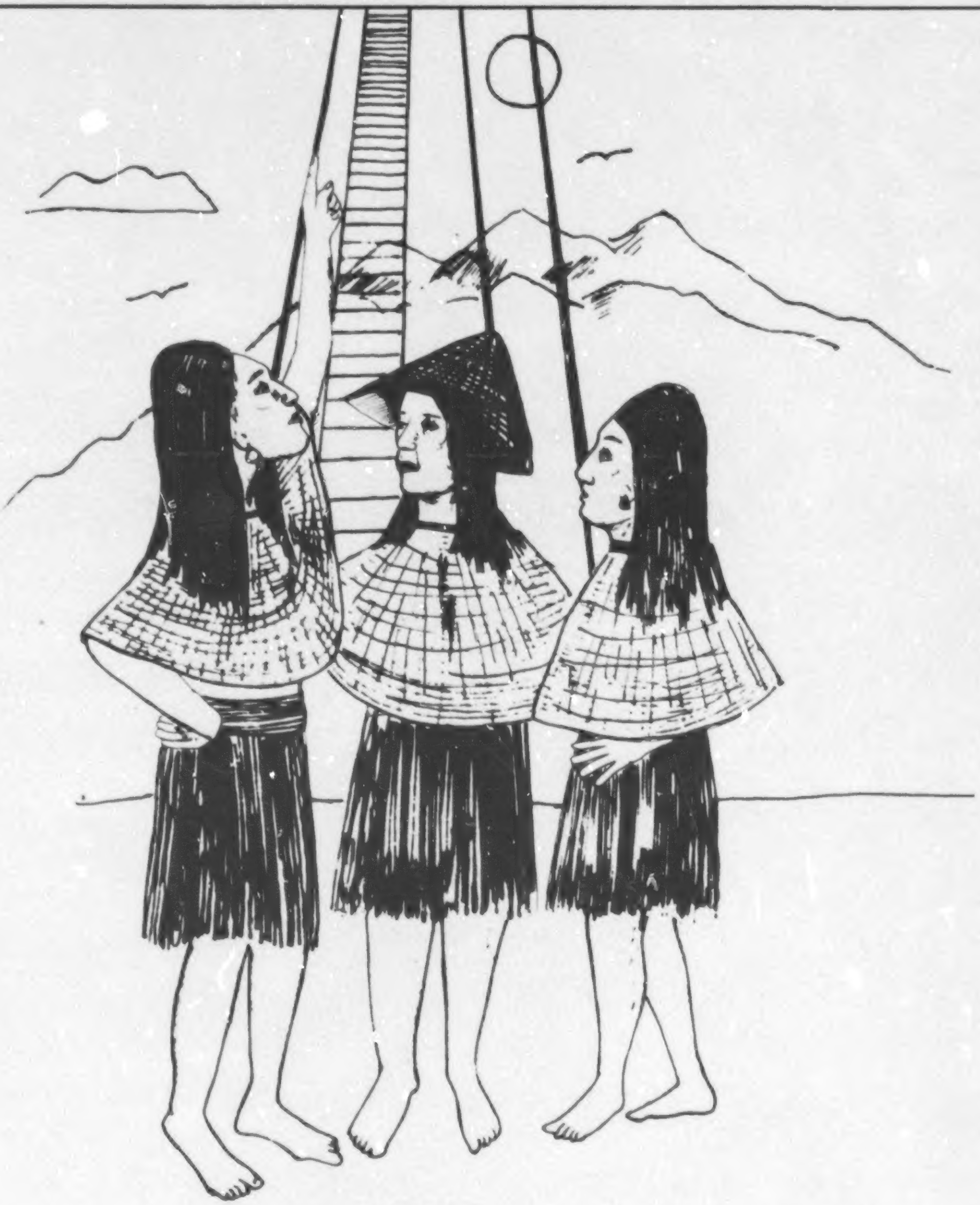
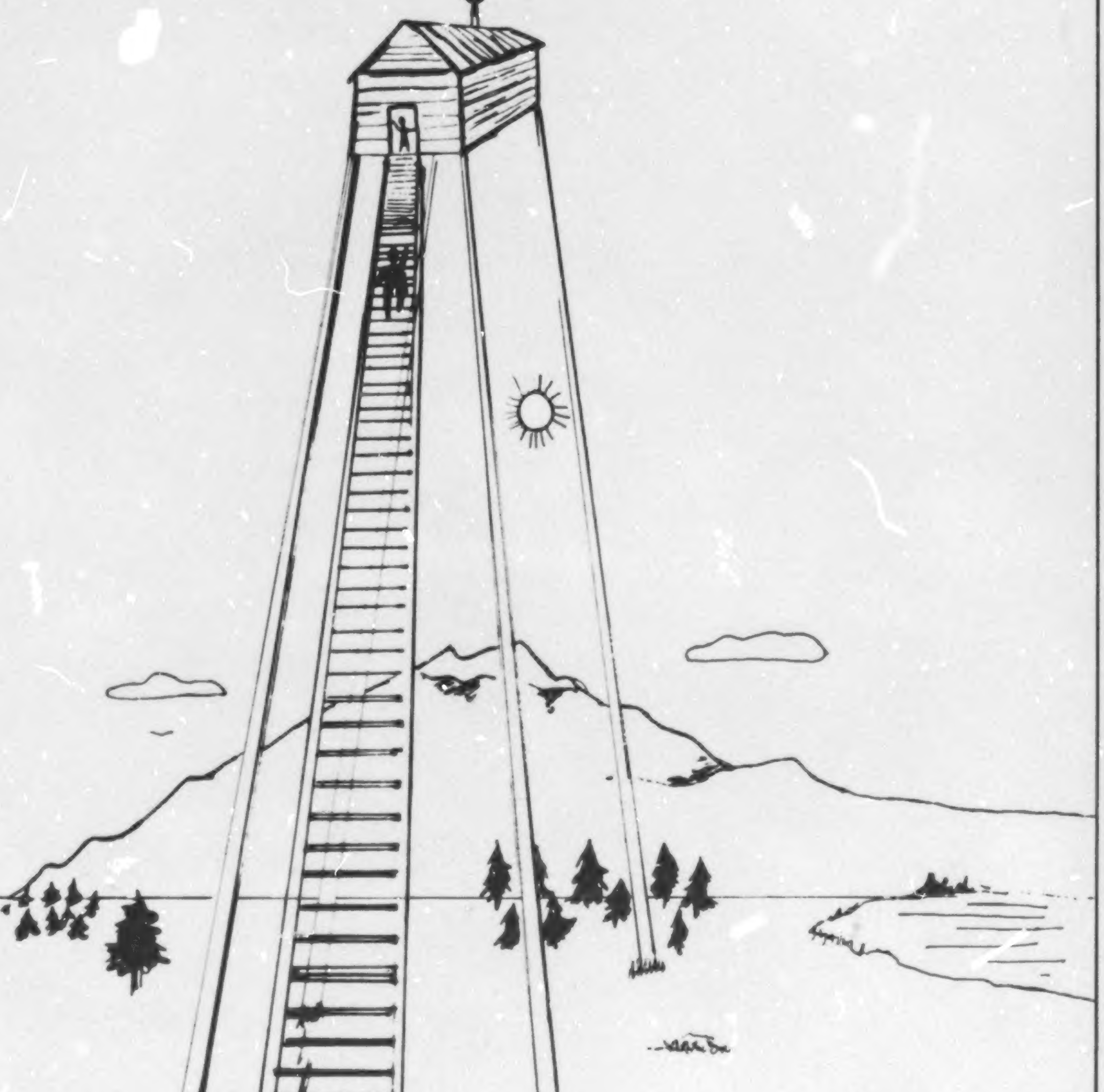


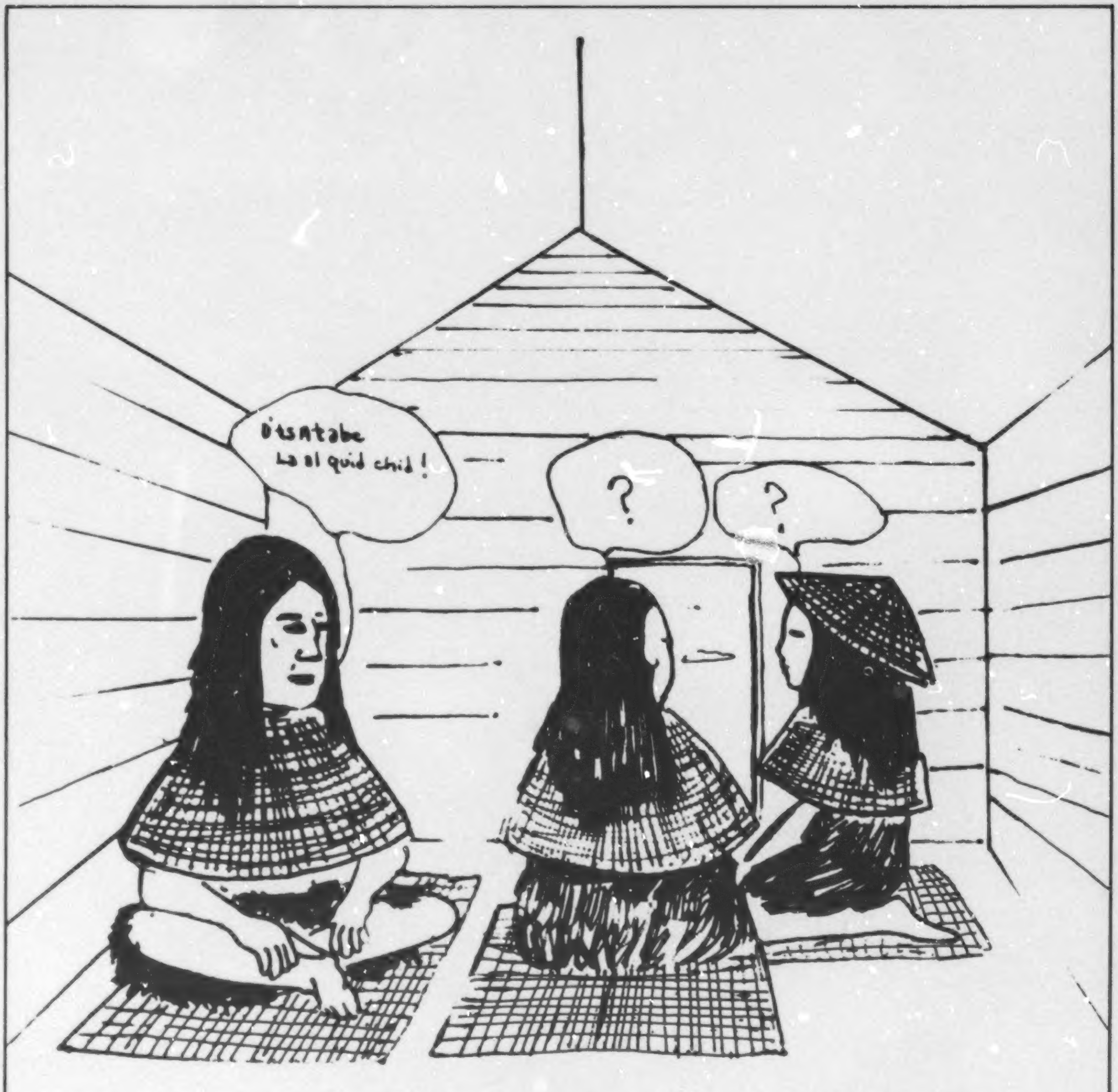
An old Skokomish lady says the great flood came because some of the people were bad.



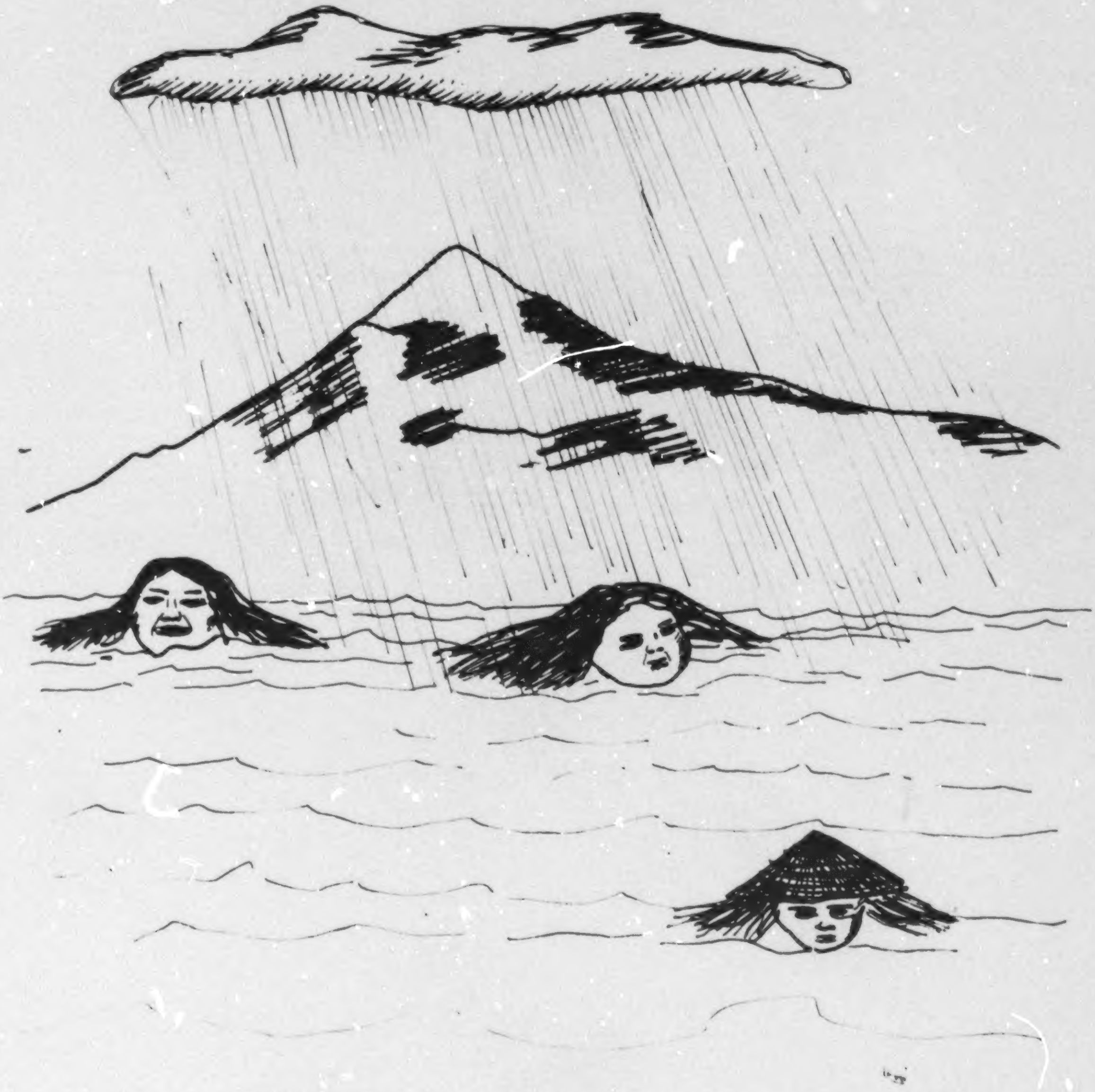
Among those bad people were sisters
who desired something they shouldn't.
They wanted to see the Changer.
The three sisters built a very high house.
They made it tall so they could reach the sky.



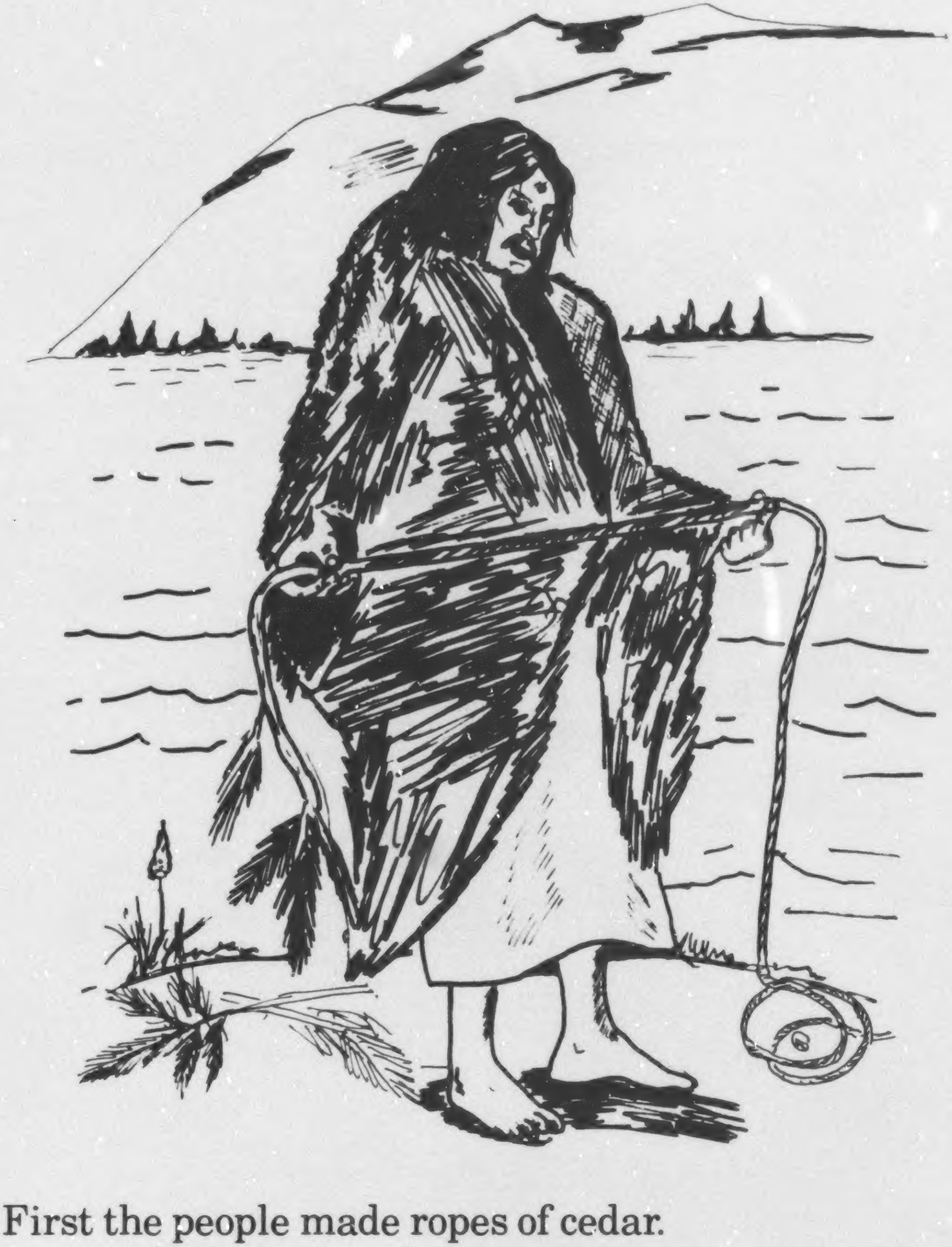
They built the house higher and higher.


d'tsAtabe
Lə al quid chid!
?
?

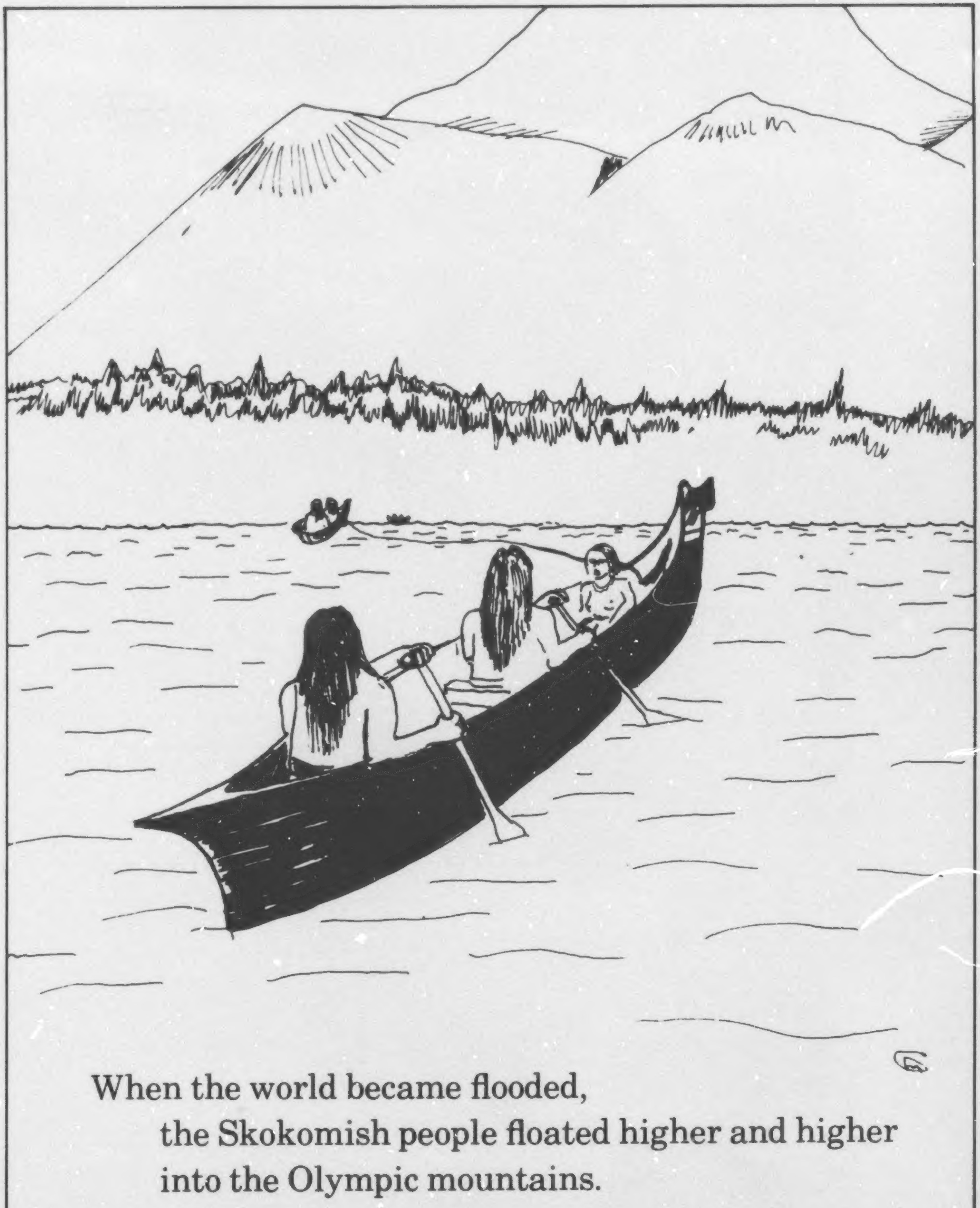
By the time the house was finished,
the three sisters could not speak
the same language.
They could not understand each other.
This is why there are so many different languages today.



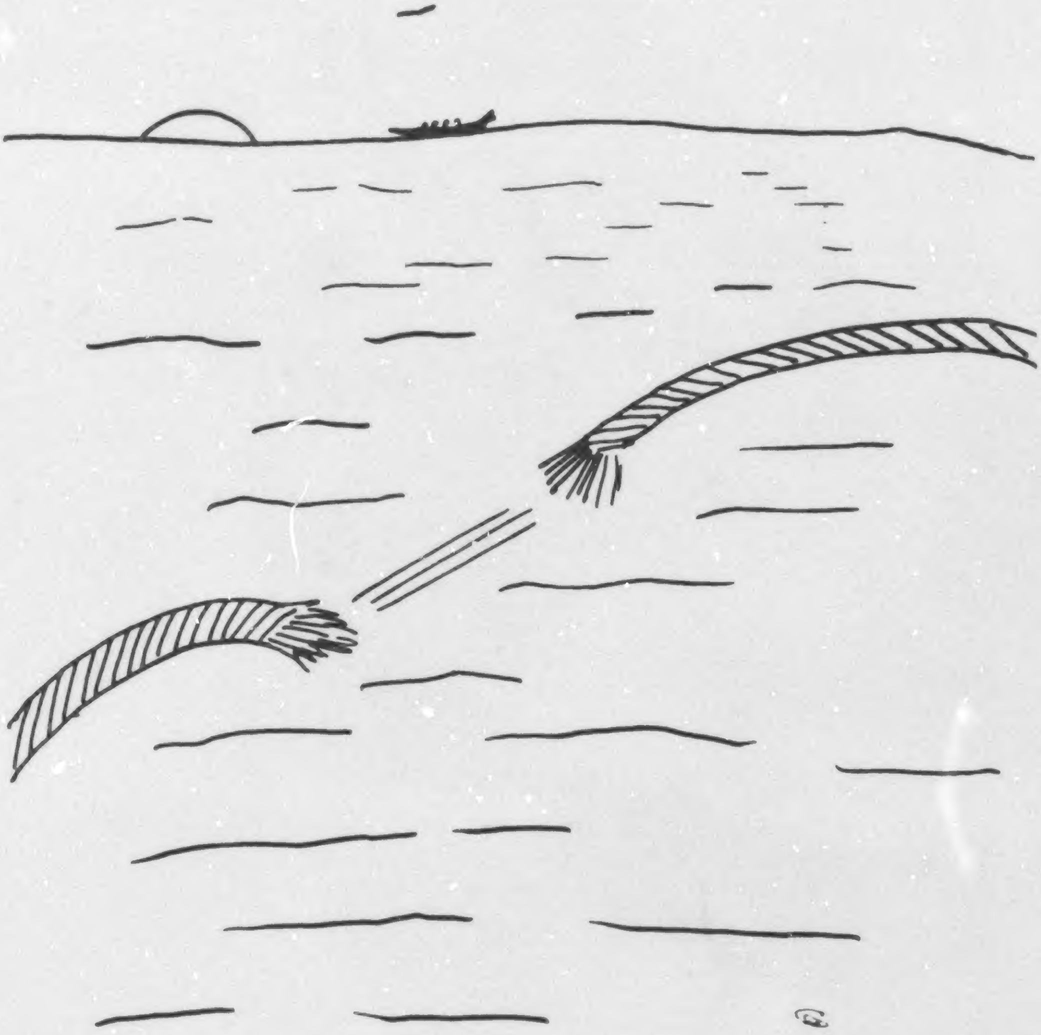
When the great flood came,
the three sisters drifted away.
But the good people were told
how to prepare for the flood.



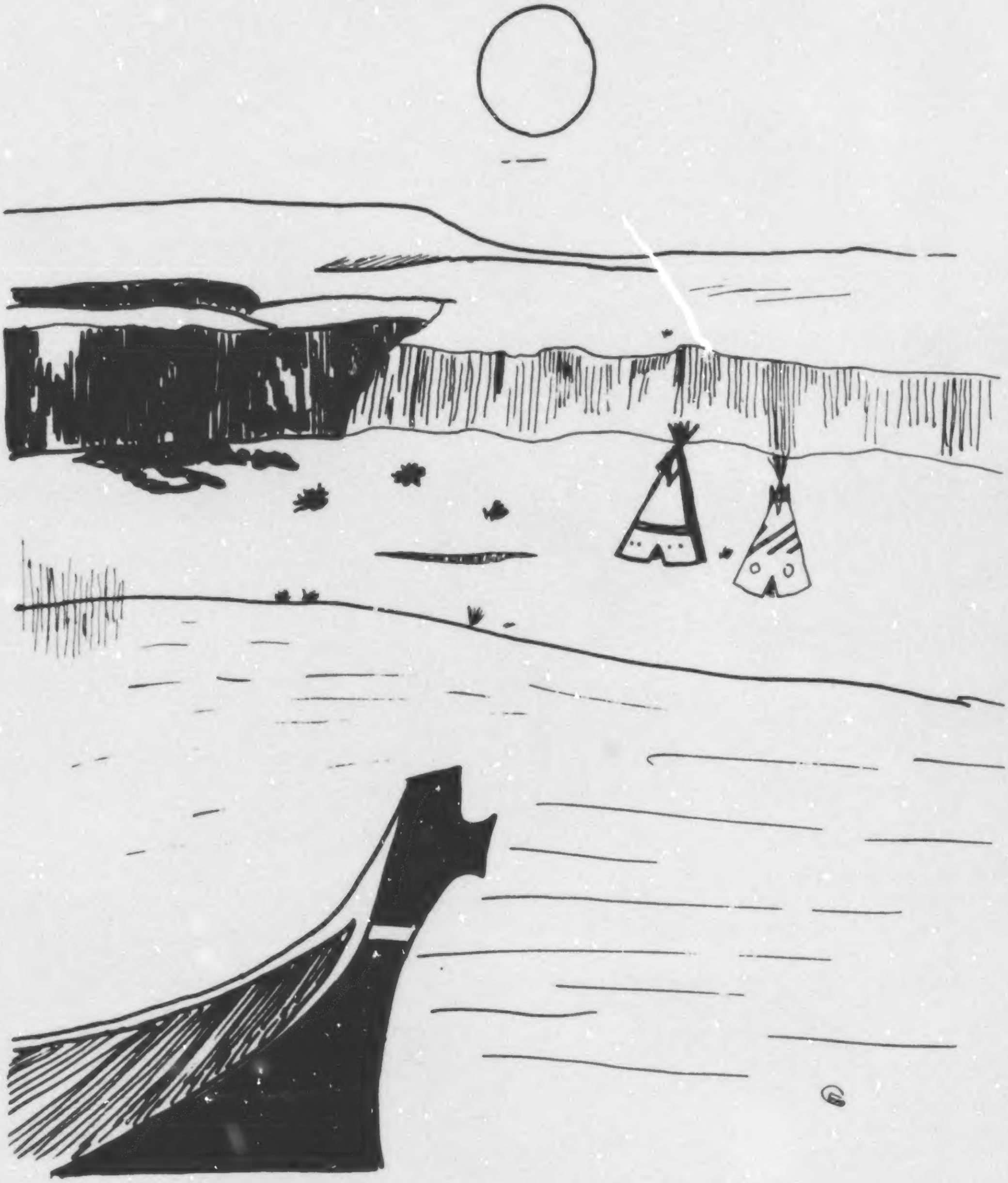
First the people made ropes of cedar.
The people tied the ropes to their canoes
and fastened them to a mountain near the canal.



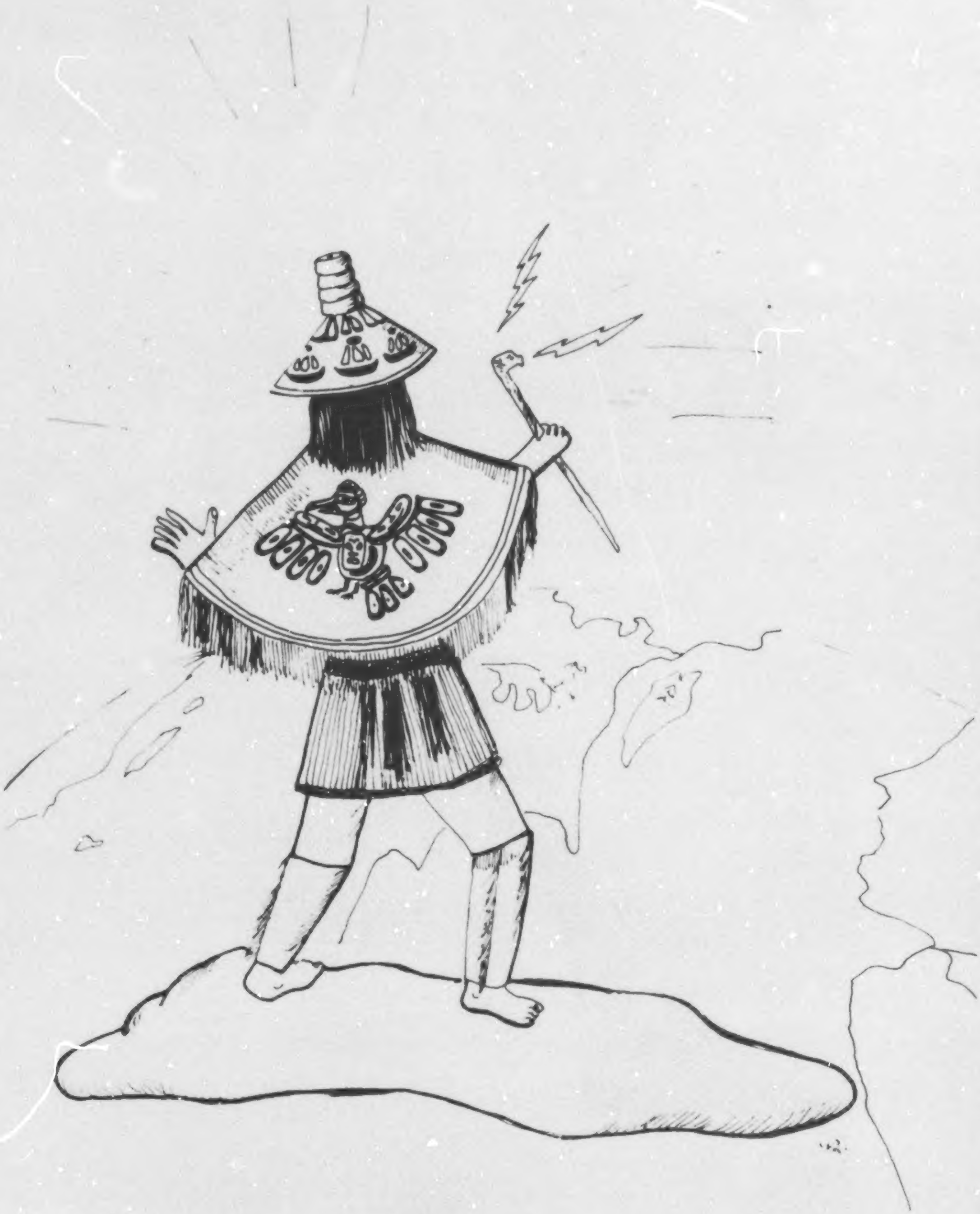
When the world became flooded,
the Skokomish people floated higher and higher
into the Olympic mountains.



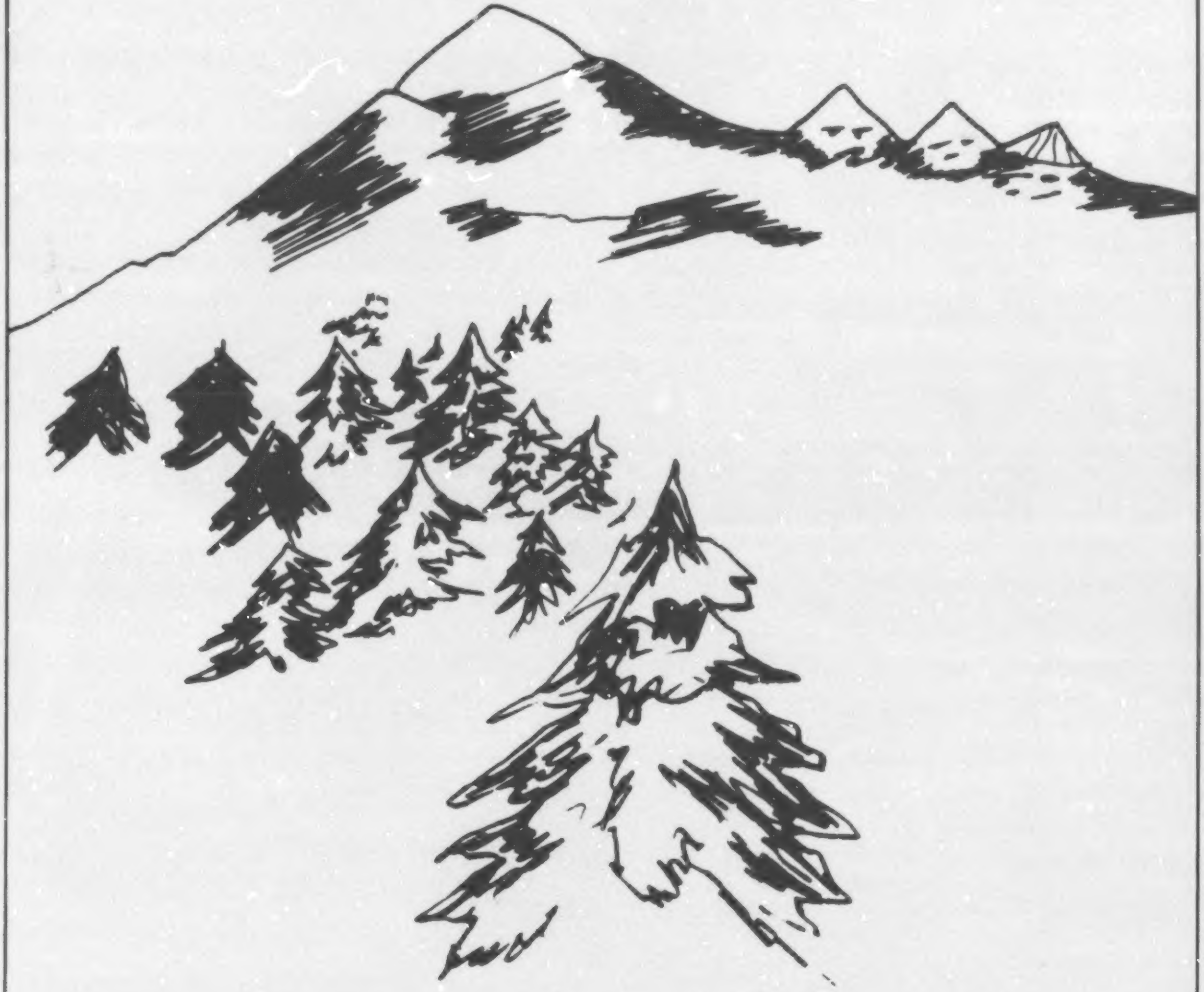
The water rose until the mountains disappeared.
Some of the ropes to the mountain broke,
and the canoes drifted away.
The other canoes stayed tied to the mountain.



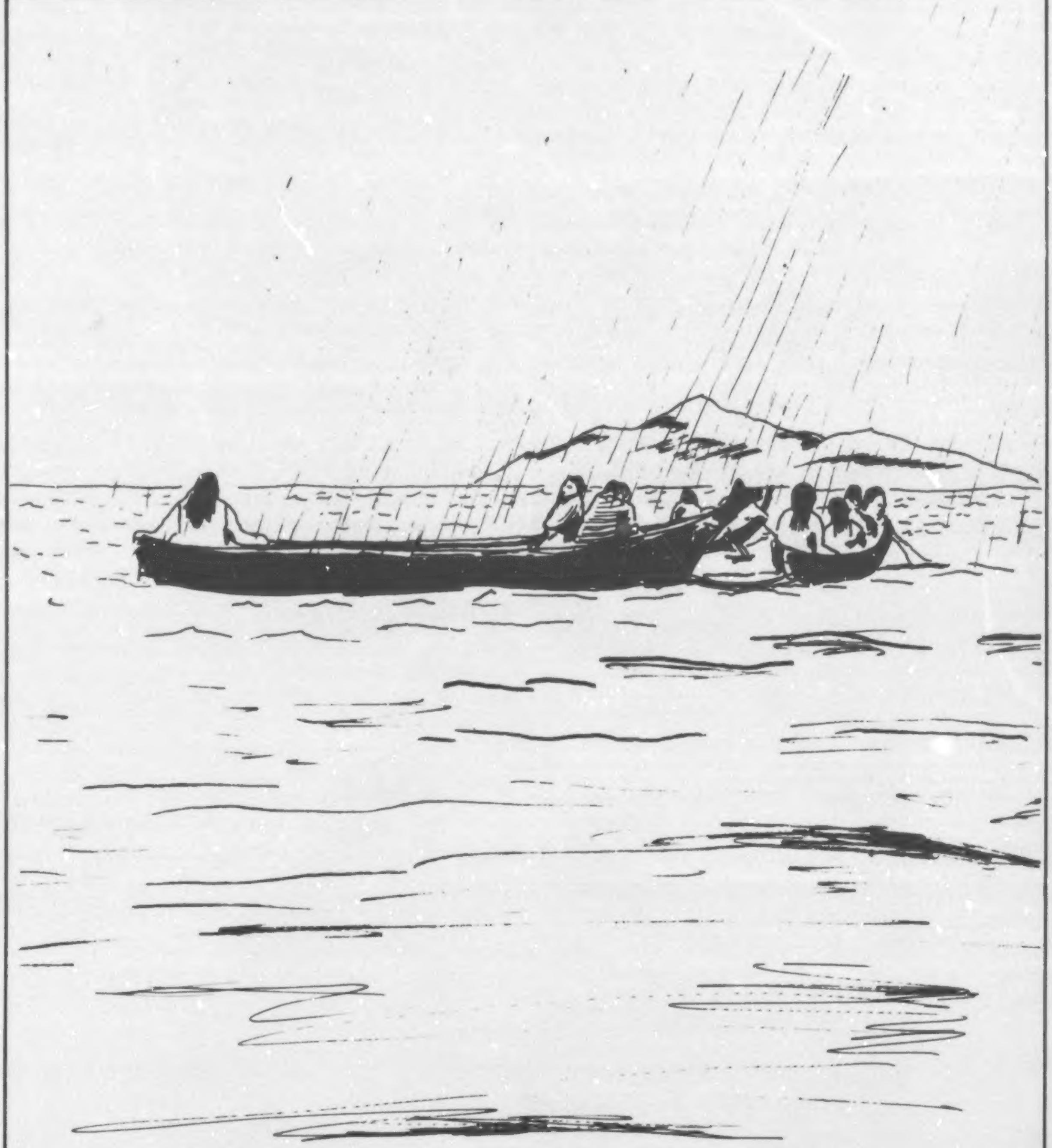
The people who broke loose kept their canoes tied together until they drifted to the country of the Salish Indians. And there they stayed.



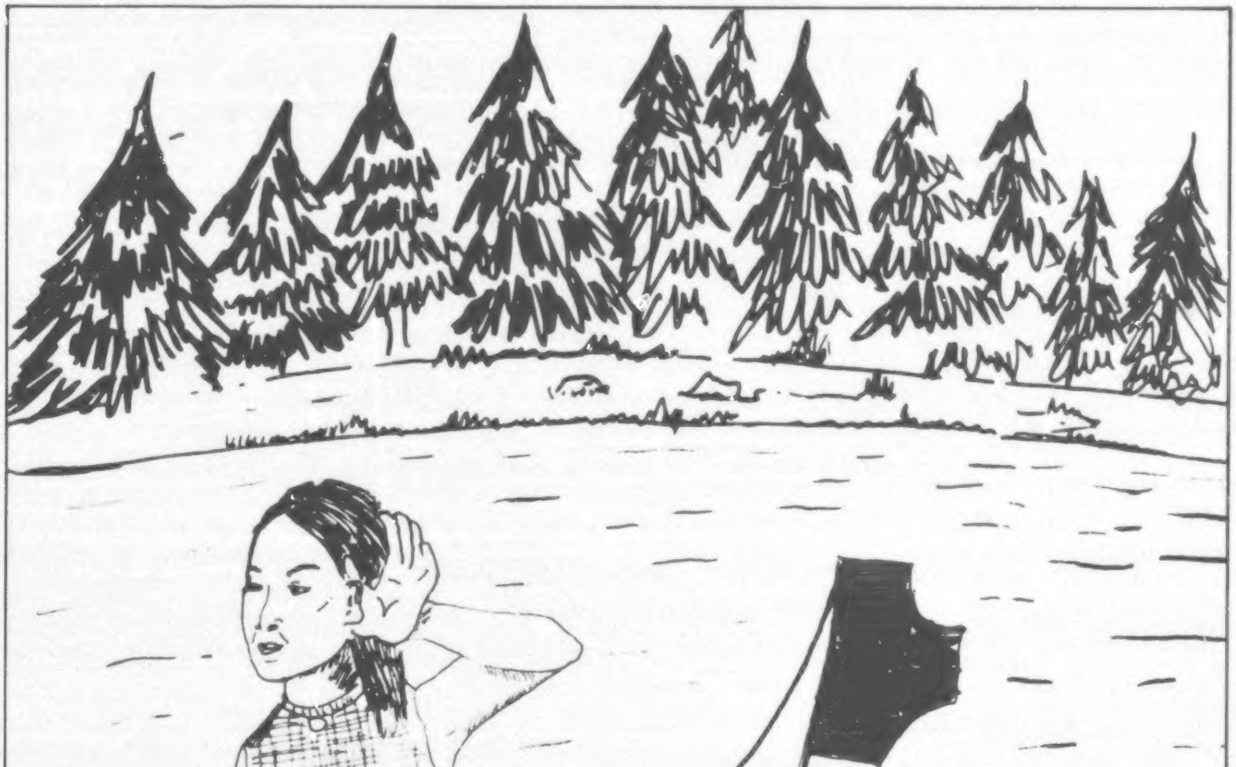
After the waters had gone down,
the Changer came to make over the world.



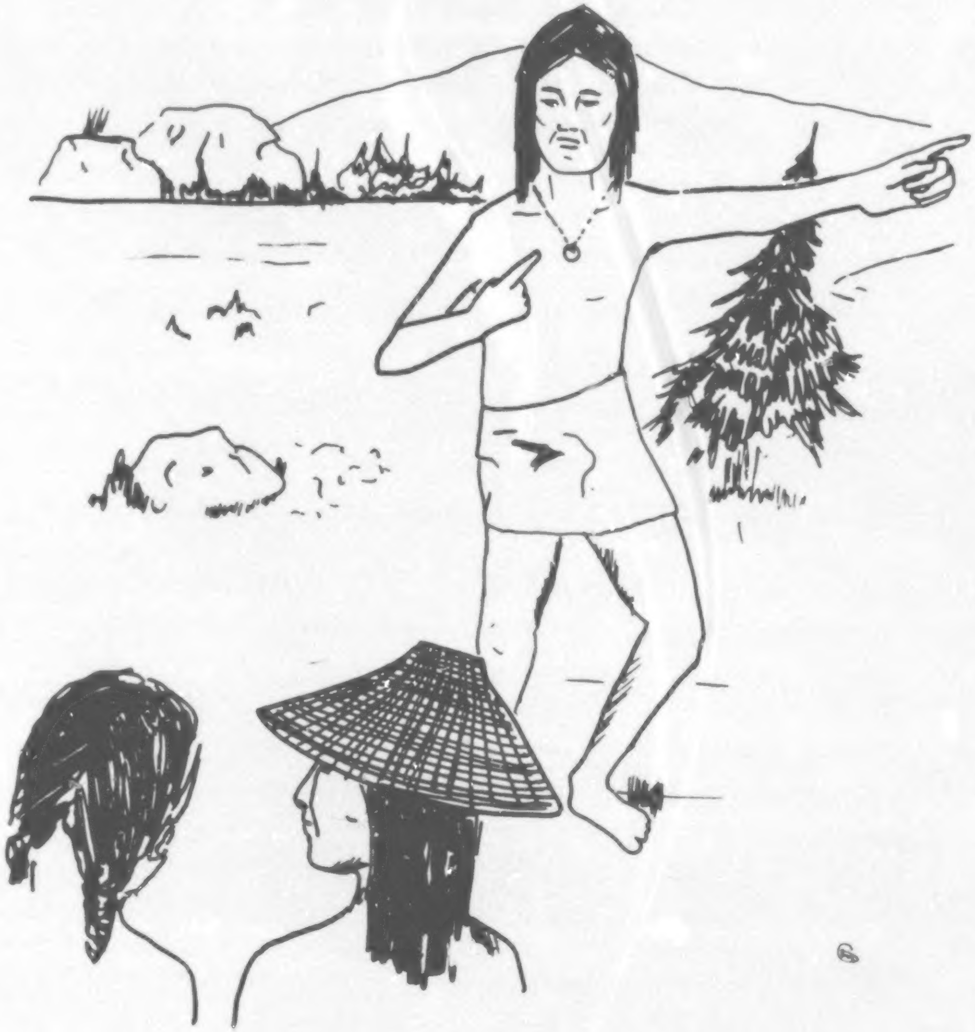
He transformed the three bad sisters
into a mountain with three peaks.
It is now called Sisters Peak.



The Skokomish people who had stayed tied to the mountain settled on a bay near the Seattle area.

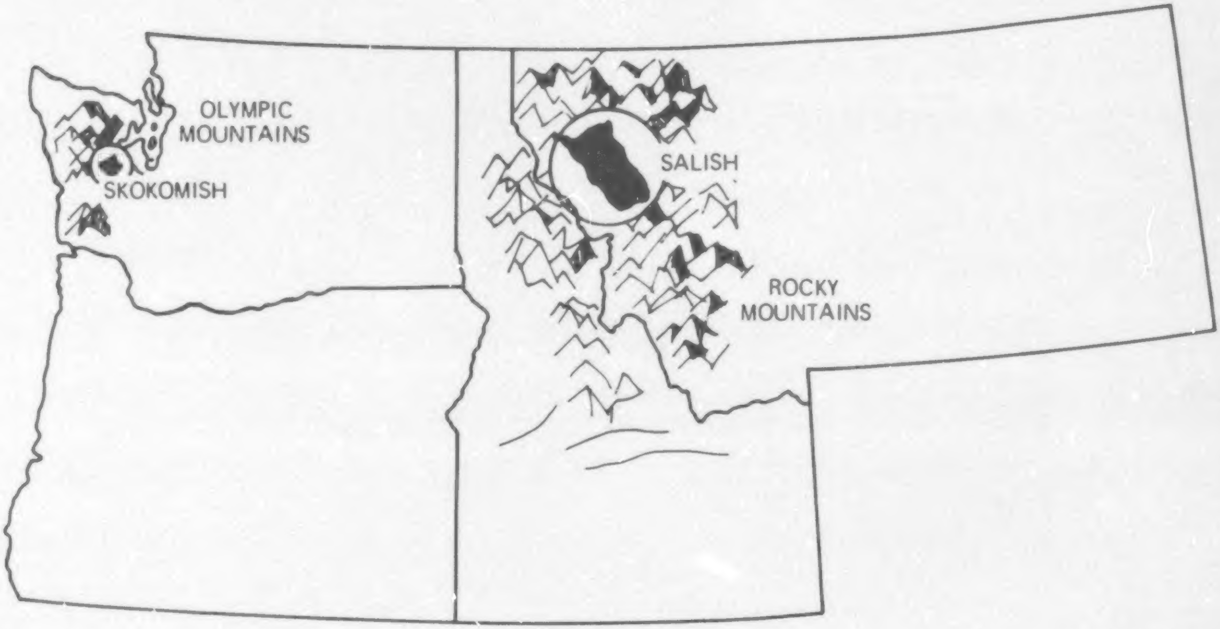


One day a long time after the flood,
some Skokomish people were traveling.
They heard some strangers talking in their language.



When the strangers spoke to them, they said,
"We are the people who drifted away during the flood."
And that is why the Skokomish and Salish
speak the same language.

Area Map
# of the Great Flood


OLYMPIC
MOUNTAINS
SKOKOMISH
SALISH
ROCKY
MOUNTAINS

JEANNE EVERNDEN

Jeanne Evernden is a Skokomish Indian and was born and raised on the Skokomish reservation near the Hood Canal in Washington. She graduated from Irene S. Reed High School in Shelton and attended Haskell Indian School for two years, where she took commercial courses. She has managed the Tribal Smoke Shop and is now actively involved in the Skokomish Language Project, which is developing an unabridged Skokomish dictionary. She also is the mother of eight children and hopes The Indian Reading Series will become a permanent part of the schooling system because "Indian history and involvement are very important to our young people."

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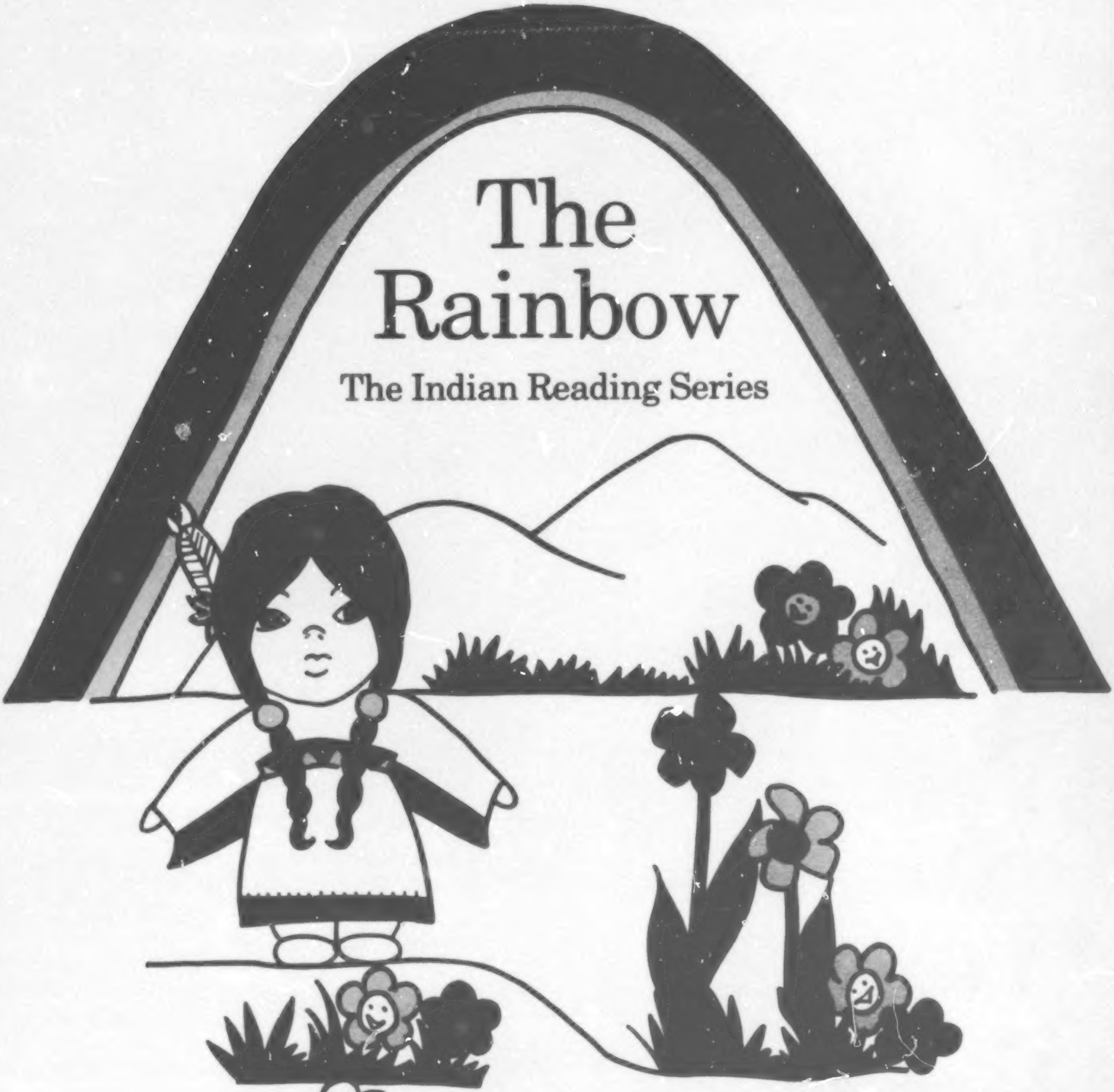
The Rainbow

The Indian Reading Series


Debbie Smith

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Rainbow

Level II Book 10

By members of the Warm Springs
Reservation Committee

Carol Allison, *Illustrator*
Nita Curtis, *Consultant*
William Frank, *Illustrator*
Rena Greene
Verbena Greene, *Coordinator*
Viola Kalama
Isabelle Keo
Stella McKinley
Matilda Mitchell
Debbie Smith, *Illustrator*
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Illustrated by Debbie Smith

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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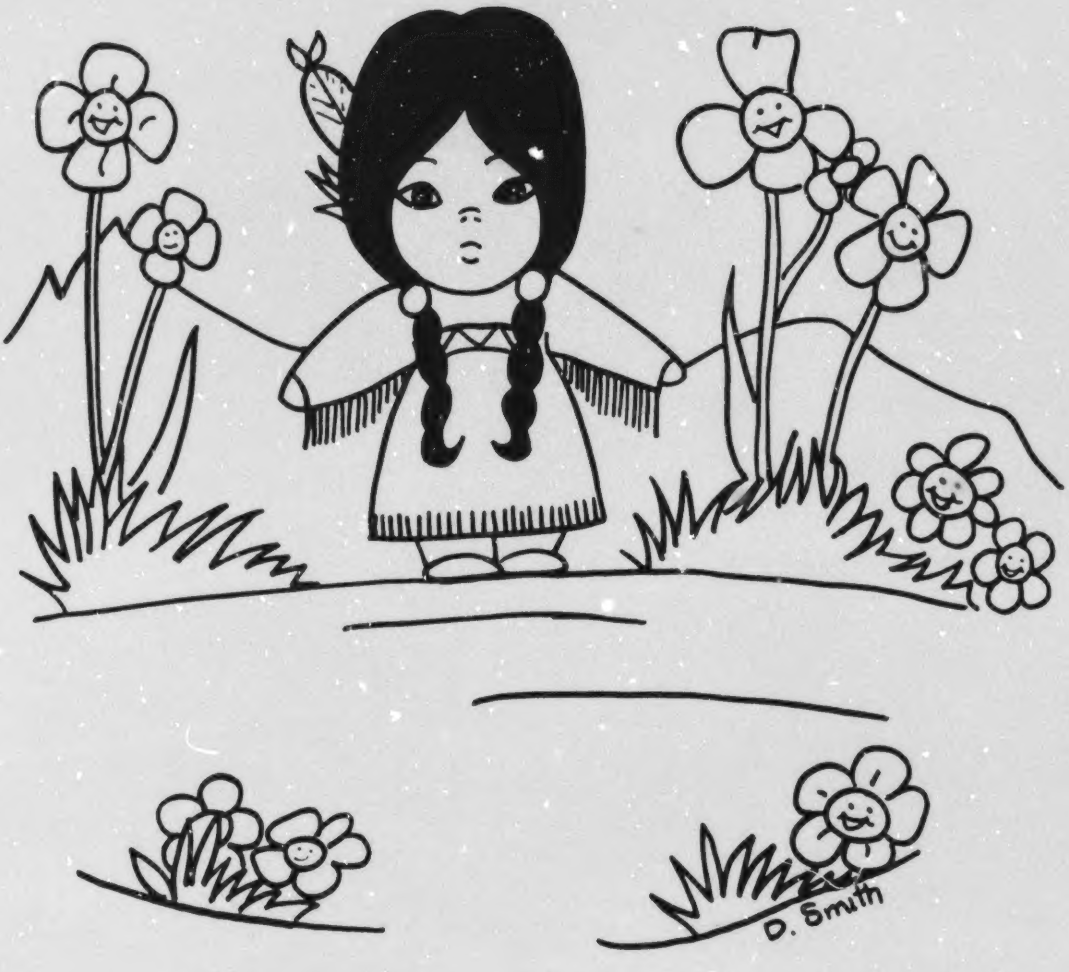
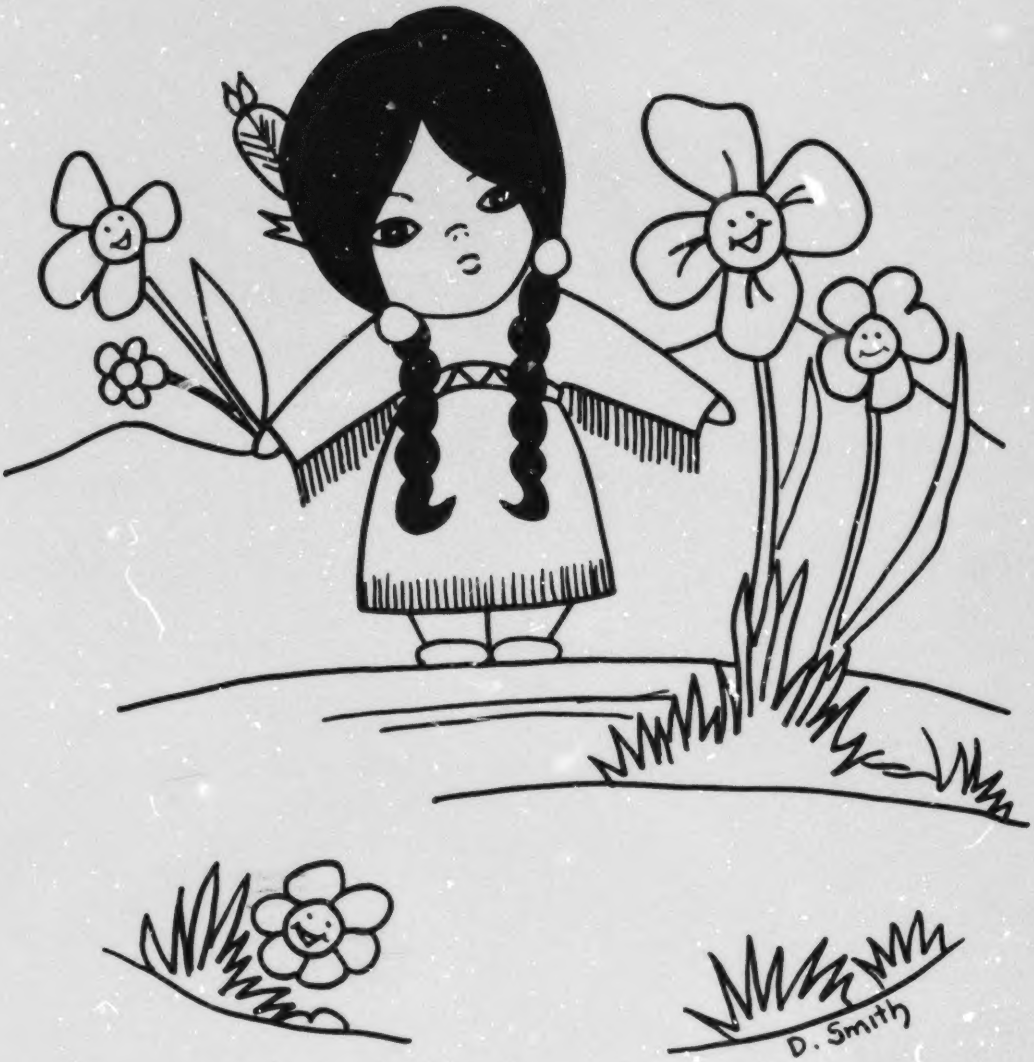
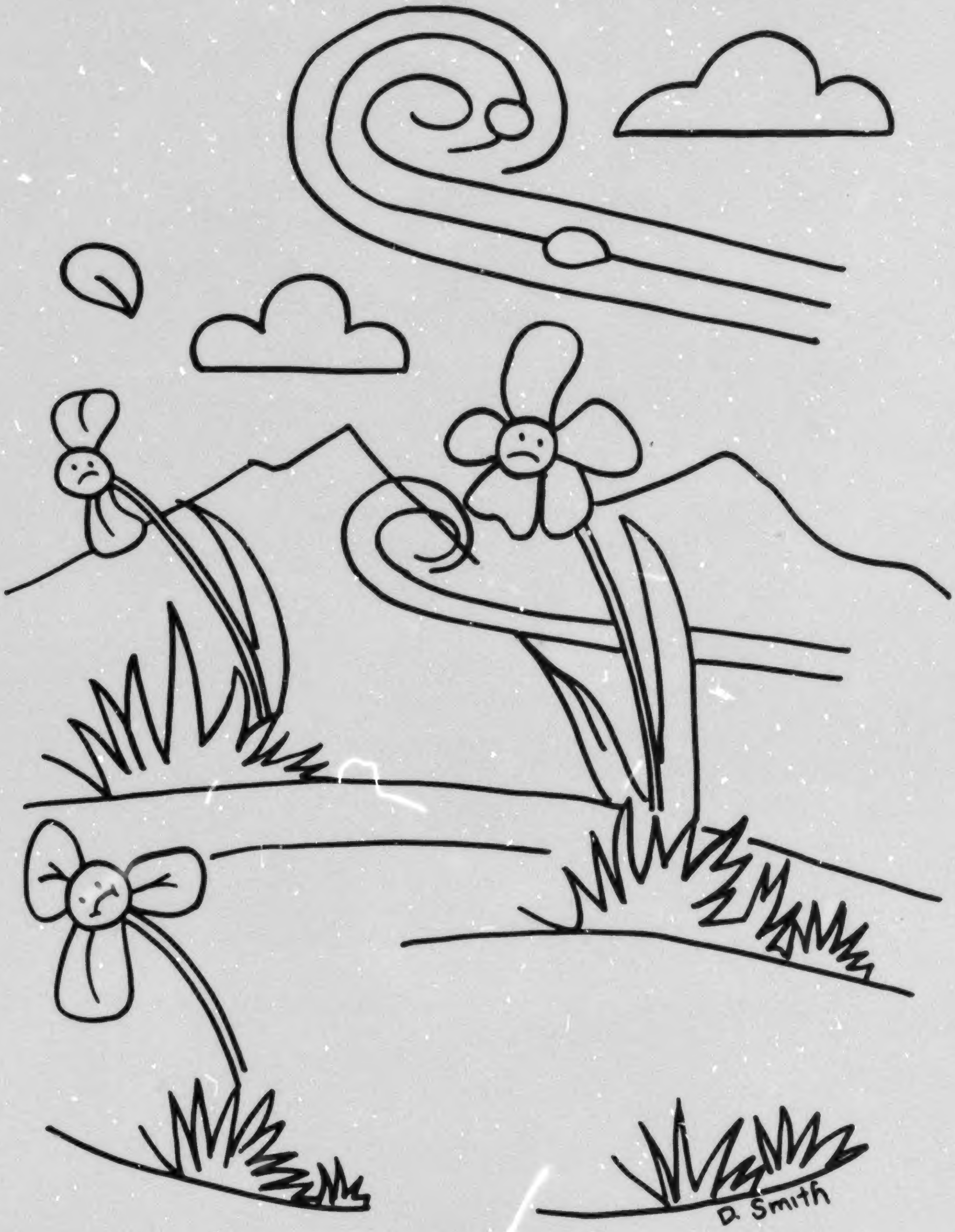


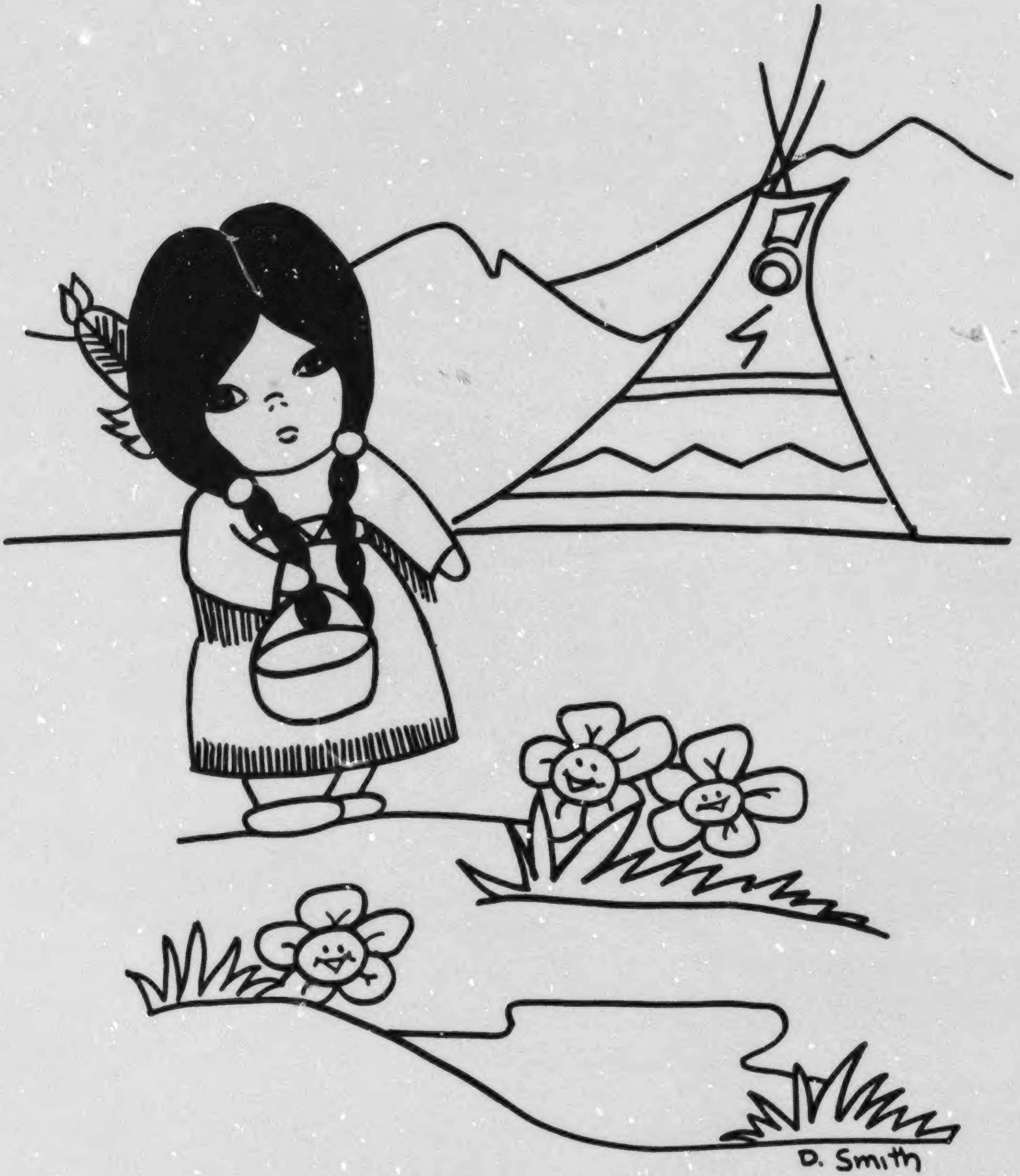
Once a long, long time ago, there was a little girl
who played among the many different flowers.



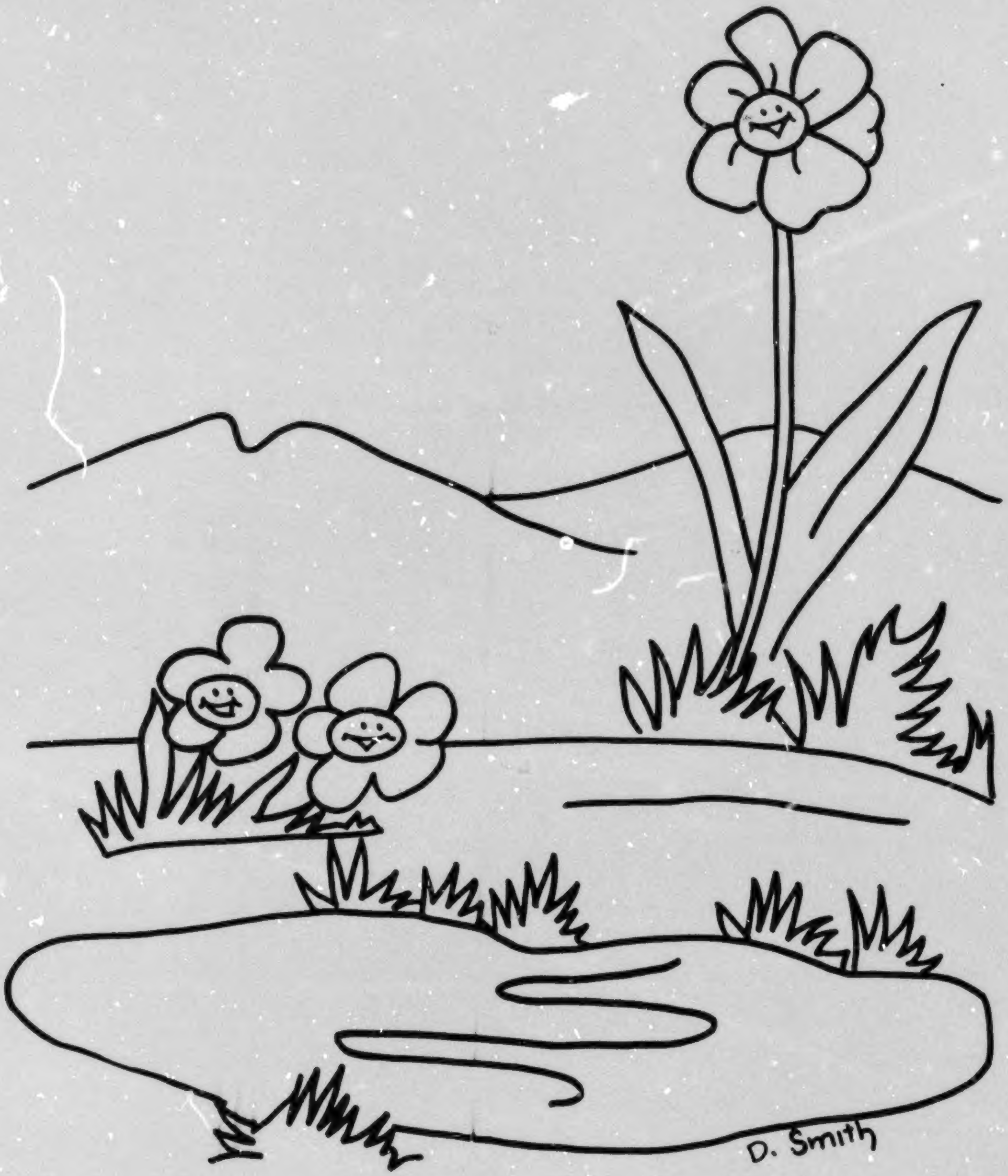
She talked to the flowers
and moved them from place to place.



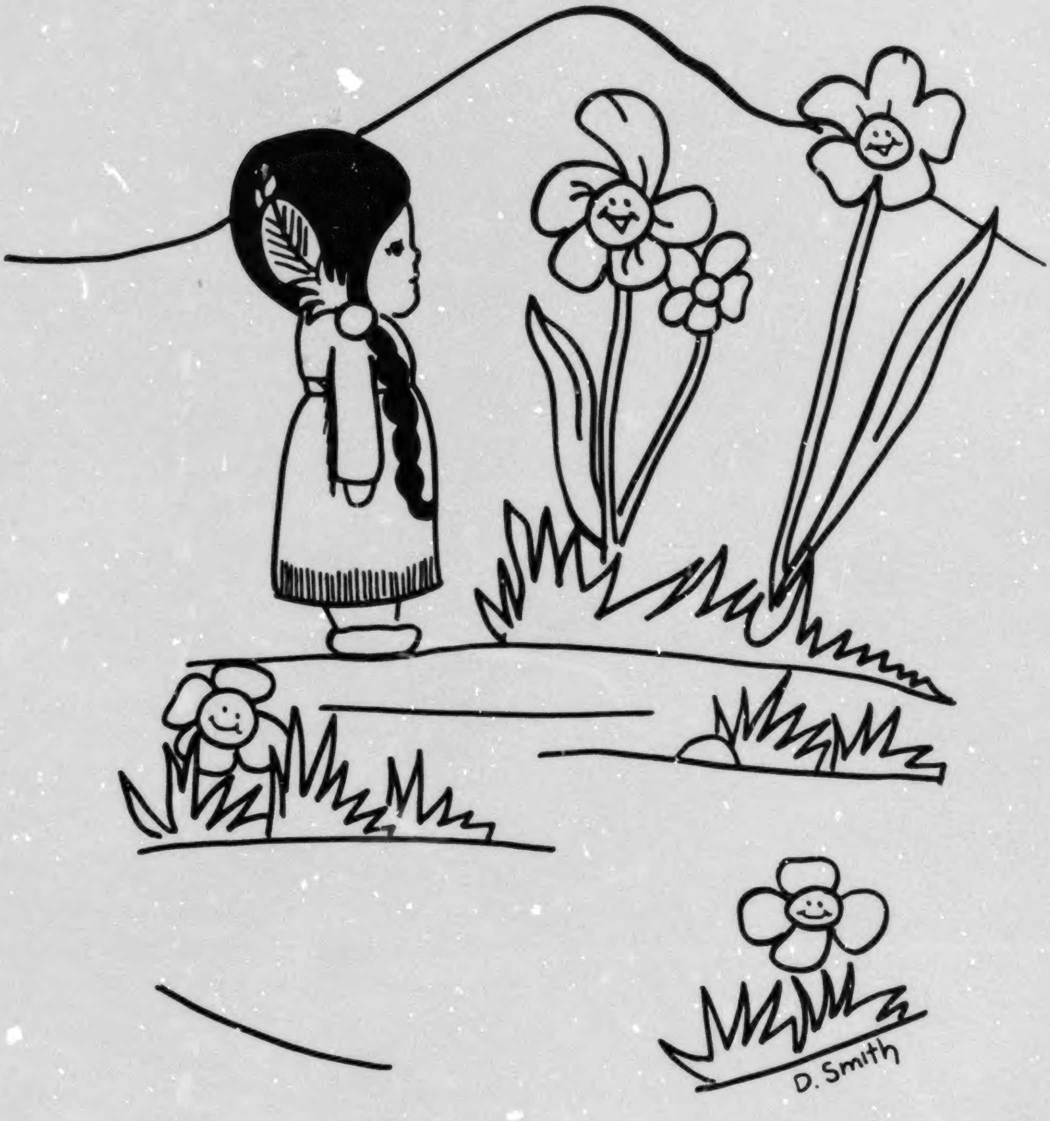
When the cold winds and snow came,
the flowers withered and fell down
and blew away.
Then the warmth of spring came again.



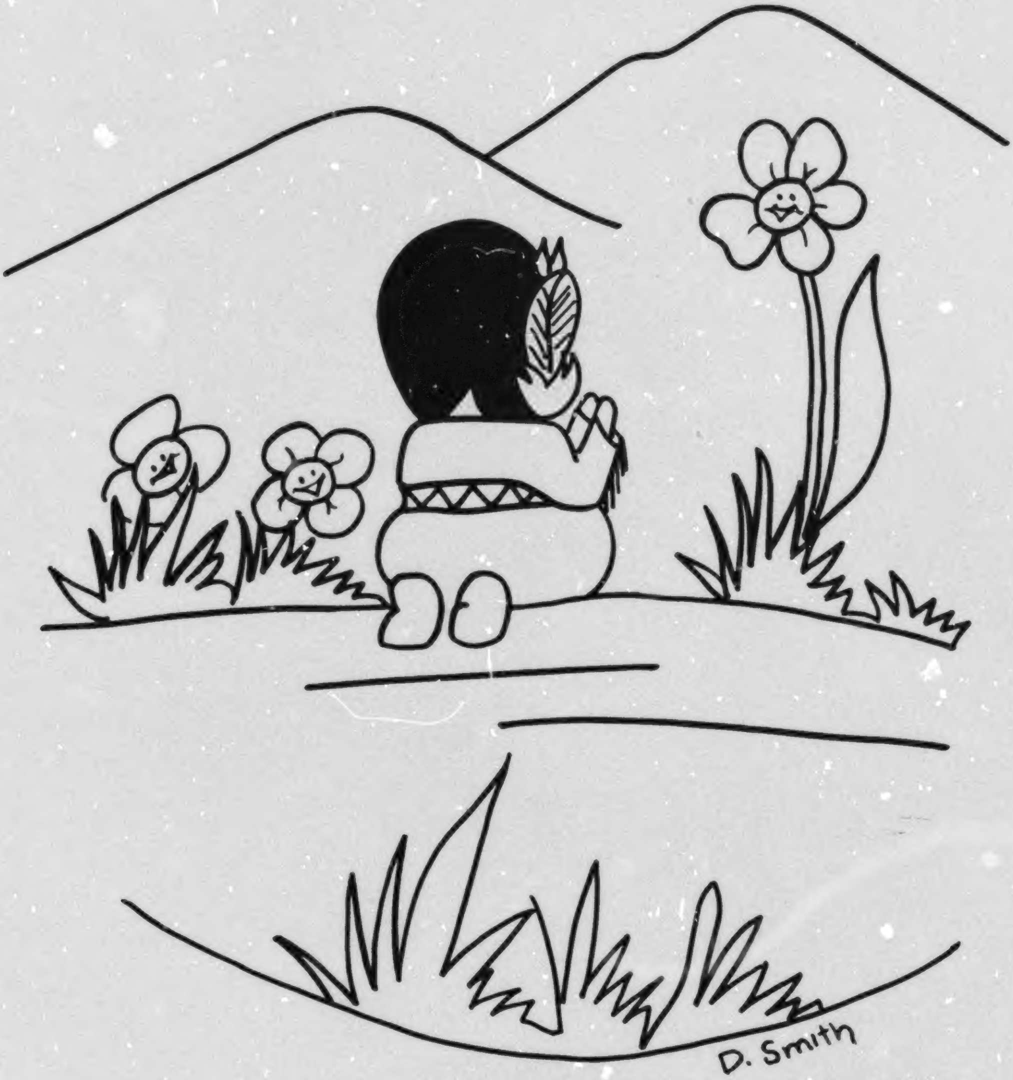
The little girl would go out and care for the flowers until they bloomed.



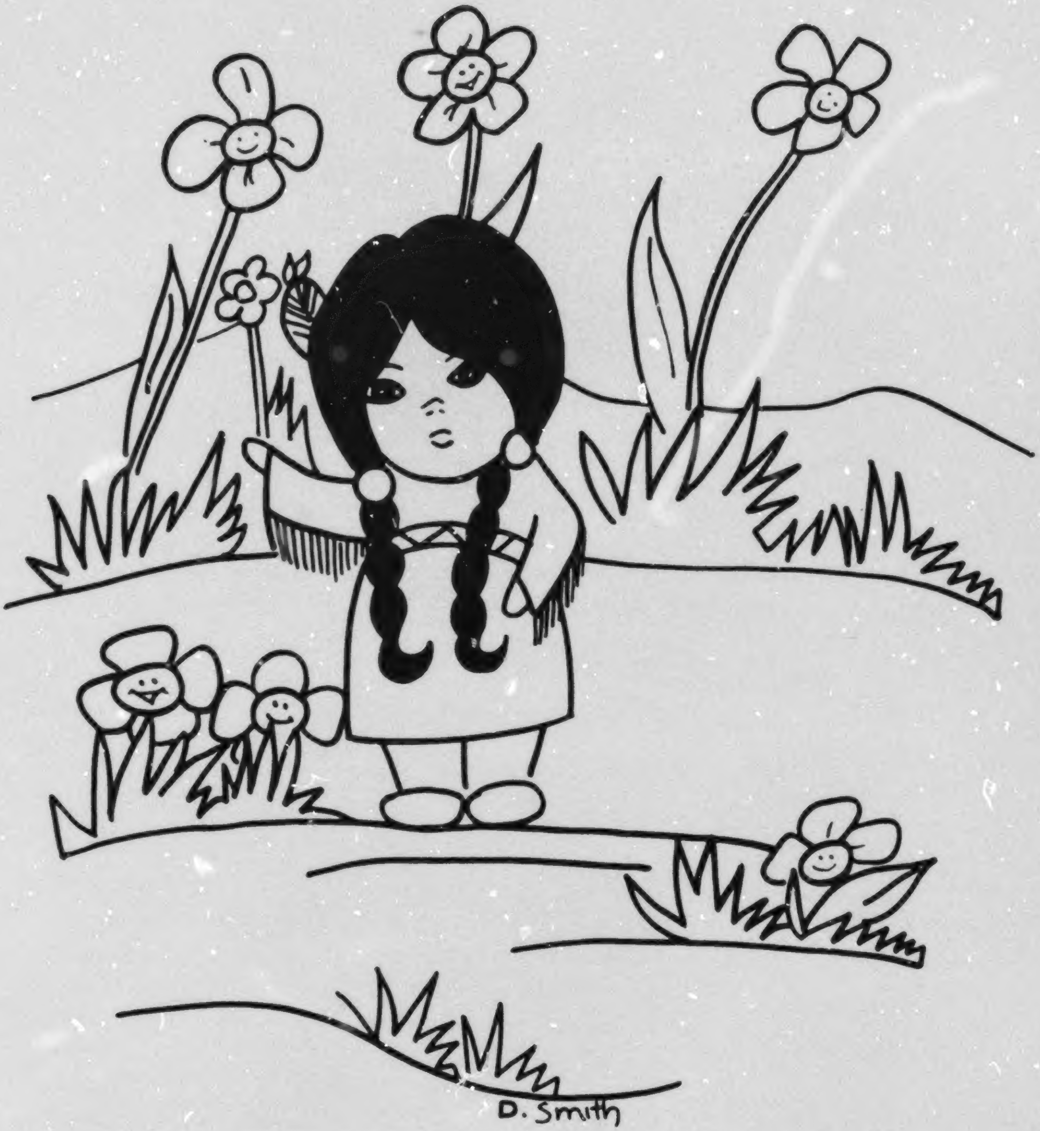
One day the flowers said to the little girl,
"Everyone has a happy hunting ground to go to
when they die.
Except us.
We just dry up and blow away."



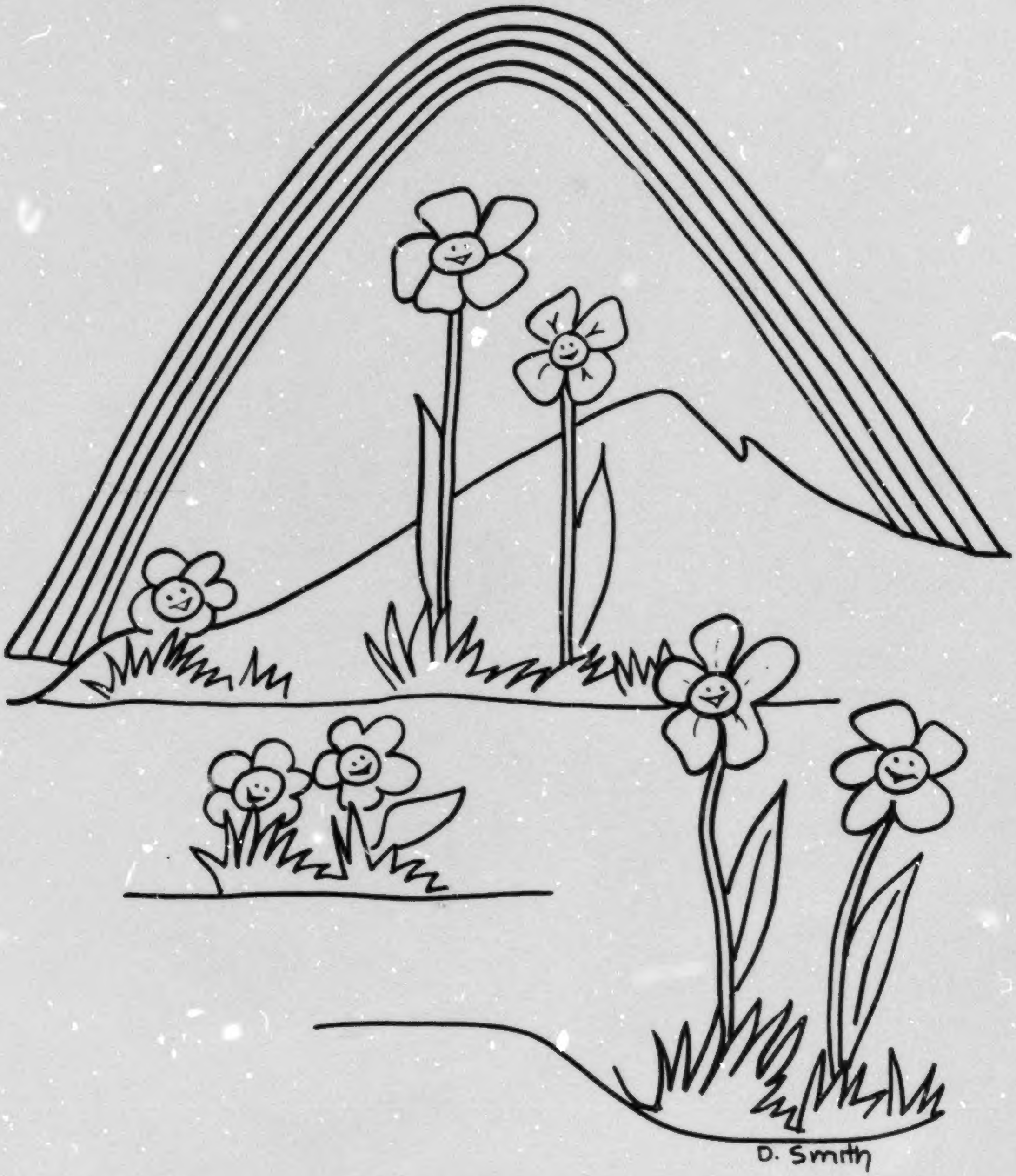
The flowers asked, "Why don't you ask the Great Spirit if he will find us a happy hunting ground to go to?"



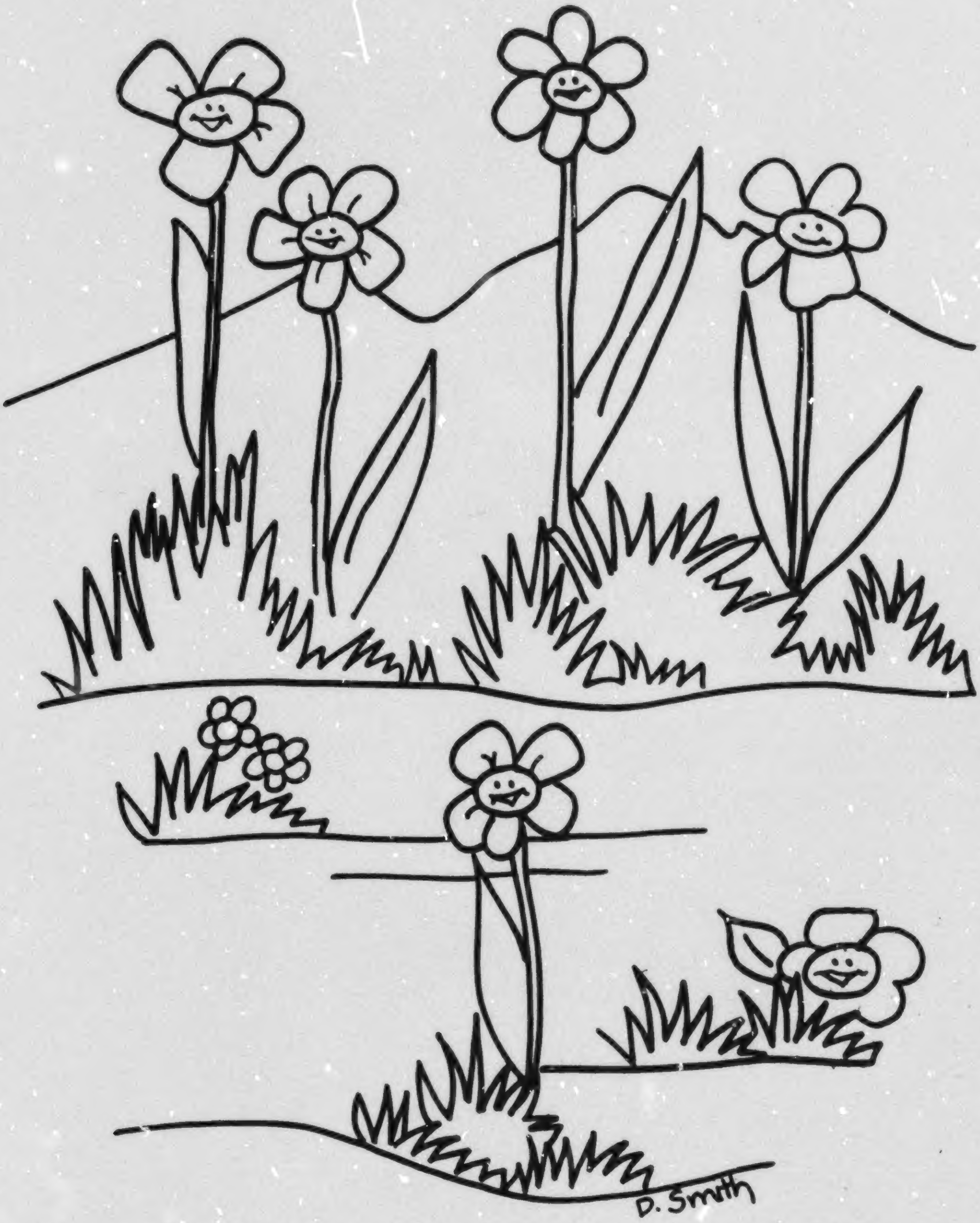
So for many days,
the little girl prayed to the Great Spirit
for a happy hunting ground for the flowers.



Then one day the Great Spirit told the little girl,
"I have found a happy hunting ground
for the flowers to go to after summer is gone."



"After every rain there will be a colorful rainbow
that everyone can see.
This will be the heaven for the flowers."



The flowers came back to bloom every year.
The flowers were happy now that they had
their own happy hunting ground to go to.
So they called the little girl, "Rainbow."

The Time the Whale Came to Jackson's Bay

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 11

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Time the Whale Came to Jackson's Bay

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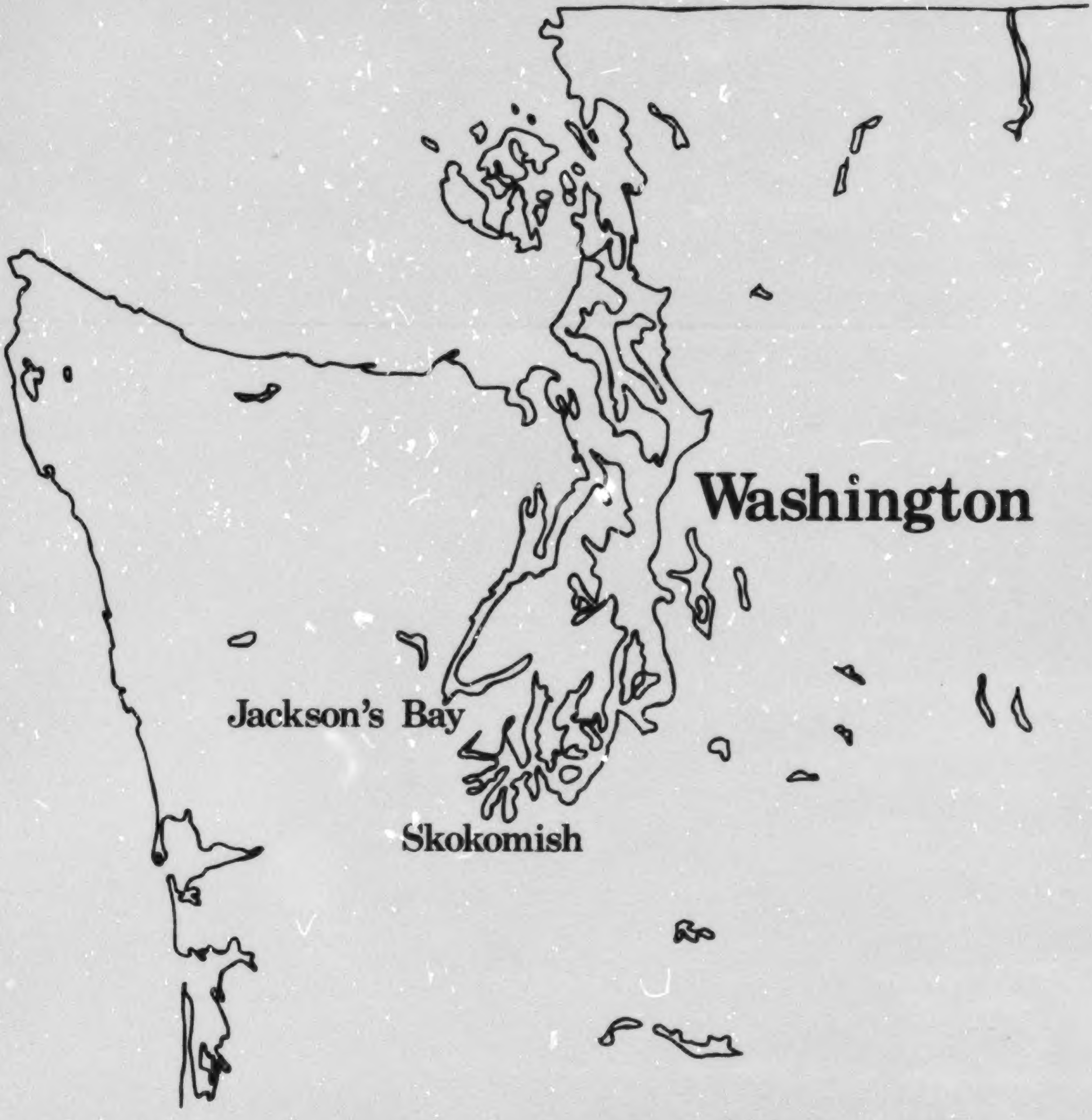
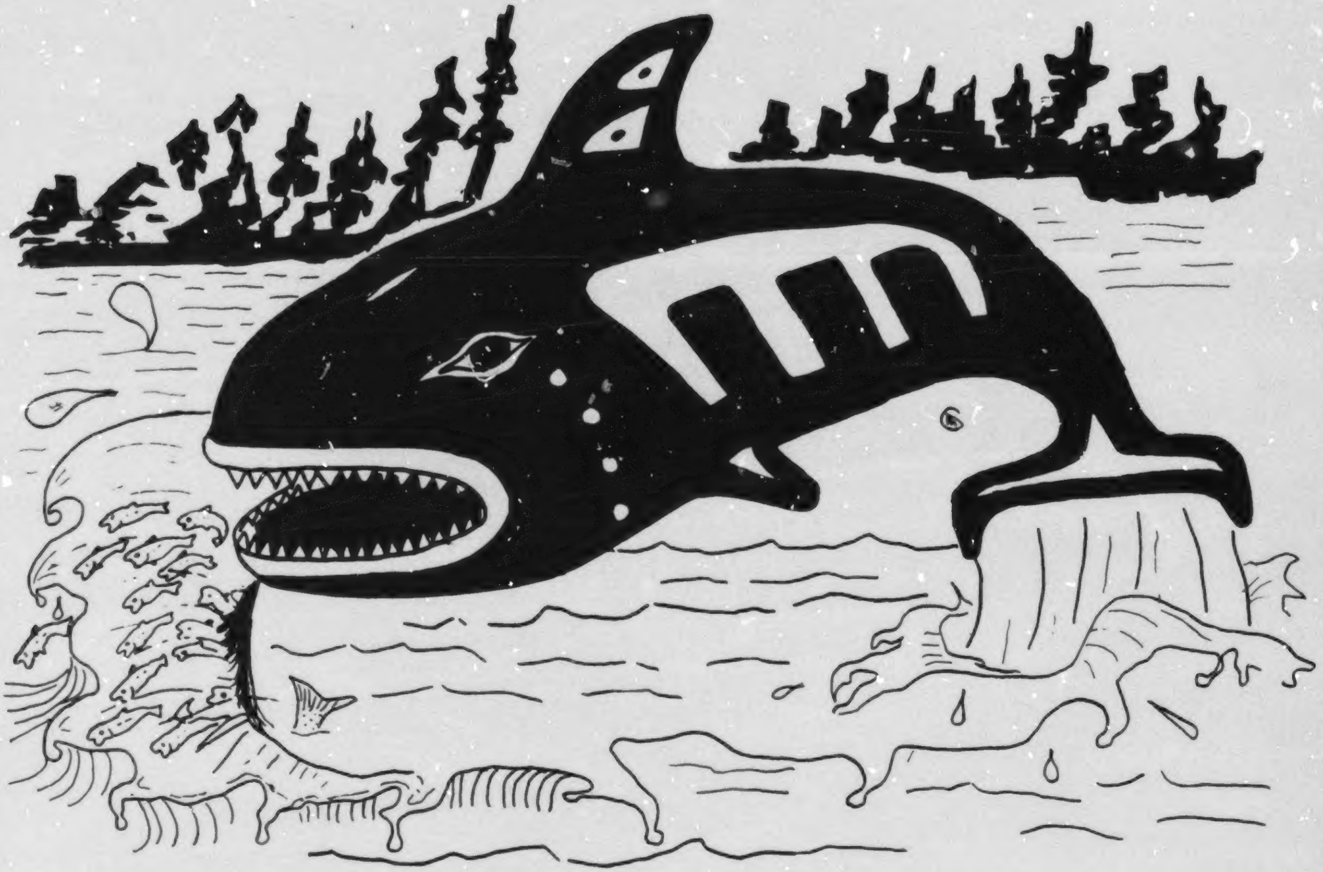
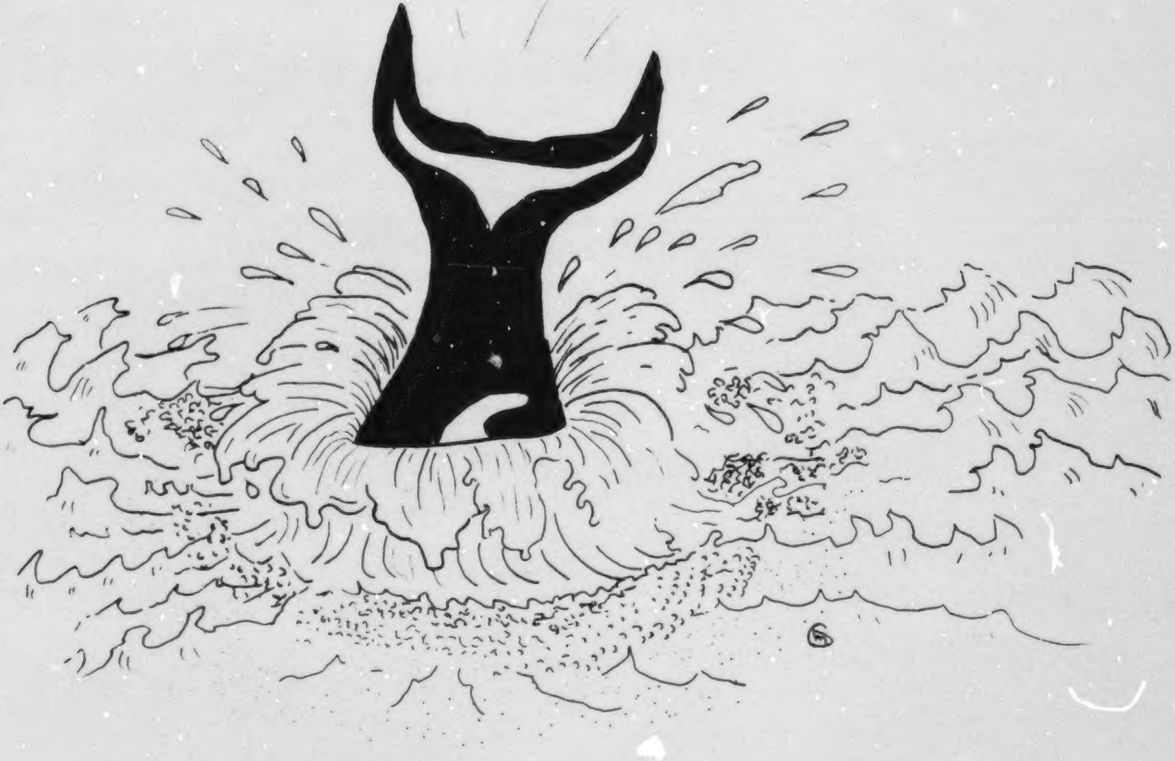


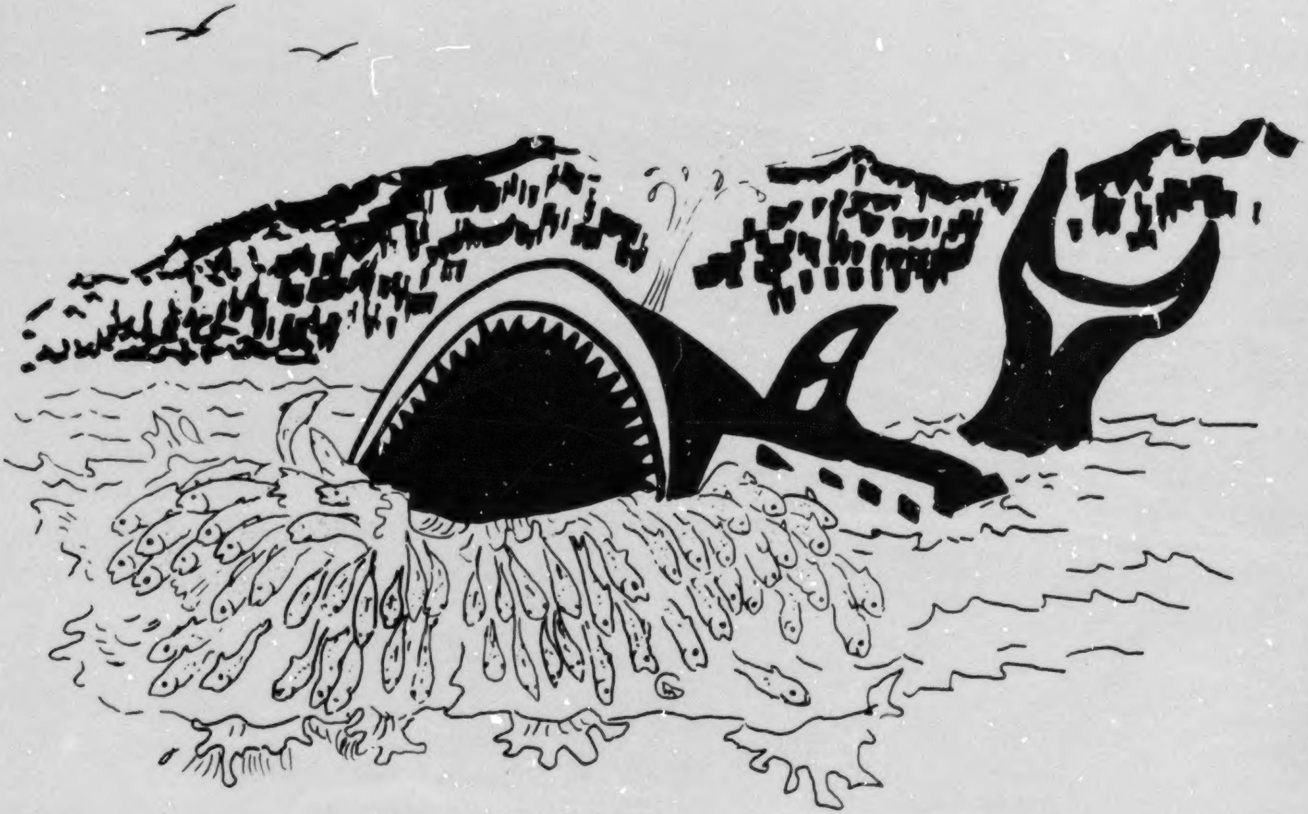
Washington
Jackson's Bay
Skokomish



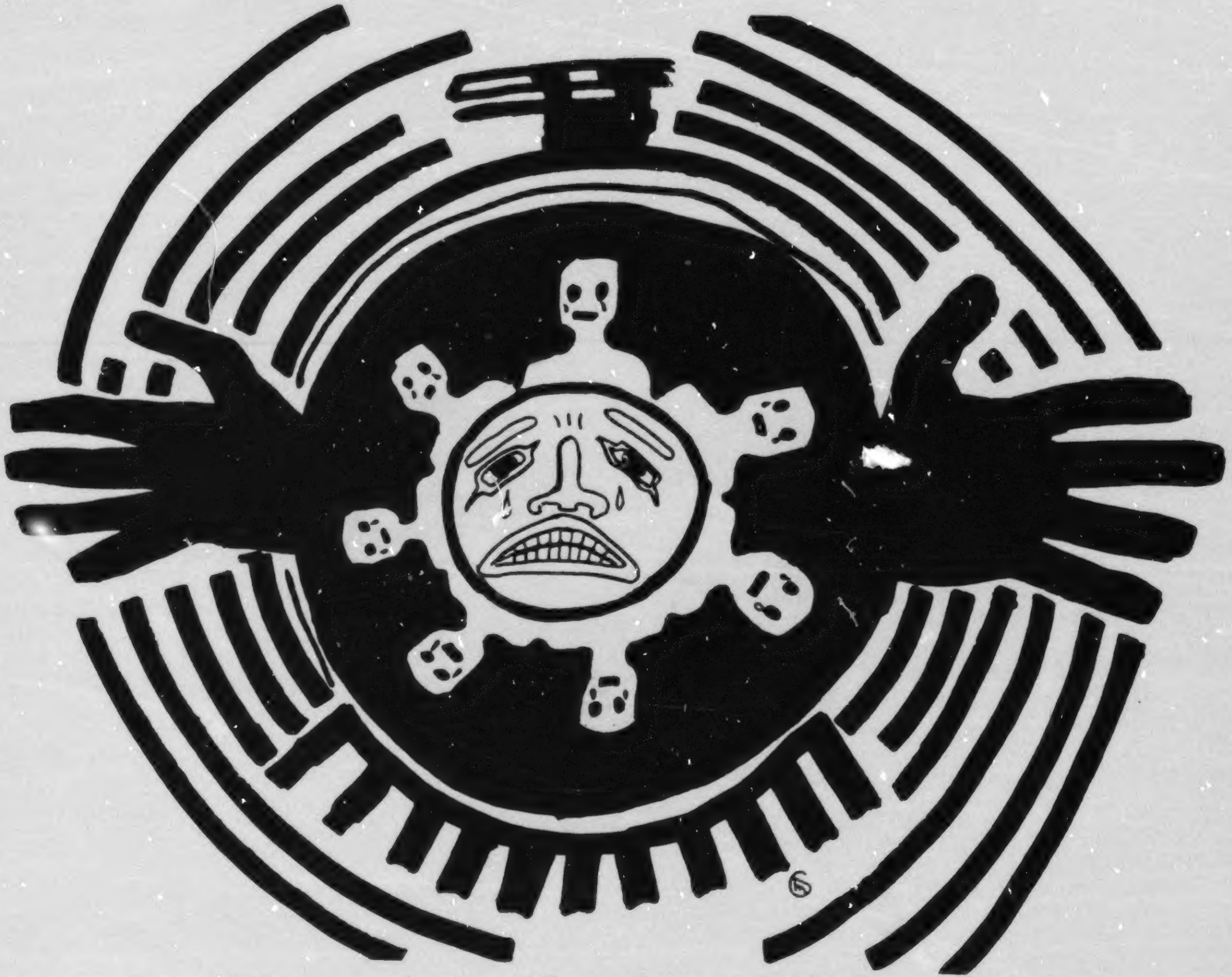
One day a whale came to play at Jackson's Bay.



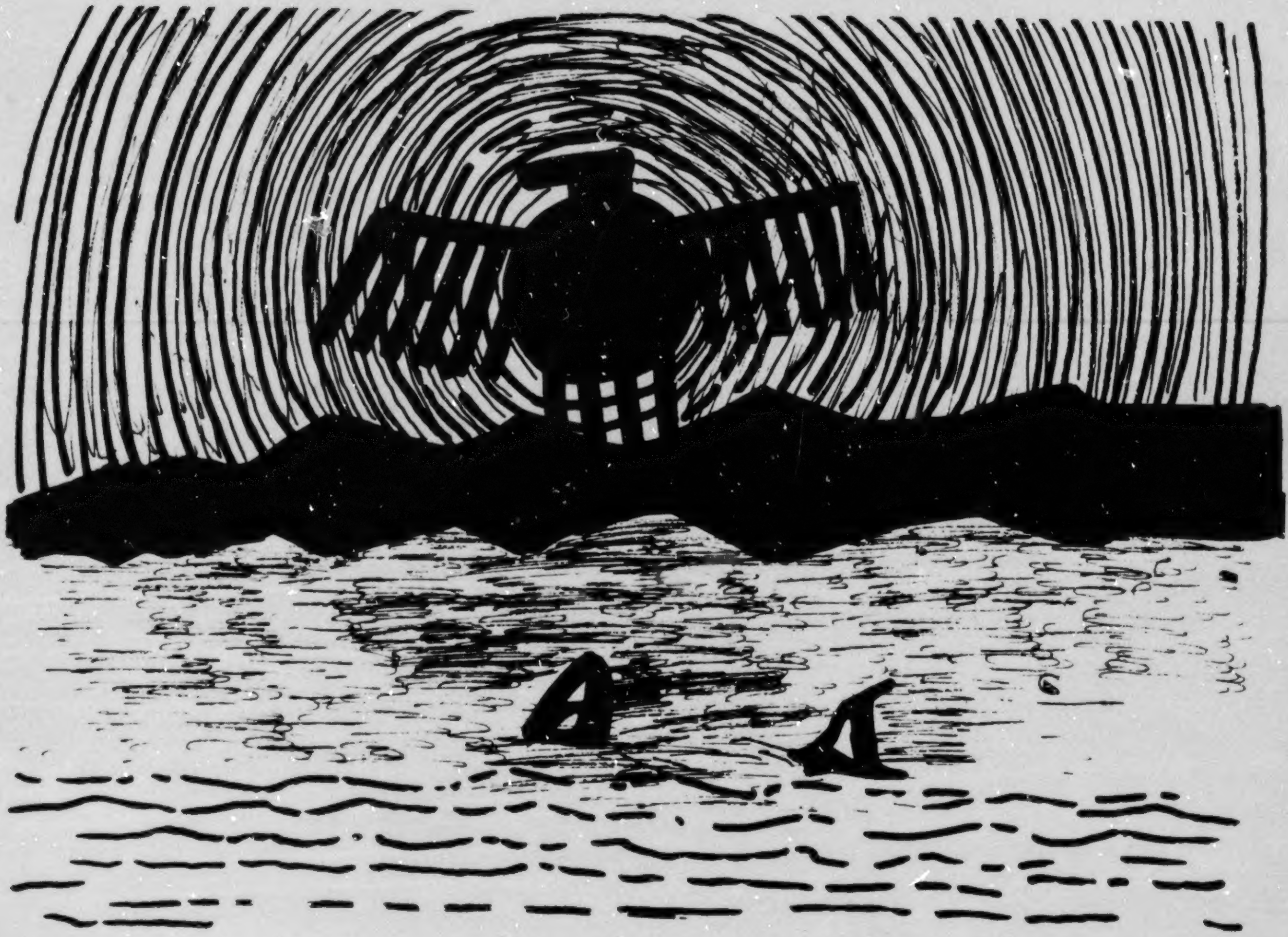
He churned the water to angry foam.
The people were afraid to go near the shore.



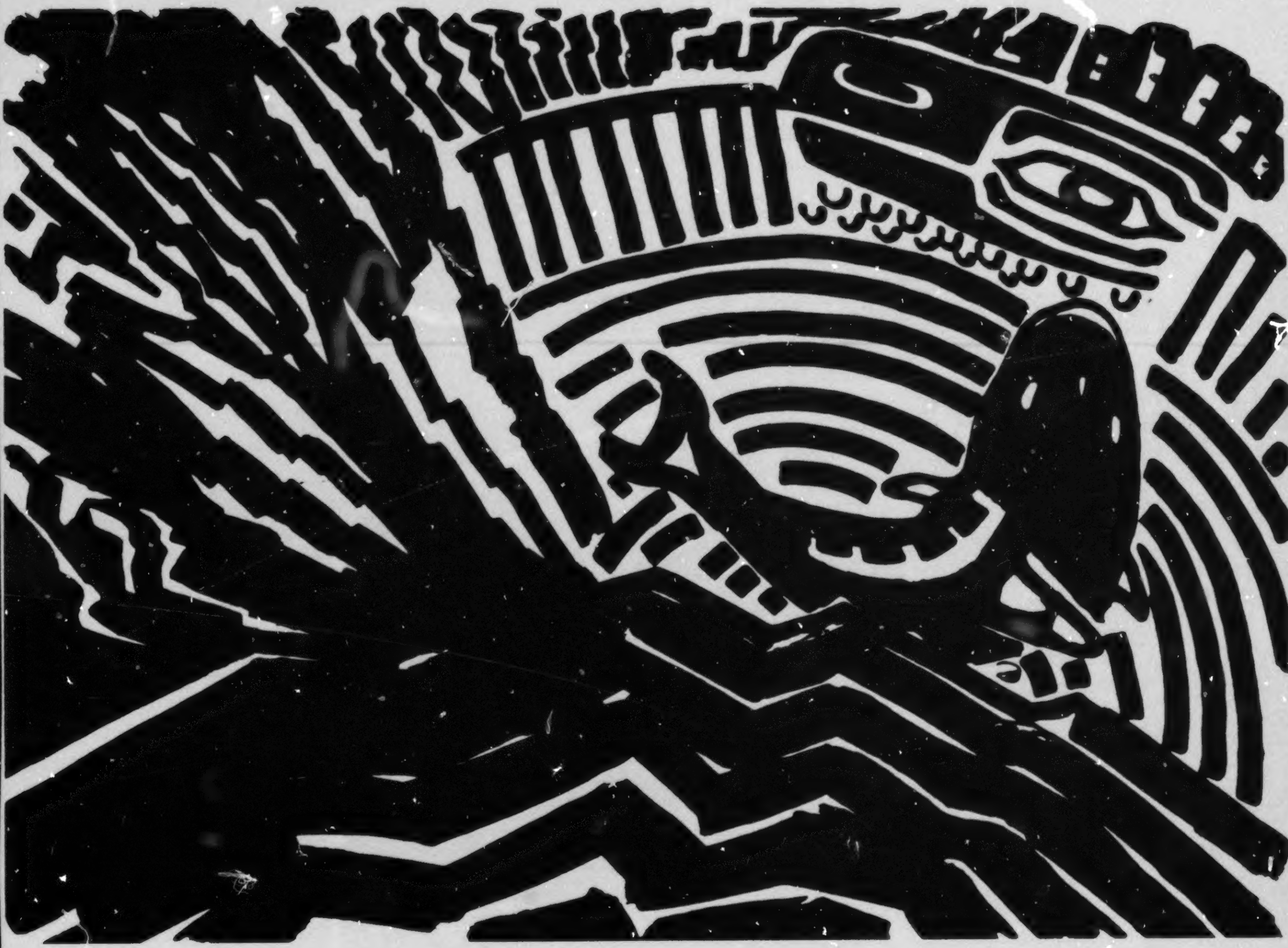
The whale was very hungry and was eating all the fish.
The fish supply was too small for both the whale
and the people.



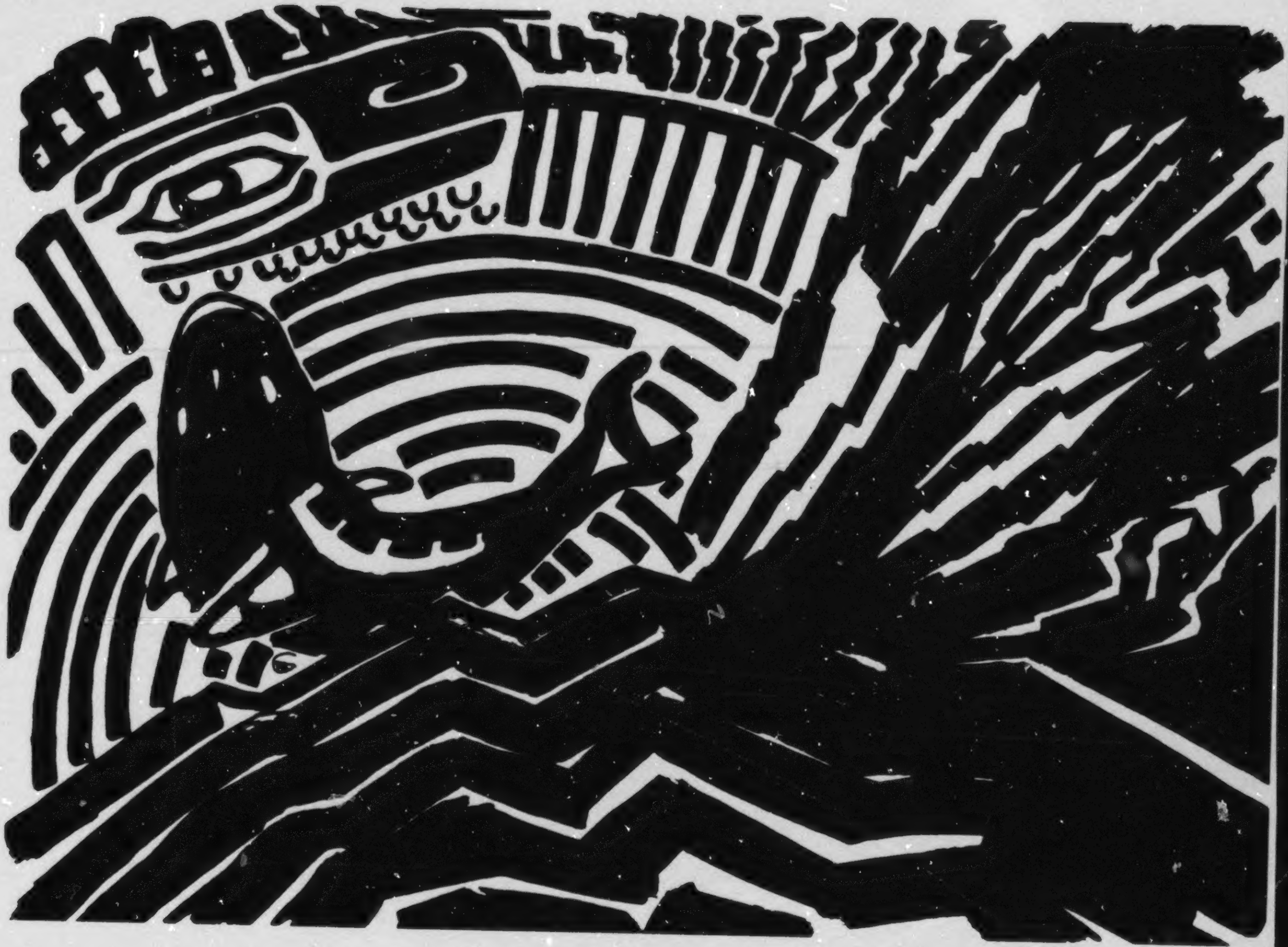
The people huddled in fear and gloom.
They prayed to Dokweebah, the Changer,
to come to their aid.



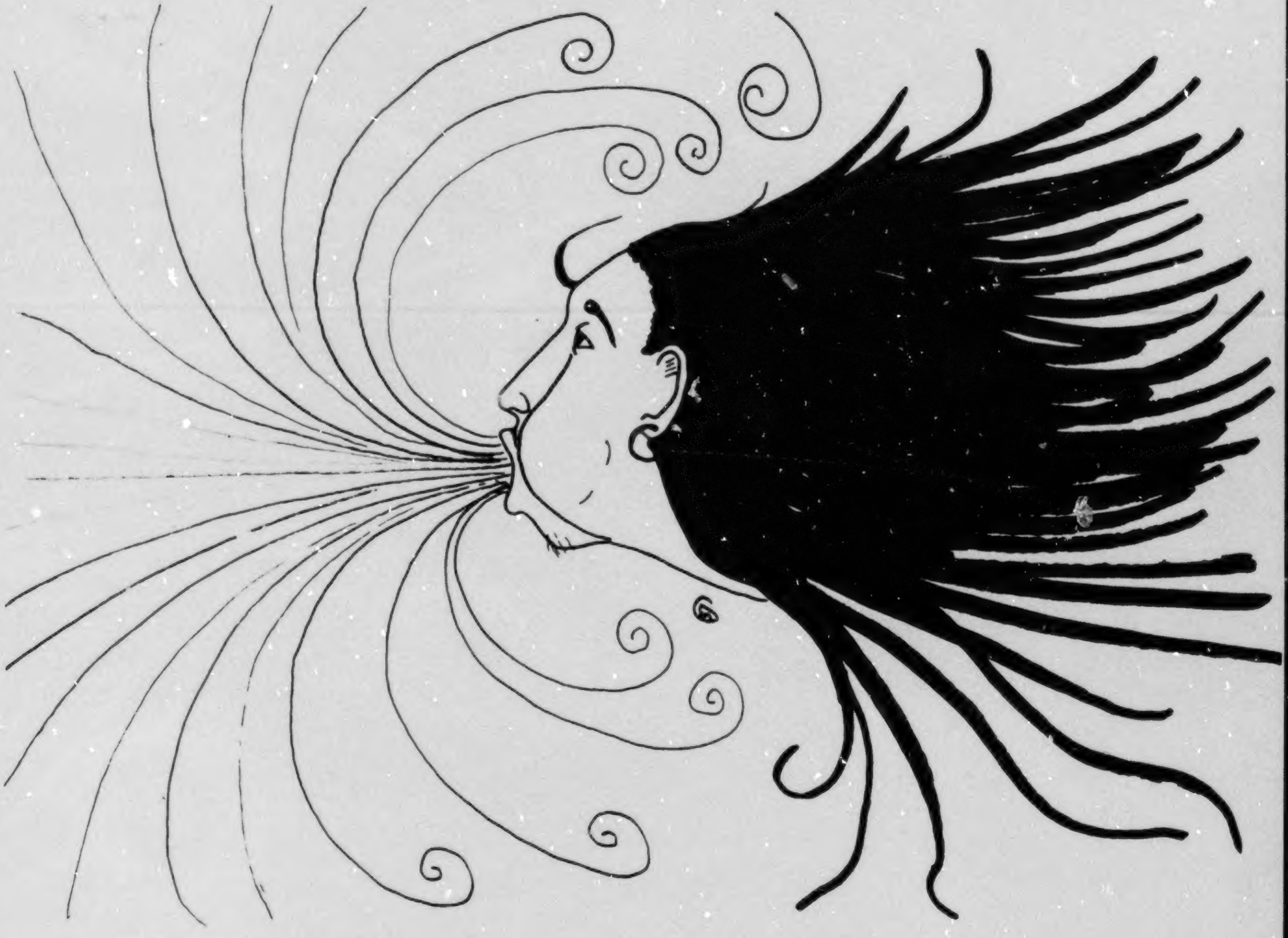
Suddenly there was darkness.
The people became more afraid.



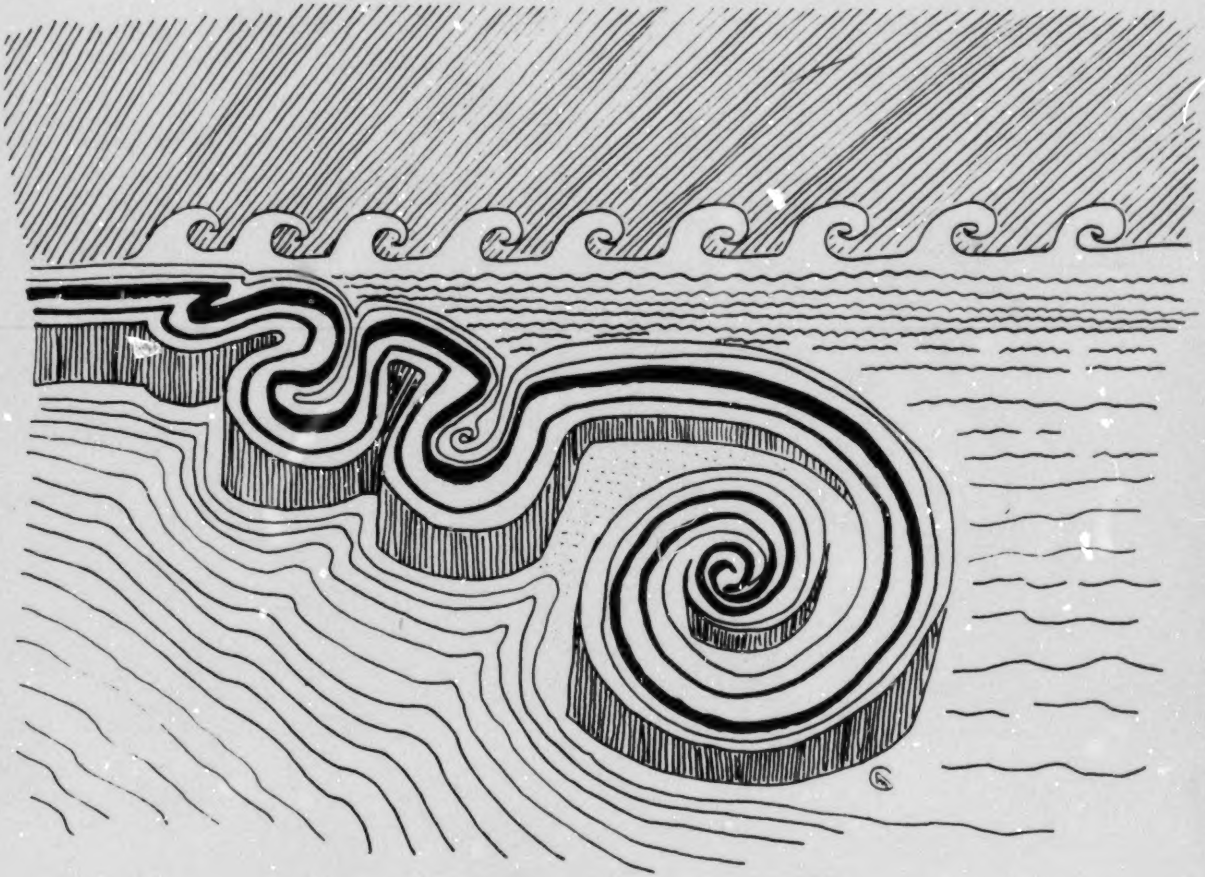
Rumblings grew and shook the ground.



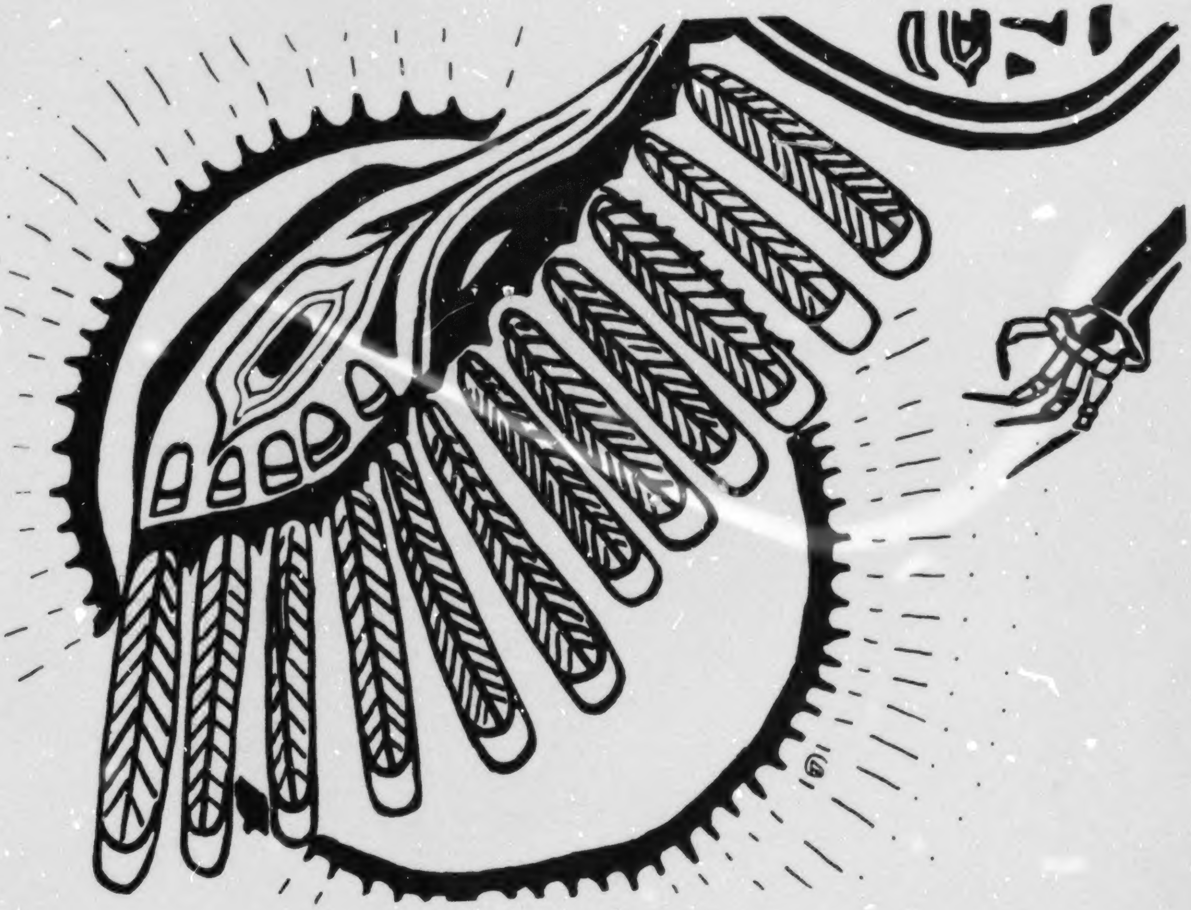
Lightning flashed!
Thunder crashed!



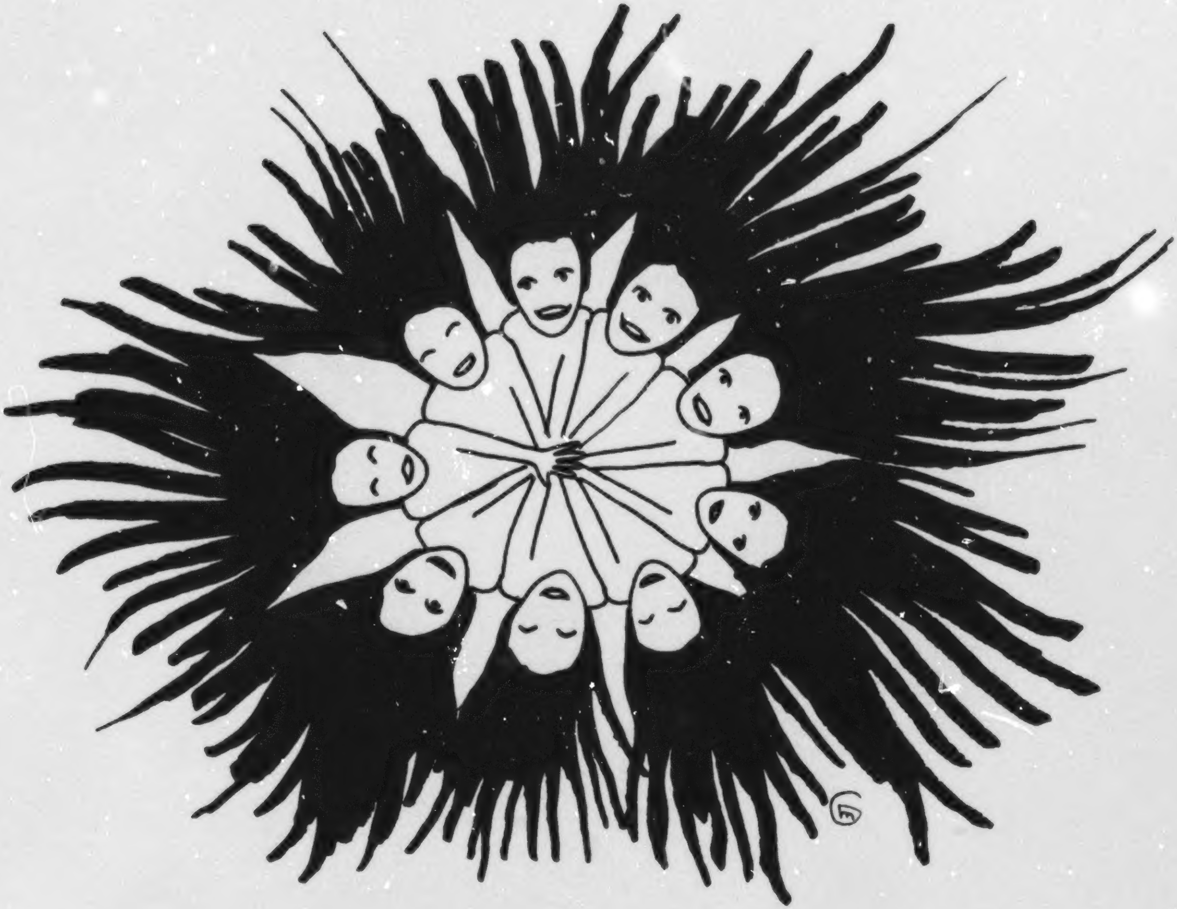
Wind whirled.



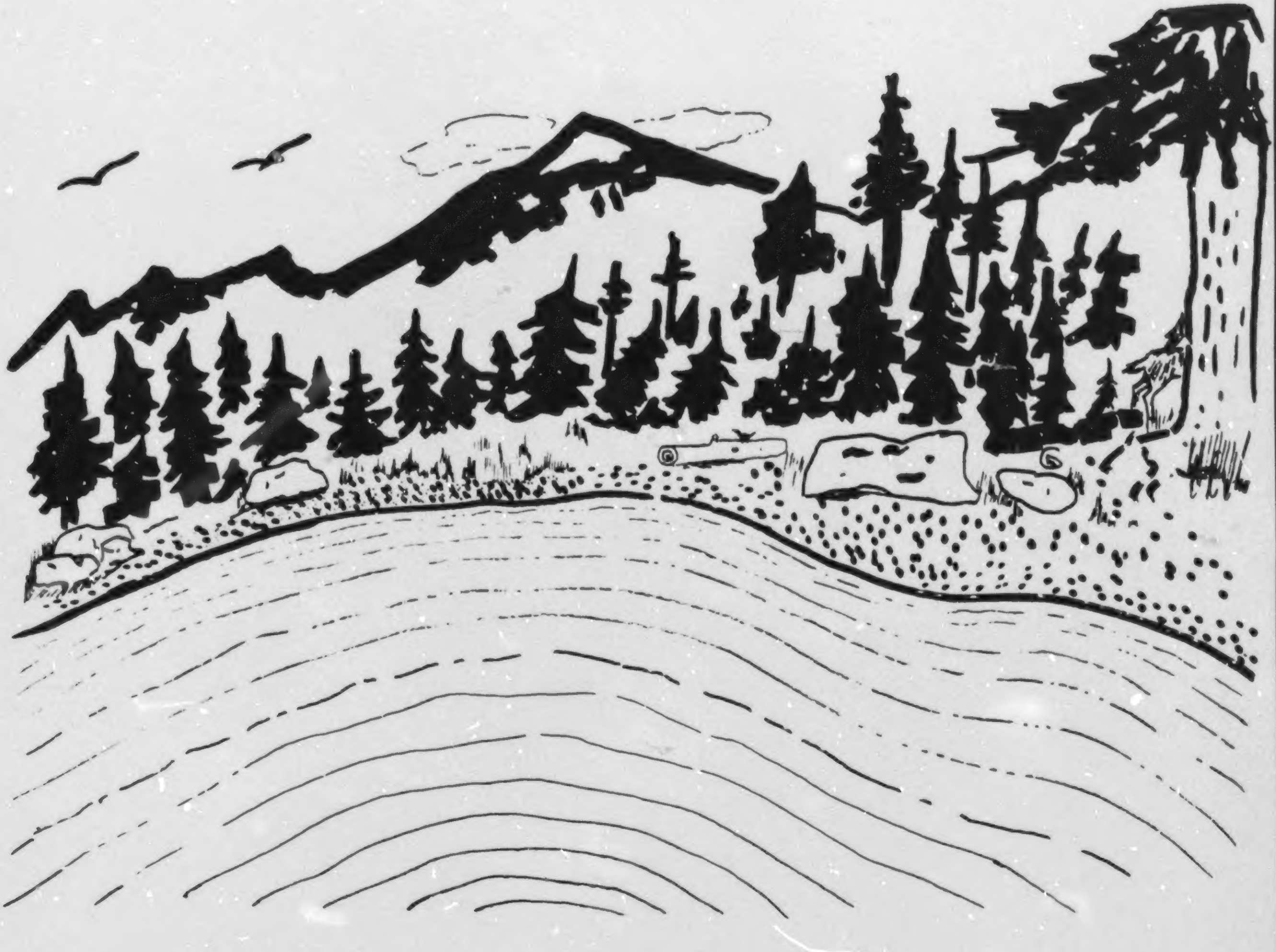
Rain fell.
Tides rose.
Water swirled.



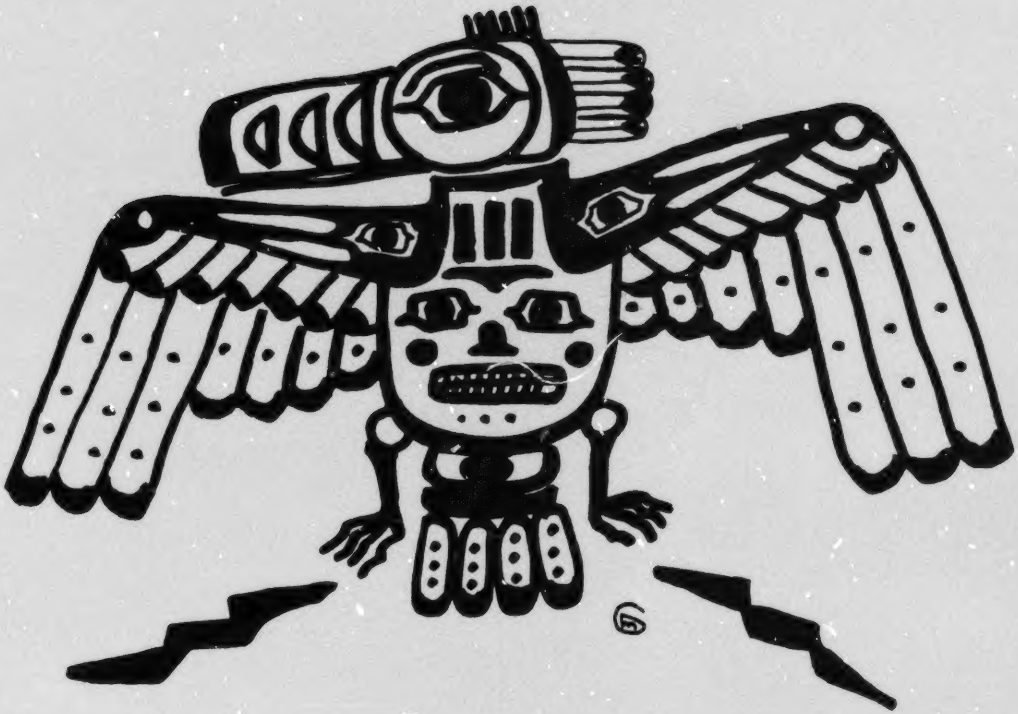
At last, flapping wings were heard.
People sensed the Thunderbird.



Shouts of joy burst forth from all who had gathered there.
The Thunderbird had eaten the whale and all was well.



Silence spread over a calm Jackson's Bay.



To this day, Twana People (Skokomish)
love and respect the Thunderbird.

JEANNE EVERNDEN

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Coyote and the Man Who Sits On Top

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 12

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Coyote and the Man Who Sits On Top

Level II Book 12

Developed by the Salish (Flathead) Cultural Committee
of the Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes

Johnny Arlee, *Coordinator*
Mary Finley, *deceased*
Tony Incashola
Mary Linsebigler
Tony Sandoval, *Illustrator*
Clarence Woodcock

Told by Johnny Arlee

Illustrated by Tony Sandoval

Compiled by Shirley Torgerson

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
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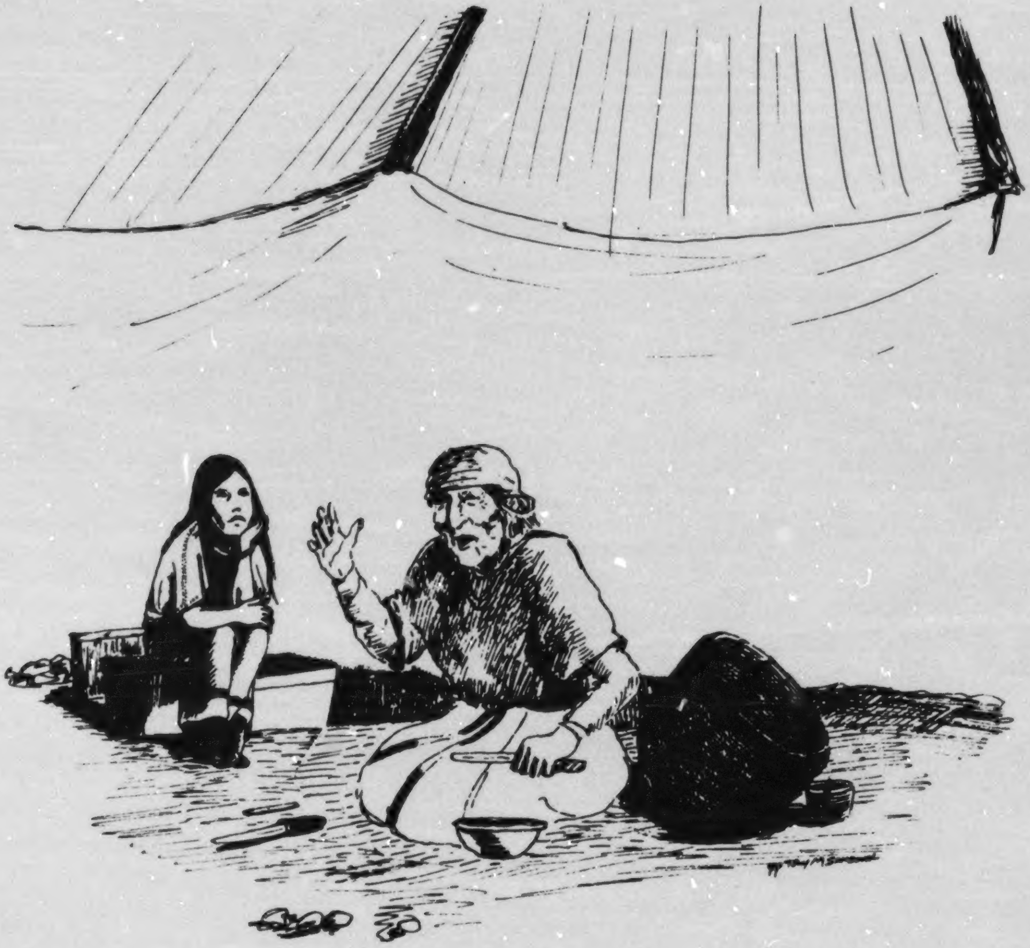
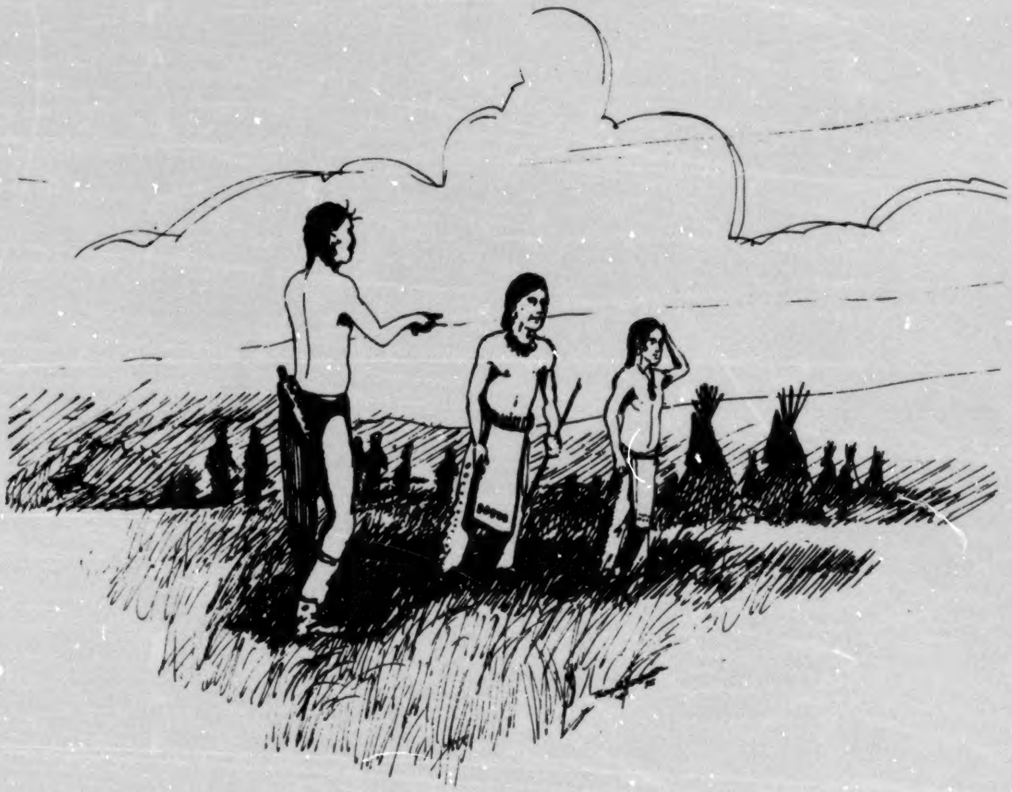
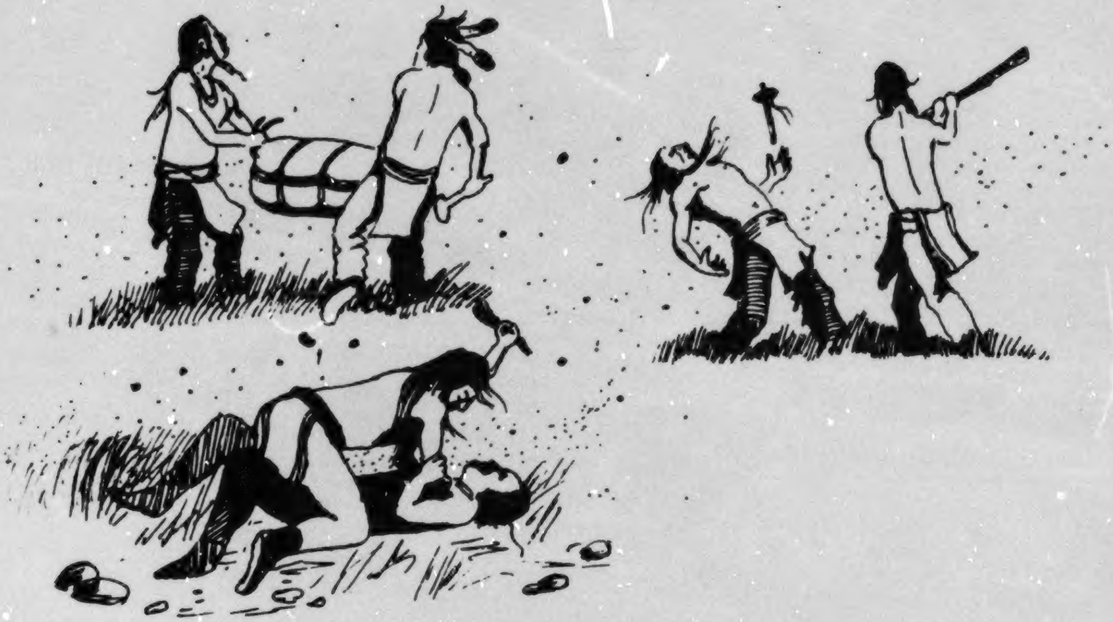


A long, long time ago,
my YaYa told me something.

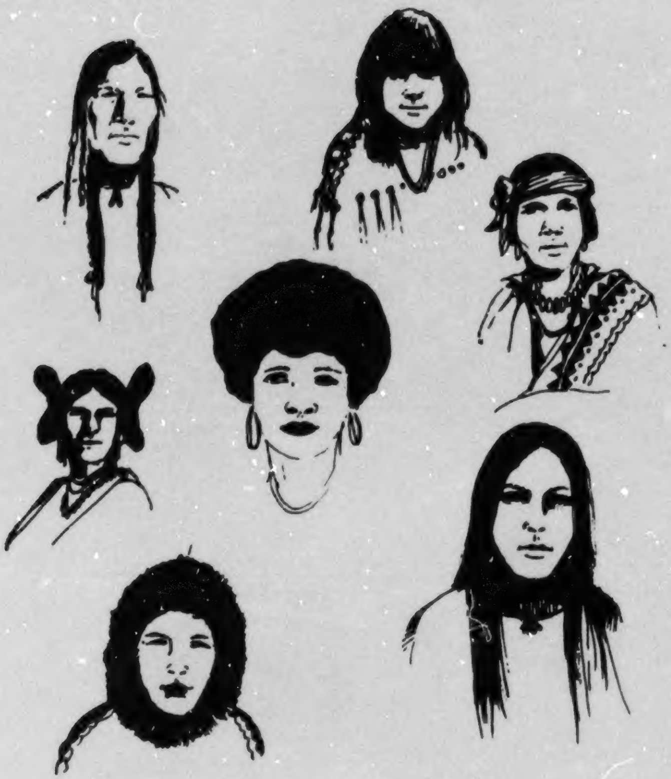
She said that a long, long time ago,
the Man Who Sits On Top made the earth.



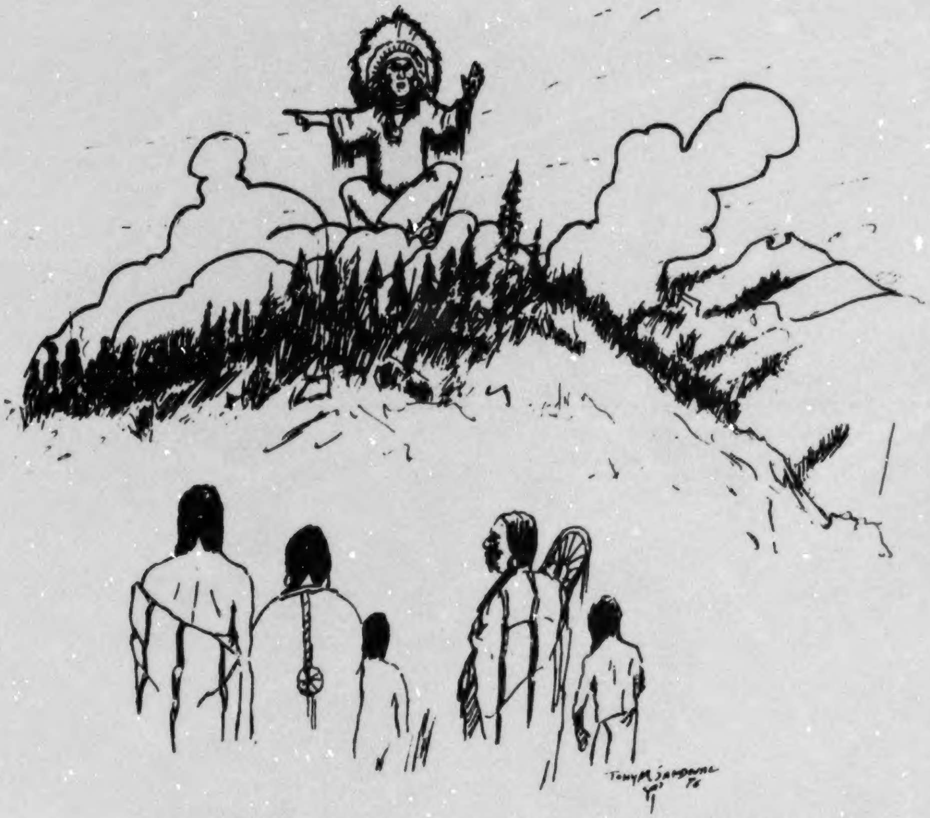
He made some big, tall people.
He taught them all good things.
YaYa said the people were good for a long time.



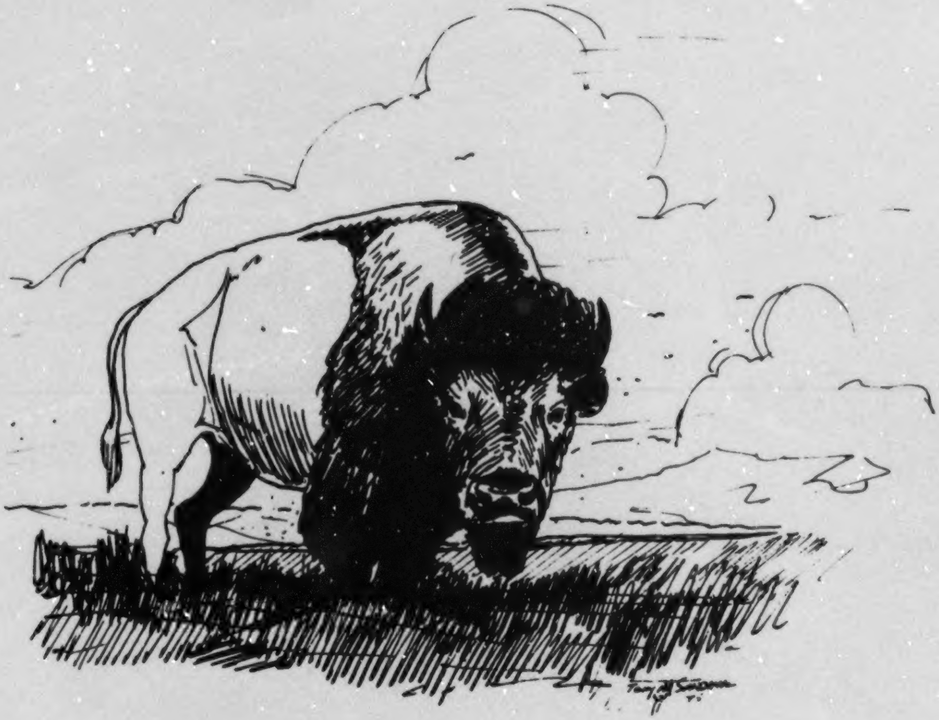
Then they became bad and started to fight.
They would fight and steal from each other.
So, the Man Who Sits On Top got rid of the bad people.



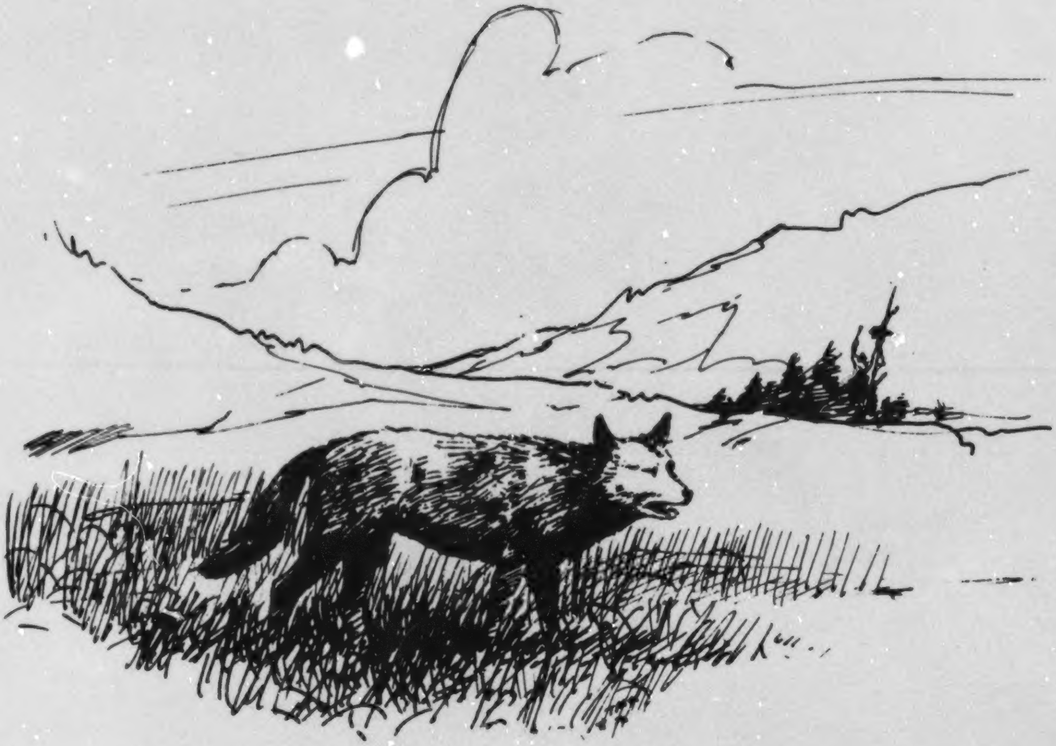
Then the Man Who Sits On Top made all of us.
He mixed us up with different colors,
like the leaves of autumn.
Some of us are Indians.
Some are white people.
Some are black people.
Ya Ya said we are all beautiful, different colors.


Tony M Sandoval 76

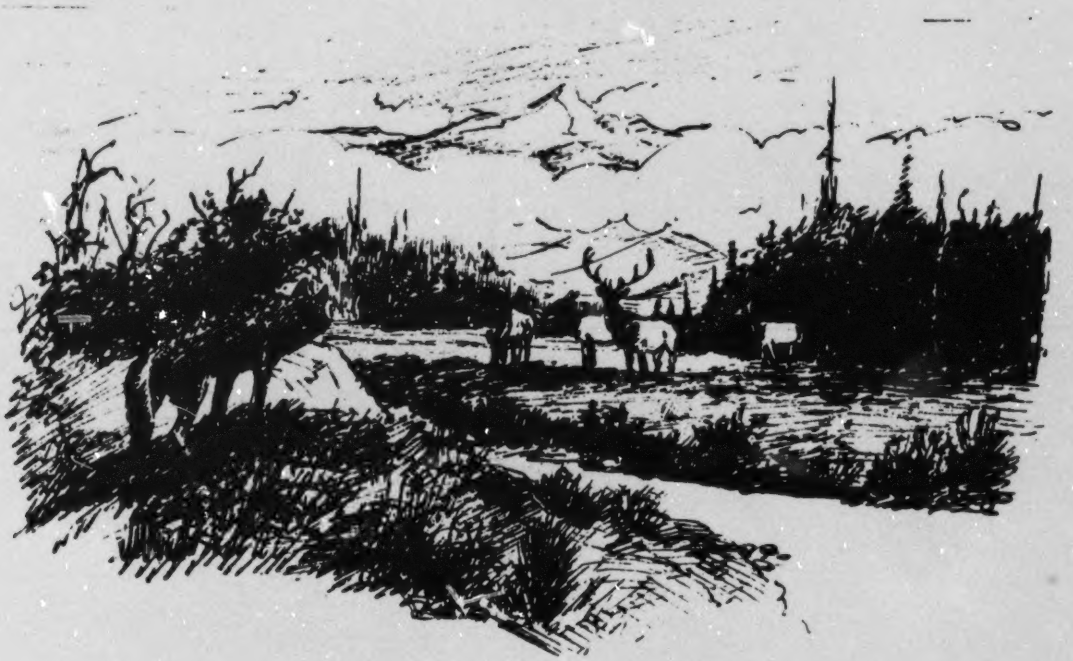
But the Man Who Sits On Top wanted us to be good.
He wanted us to have a helper.



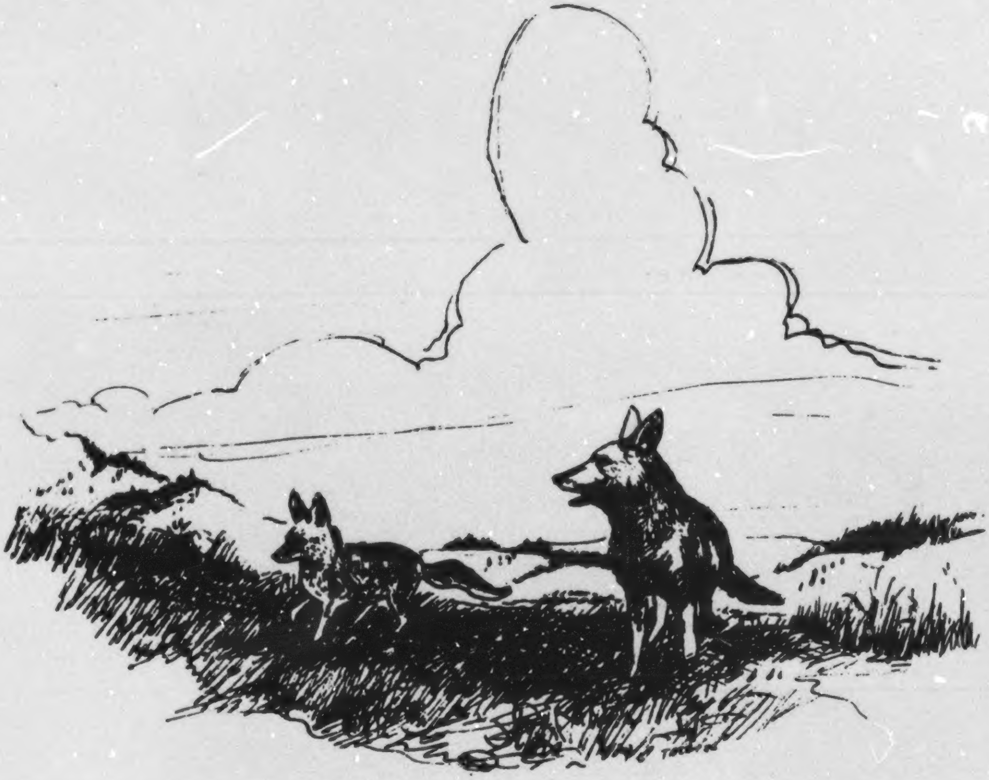
Someone to help us find food.
Someone to help us hunt.
Someone to keep us safe.
Someone to help us do good things.



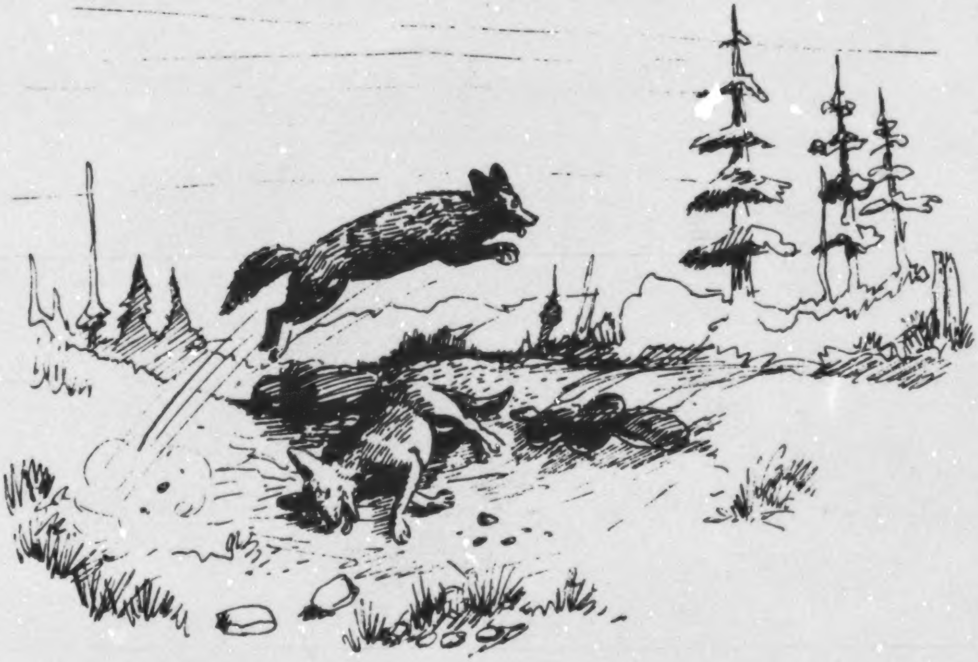
YaYa told me that the Man Who Sits On Top
picked Coyote from all the animals.
Coyote would be the helper.



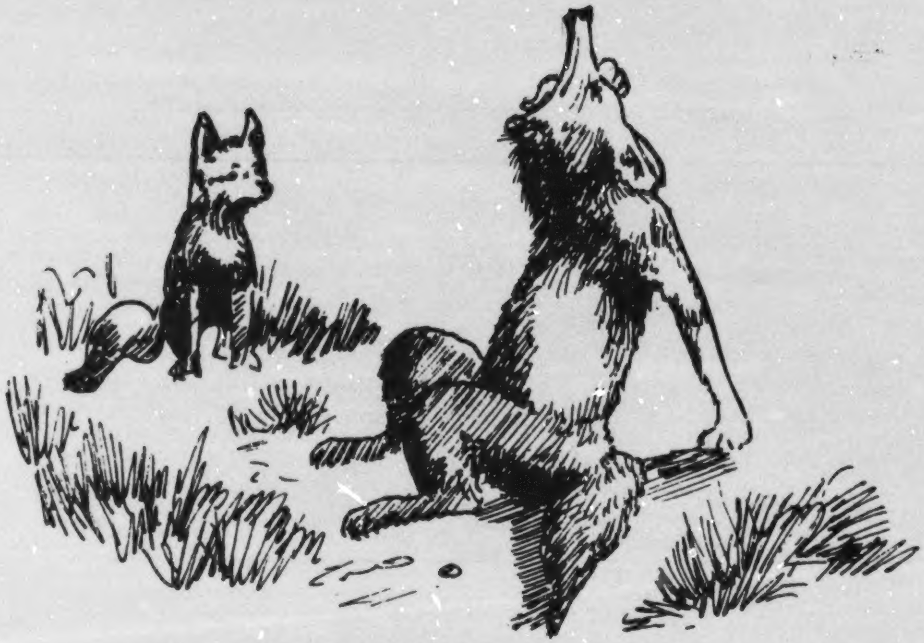
He would help us find food.
He would help us hunt.
He would help keep us safe.
He would help us do good things.



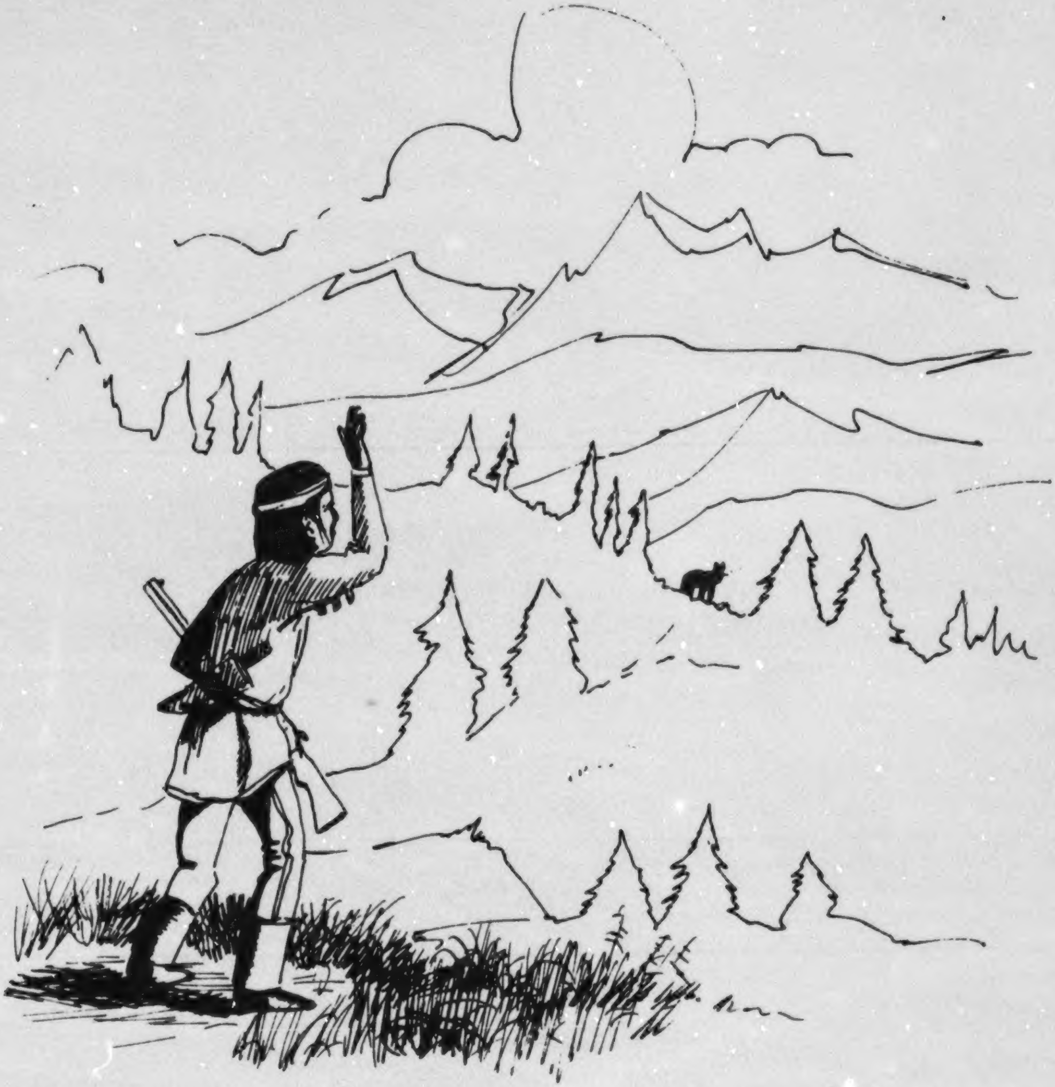
YaYa said the Man Who Sits On Top told Fox, Coyote's brother, to help Coyote.



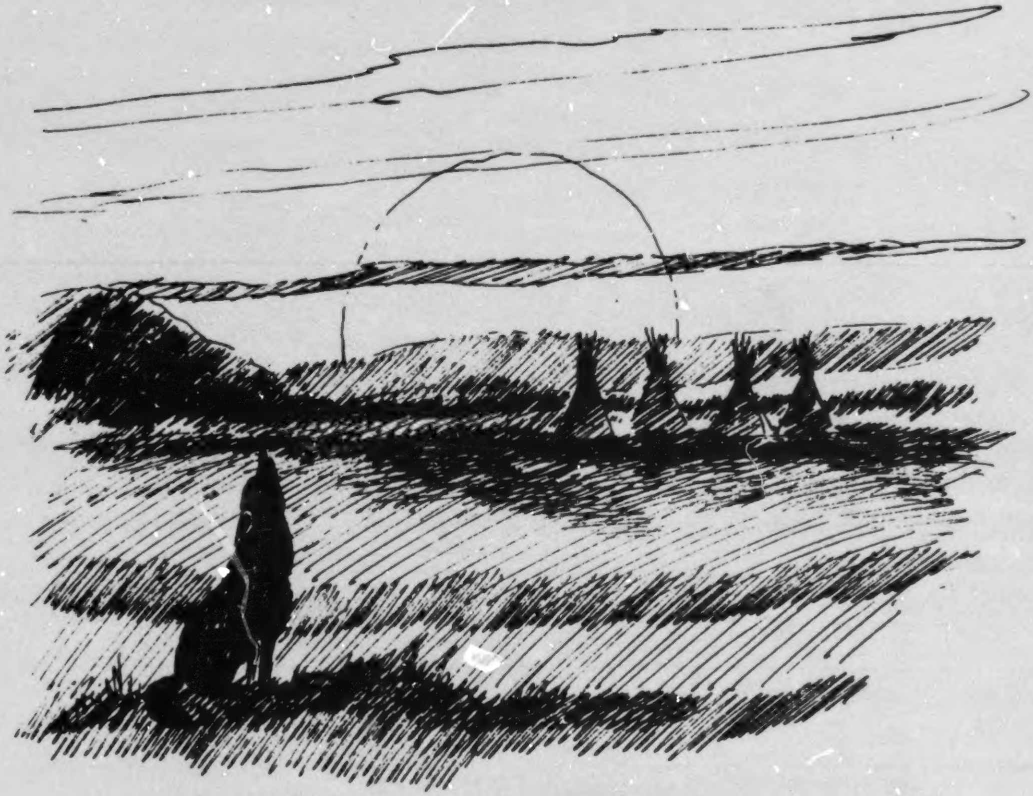
If Coyote were hurt, Fox would help him.
Fox would jump over Coyote three times.
Then Coyote would be well again.



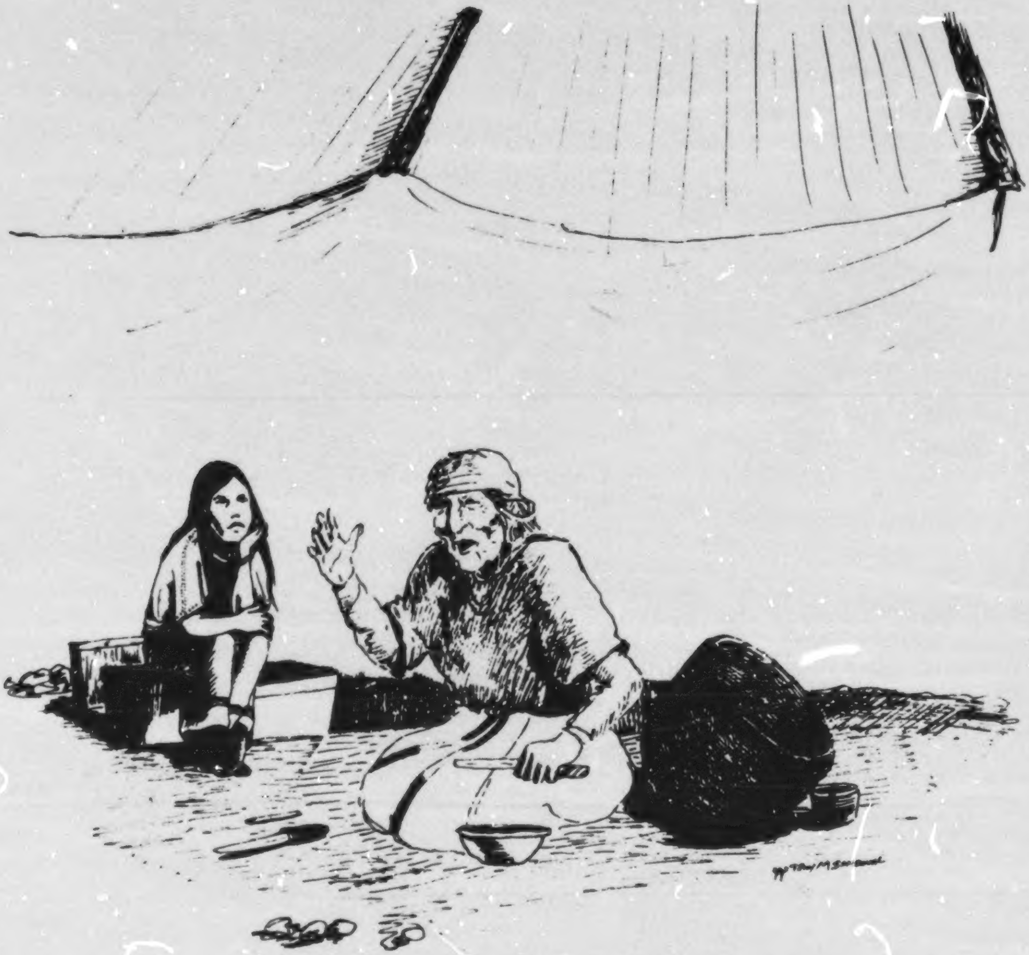
Coyote would say, "Oh, what a long sleep I've had!
Oh, what a good rest!"



The Man Who Sits On Top made Coyote to be our helper.
When you see Coyote on the mountain trail,
wave to him.



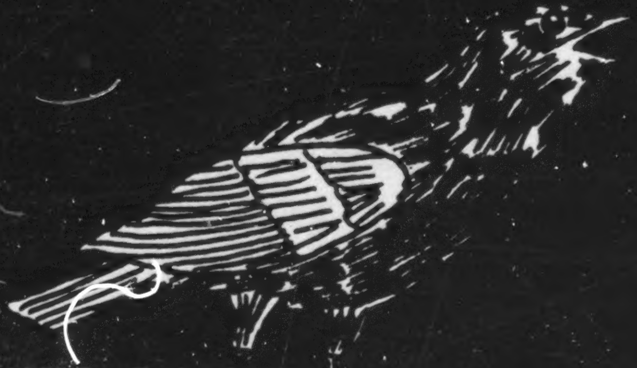
At night when you hear Coyote bark,
he is talking to you.
He says to sleep well.
He says he will watch over you.



This is what my YaYa told me —
by the fire —
when I was a little girl —
many winters ago.

JOHNNY ARLEE

Johnny Arlee was born in St. Ignatius, Montana, on the Flathead Indian Reservation, and was raised by his great-grandparents in Arlee. He attended the Villa Ursuline Academy and Chemawa Indian School and served in the U.S. Army for almost five years. In 1971 he was asked to serve as Flathead cultural advisor in the production of the movie *Jeremiah Johnson* and also played a small role in the film. In 1972 he began to teach young people drumming and singing and lectured on Indian culture in the public schools. He also began to take an active role as a prayer leader at wakes and funerals, and friends and neighbors began to ask him for social and spiritual advice. In 1974 the tribe hired him as a consultant to represent the Confederated Tribes and to continue working with young people and helping at wakes. In 1975 he was appointed to direct a tribally funded culture program which was designed to record and gather historical, cultural and linguistic information about the Salish and Pen d'Oreille tribes and to develop materials for education and informational uses. He is married and has four children.



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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

The Crow

Level II Book 13

An Assiniboine Story

As told by Richard Blue Talk

Illustrated by Joseph D. Clancy, Sr.

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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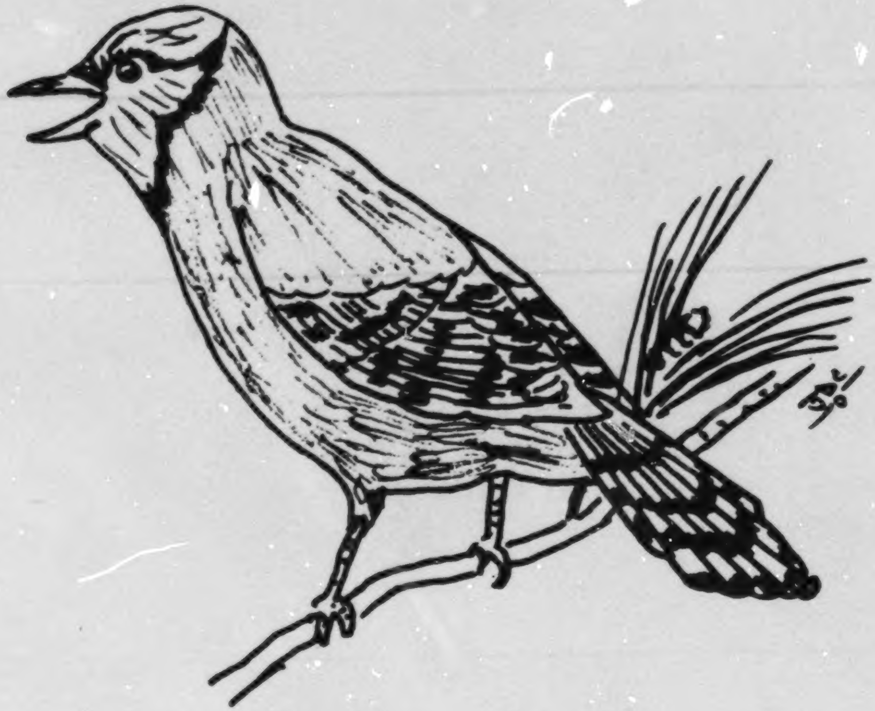
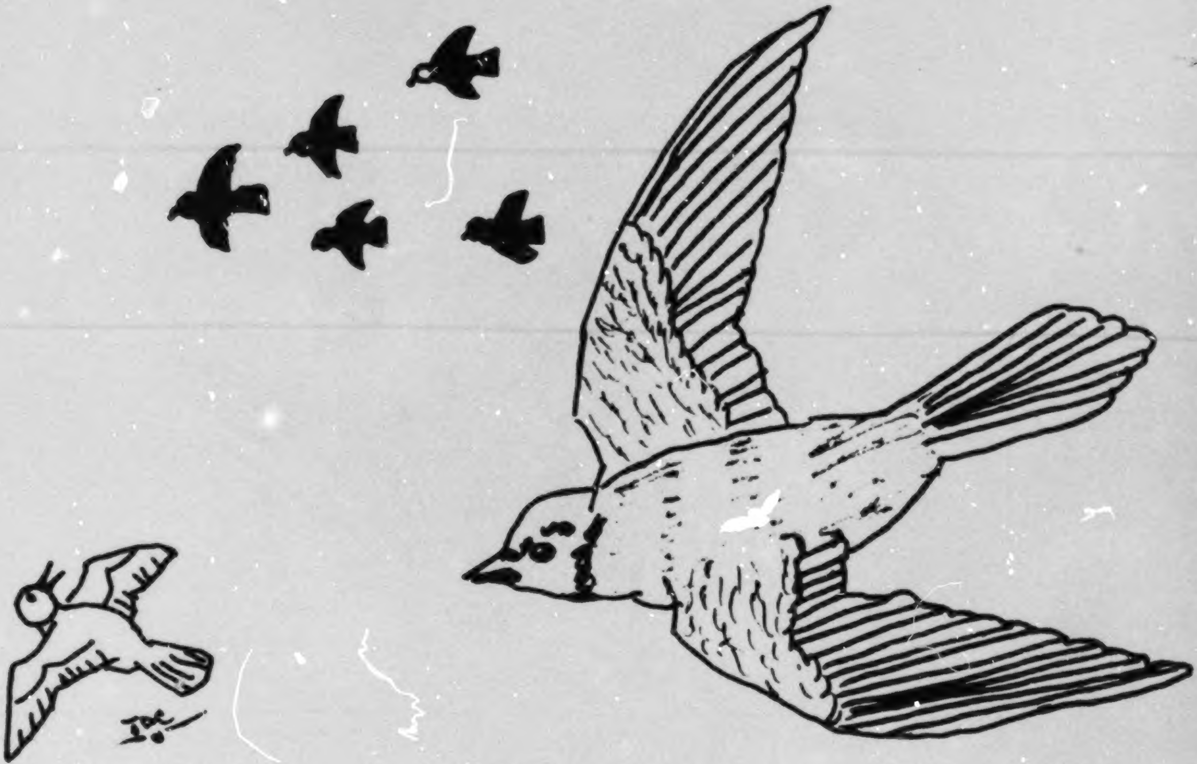
Printed and bound in the United States of America

Inkdomi is a legendary figure in the Assiniboine culture. He takes a role similar to the Blackfeet's Napi. Although Inkdomi claims to be the Creator of all things, he really is a trickster and a liar. Often, he takes the form of different animals and birds in order to play tricks on people. He does both good and bad things.

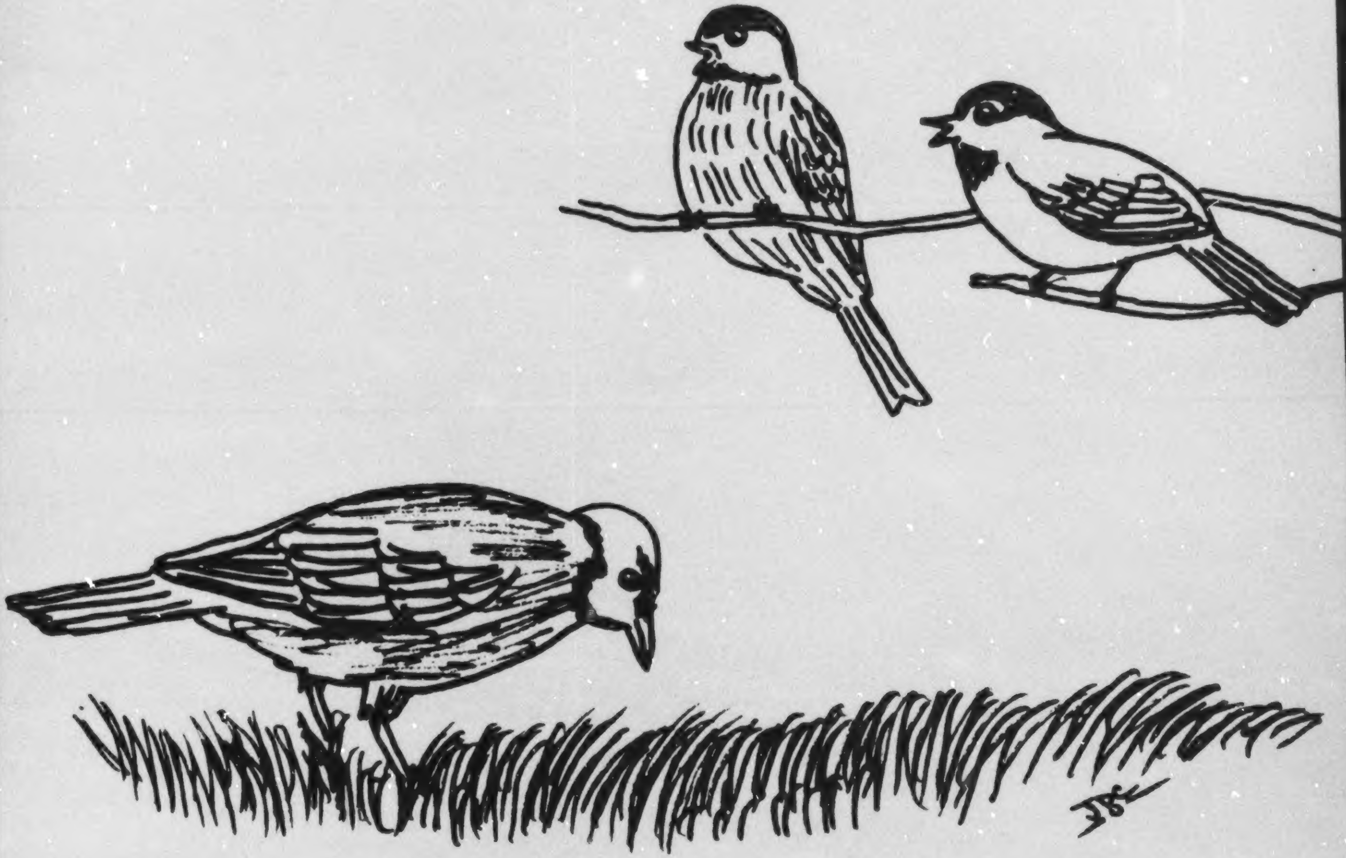
Stories about Inkdomi have been passed on from generation to generation, and many times one story will have several versions. Some of the stories are humorous and others are more serious. This story tells how Inkdomi, in the form of Eagle, turned Crow black.



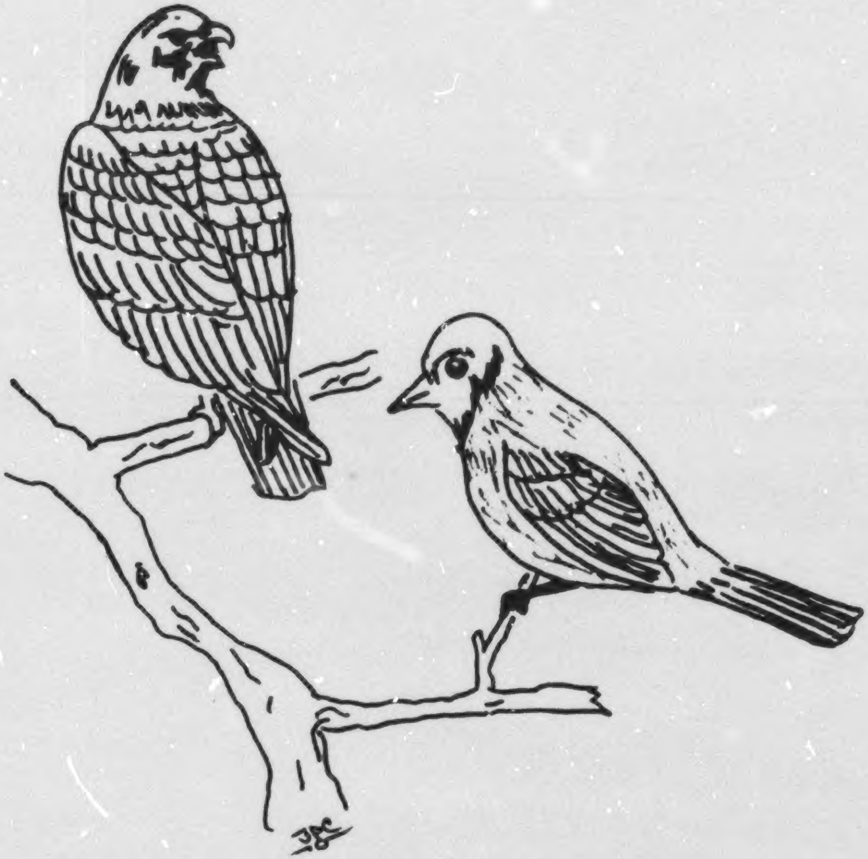
A long time ago, Crow was a beautiful bird. He had a good singing voice.



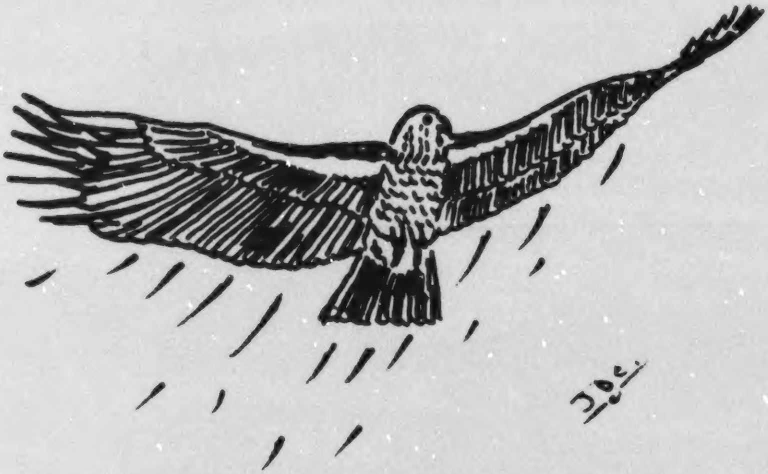
Crow was very proud of himself.
He would fly around and show off his beautiful feathers.



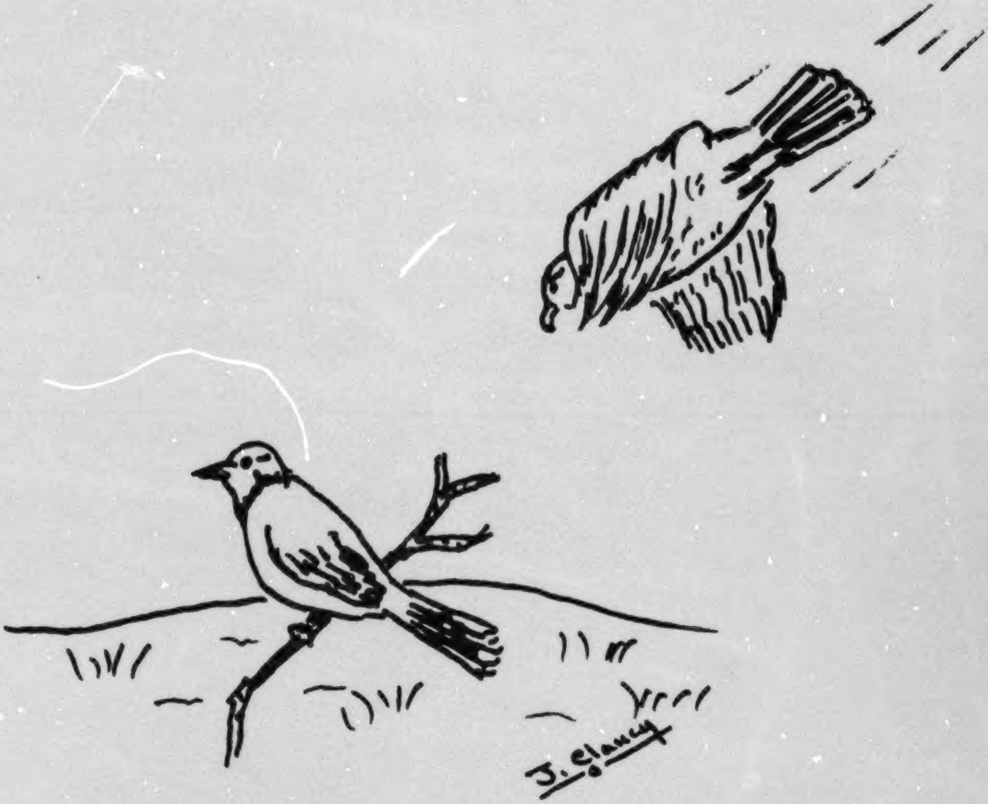
The other birds tried to talk to him,
but he wouldn't pay any attention to them.



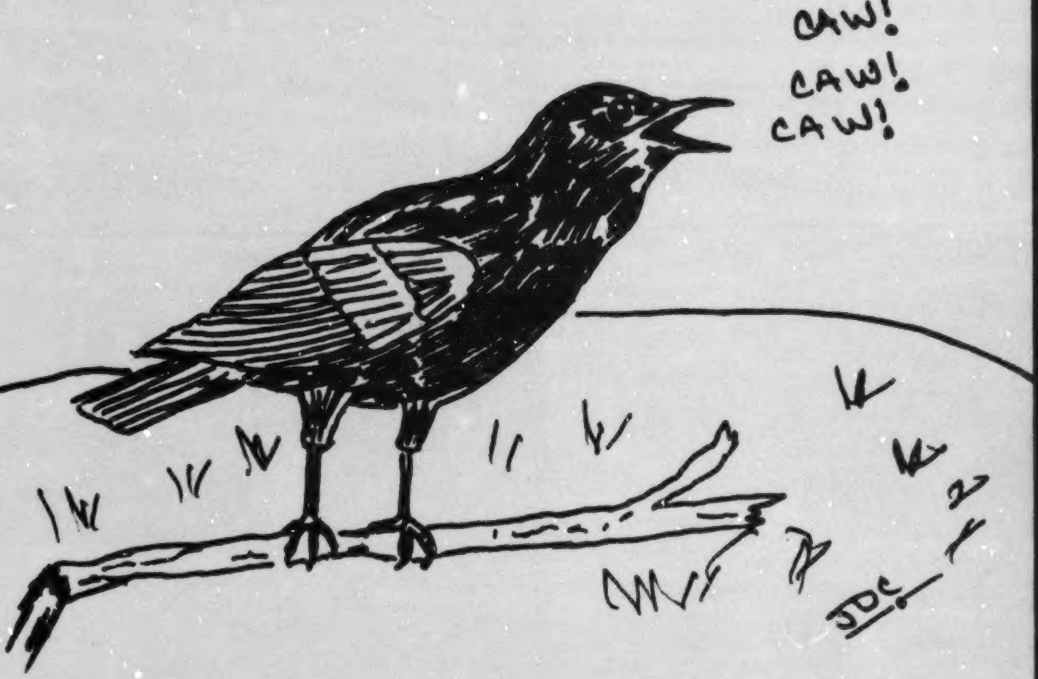
One day, Inkdomi, in the form of Eagle,
wanted to say something to Crow.
But Crow wouldn't have anything to do with him.



That made Eagle angry at Crow.
Eagle said, "I will take away your beautiful voice
and change the color of your feathers."



Eagle flew high into the air
and then flew down towards Crow.
As Eagle came close to Crow, Crow's feathers turned black
and he lost his beautiful voice.


CAW!
CAW!
CAW!
JDC

To this day, the crow is black and its voice sounds funny

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JEROME FOURSTAR

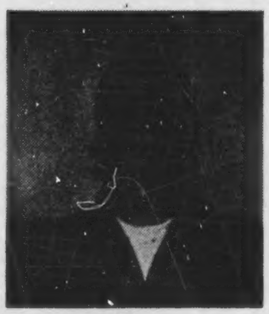
Jerome Fourstar is an Assiniboine Indian who was born and raised on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. He attended elementary school in Frazer, Montana, and received his G.E.D. from Glasgow High School. He served in the Montana National Guard and for many years worked as a carpenter and supervisor of electrical, plumbing and construction work. After taking college coursework in bilingual education, he served as a bilingual teacher at Wolf Point (Montana) High School. For the past five years he has taught Indian culture and religion in the Wolf Point public schools. He has served as a cultural and spiritual leader for both on-reservation and urban Indian groups and for Morning Star, Inc., which trains rehabilitated alcoholics. He also taught youth and served as a spiritual and cultural leader at an ecumenical conference of medicine men in Morley, Alberta, and each summer he is director of a youth camp in Billings.

RICHARD BLUE TALK

Richard Blue Talk is an Assiniboine Indian who was born and raised on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Northern Montana. His hobby is reading and he is a storyteller. He is 63 years old.

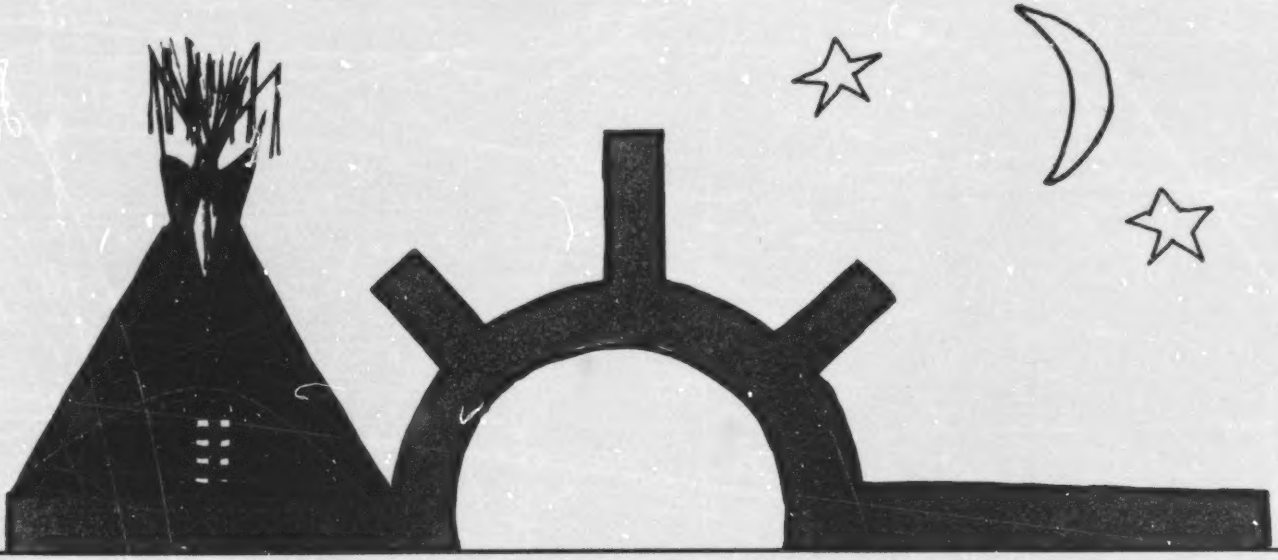
EUNICE BIRTHMARK

Eunice Birthmark is a Sioux Indian who was raised on the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. She spends much of her time teaching Indian singing, dancing and culture, and serves on the Plains Area Curriculum Development Committee for the Pacific Northwest Indian Program. For three years she also worked as a bilingual teacher in Brockton Public School, in Poplar, Montana.



JOSEPH CLANCY, SR.

Joseph Clancy, Sr., is an Assiniboine Indian from the Fort Peck Indian Reservation in Montana. He was born and raised in Wolf Point and graduated from Frazer High School. He attended Northern Montana College in Havre. He has done professional artwork and is skilled in freehand drawing and lettering. He likes to hunt and fish, does beadwork and makes war bonnets and dance bustles. He also likes Indian singing and fancy dancing.



Tepee, Sun and Time

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 14

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Tepee, Sun and Time

Level II Book 14

A Crow Story

Written and illustrated by Henry Real Bird

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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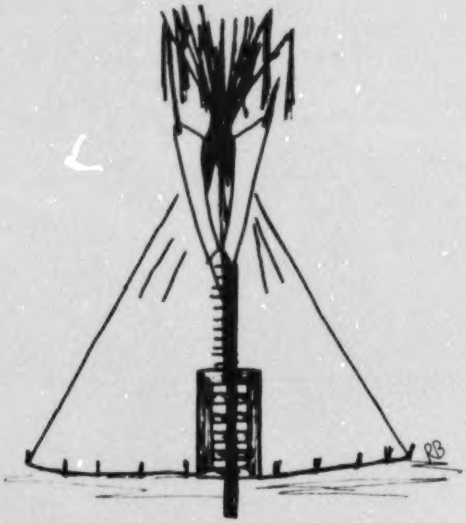
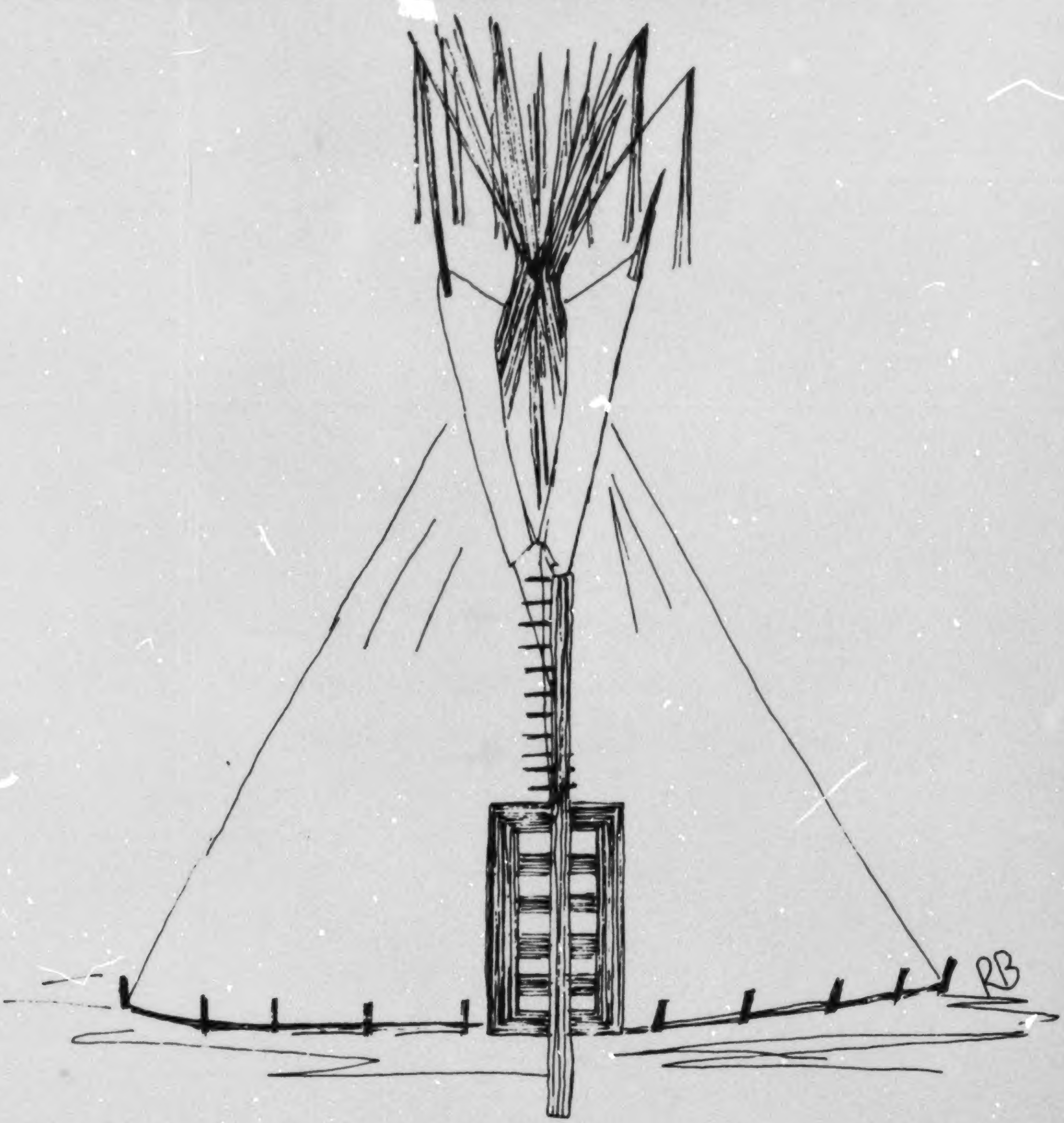
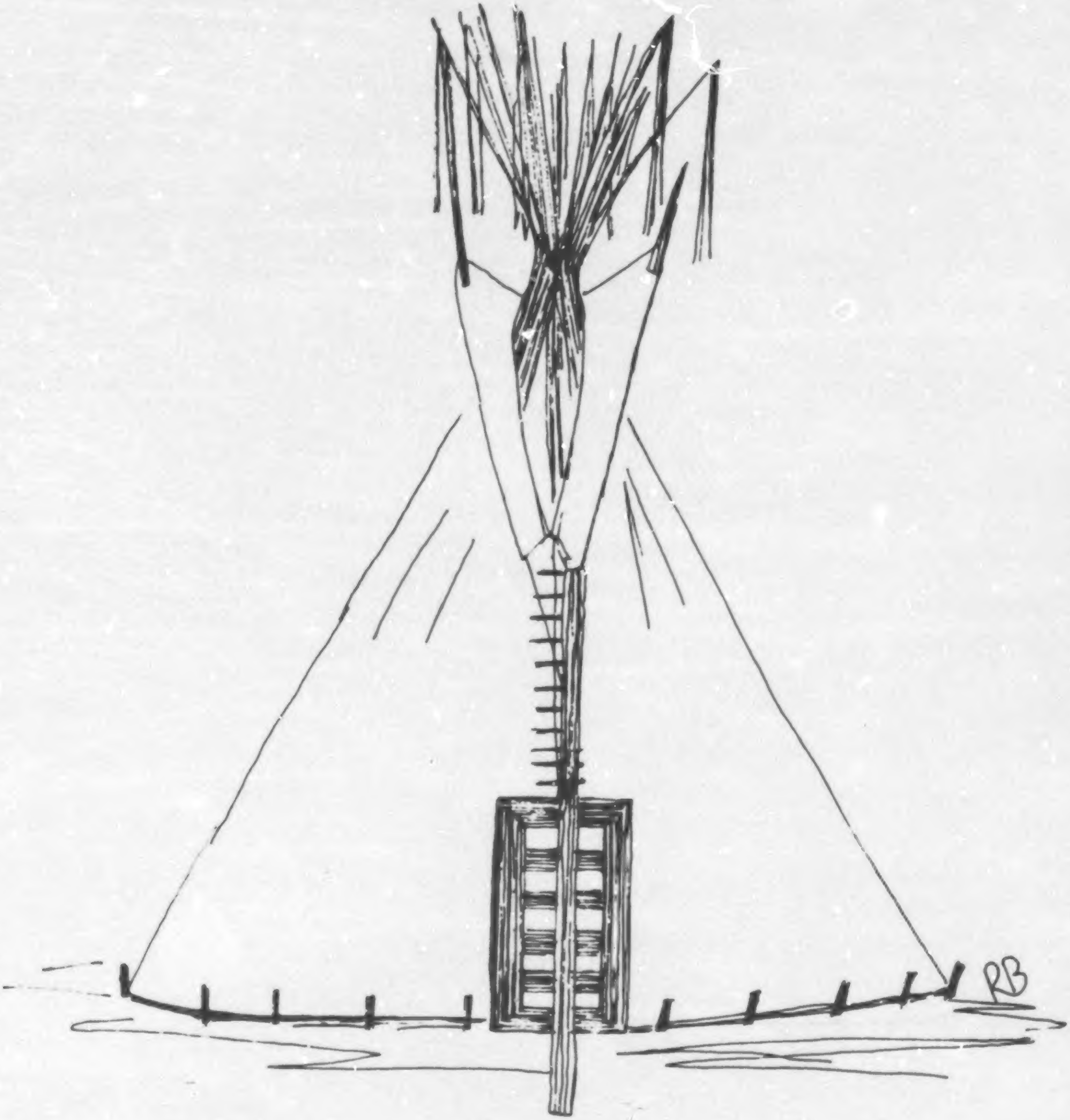


This story is about the tepee. In the old days, it was used as a calendar as well as a home.


RB

The tepee is the home, respect it.
It is your place.
When something is bothering you,
    that is where you can go.

Don't go in just anywhere.
Use the door.
The dead are taken out through the sides
or the back door of the tepee.
The dead can no longer walk
and can't use the door.
This is why they are taken out the
the back or the sides.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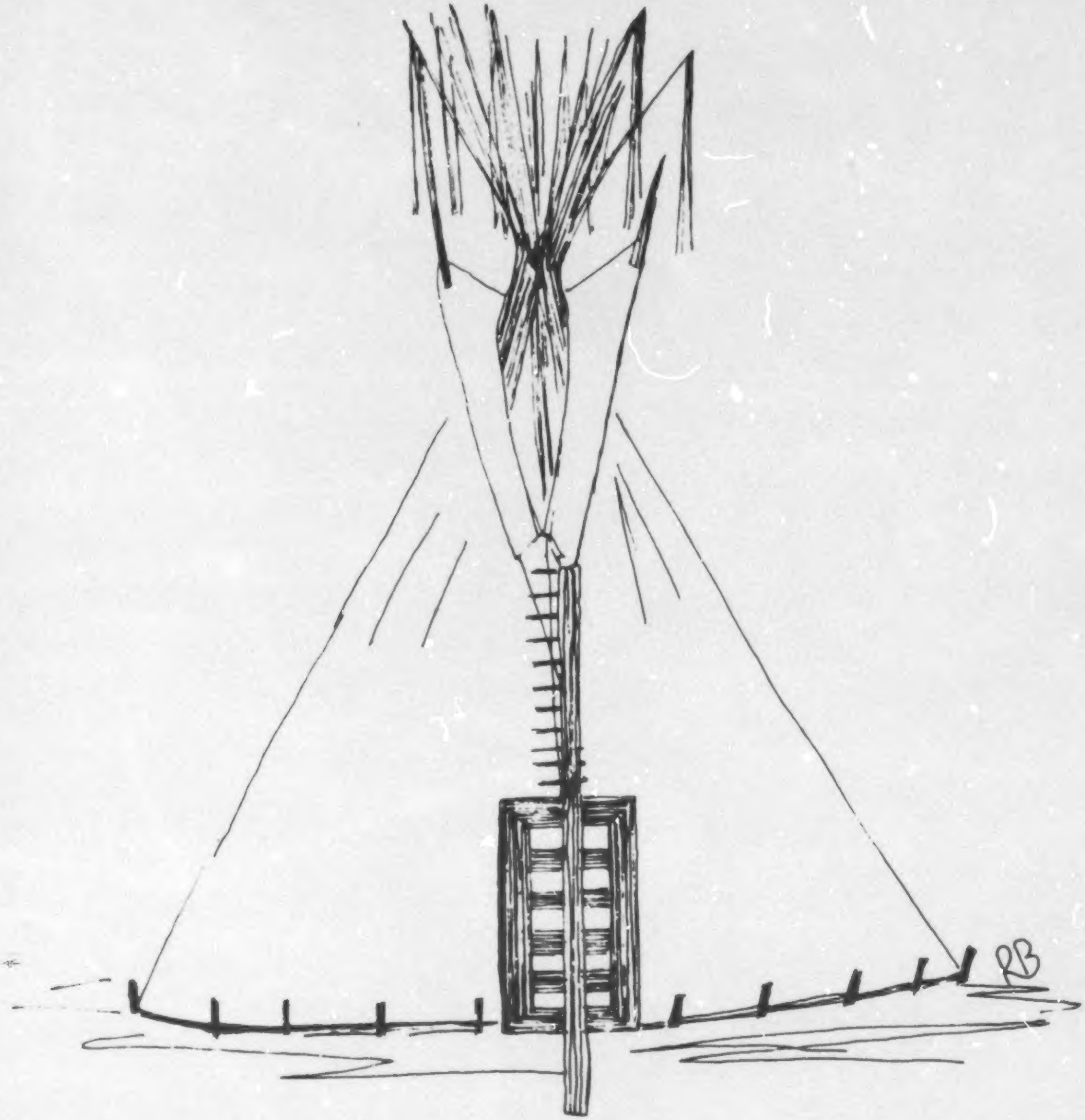
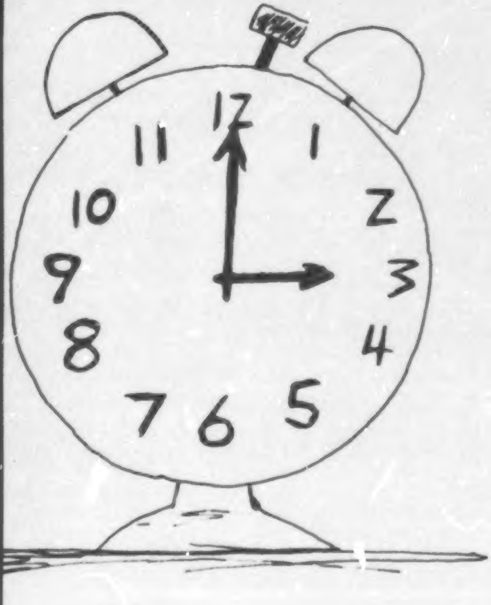

RB

Don't throw things on the tepee.
Don't burn the tepee poles
	or the tepee materials.
When you are inside, don't run and jump
	all over the place.
The tepee is your home, care for it.
The tepee is your home, respect it.

In the old days the Indians didn't have
a tick tock tin clock
or a flip flop paper calendar
to tell time.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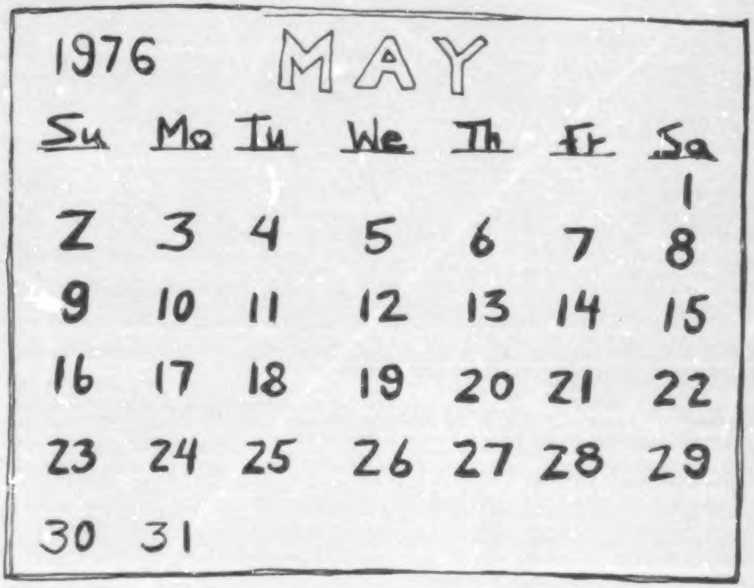

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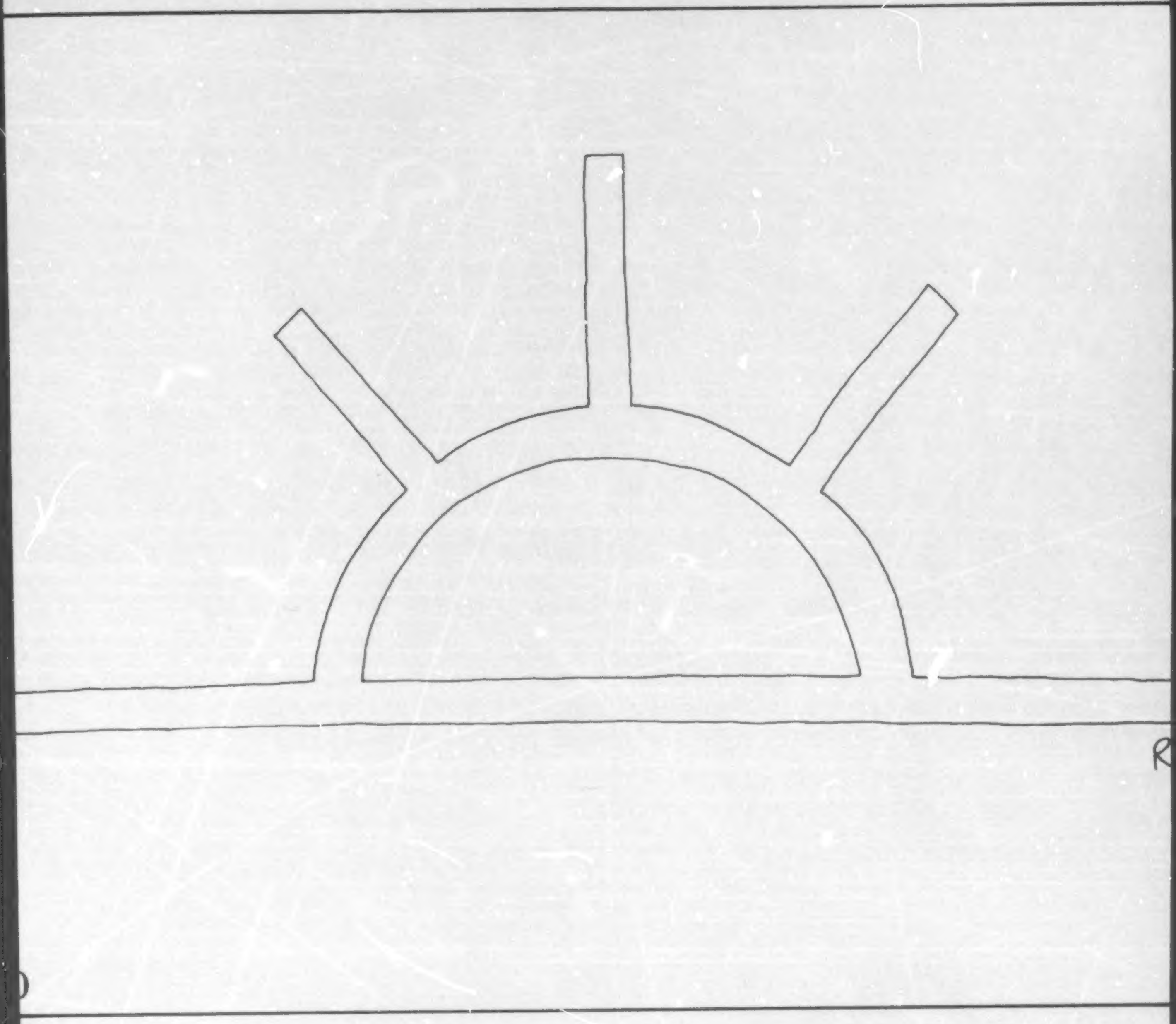
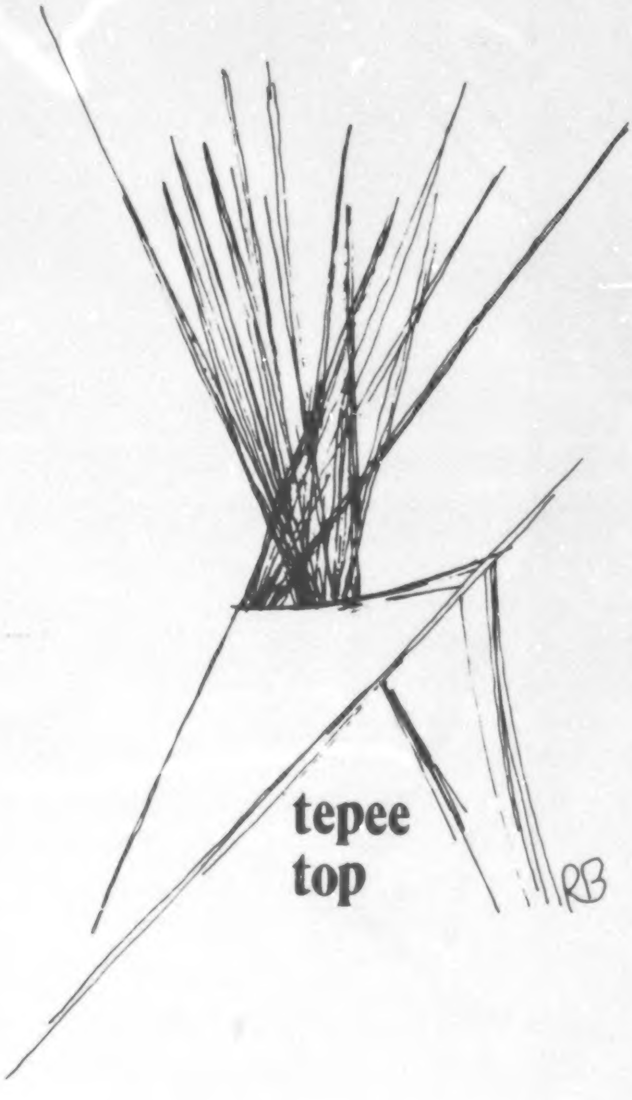
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31					

RB


R
D

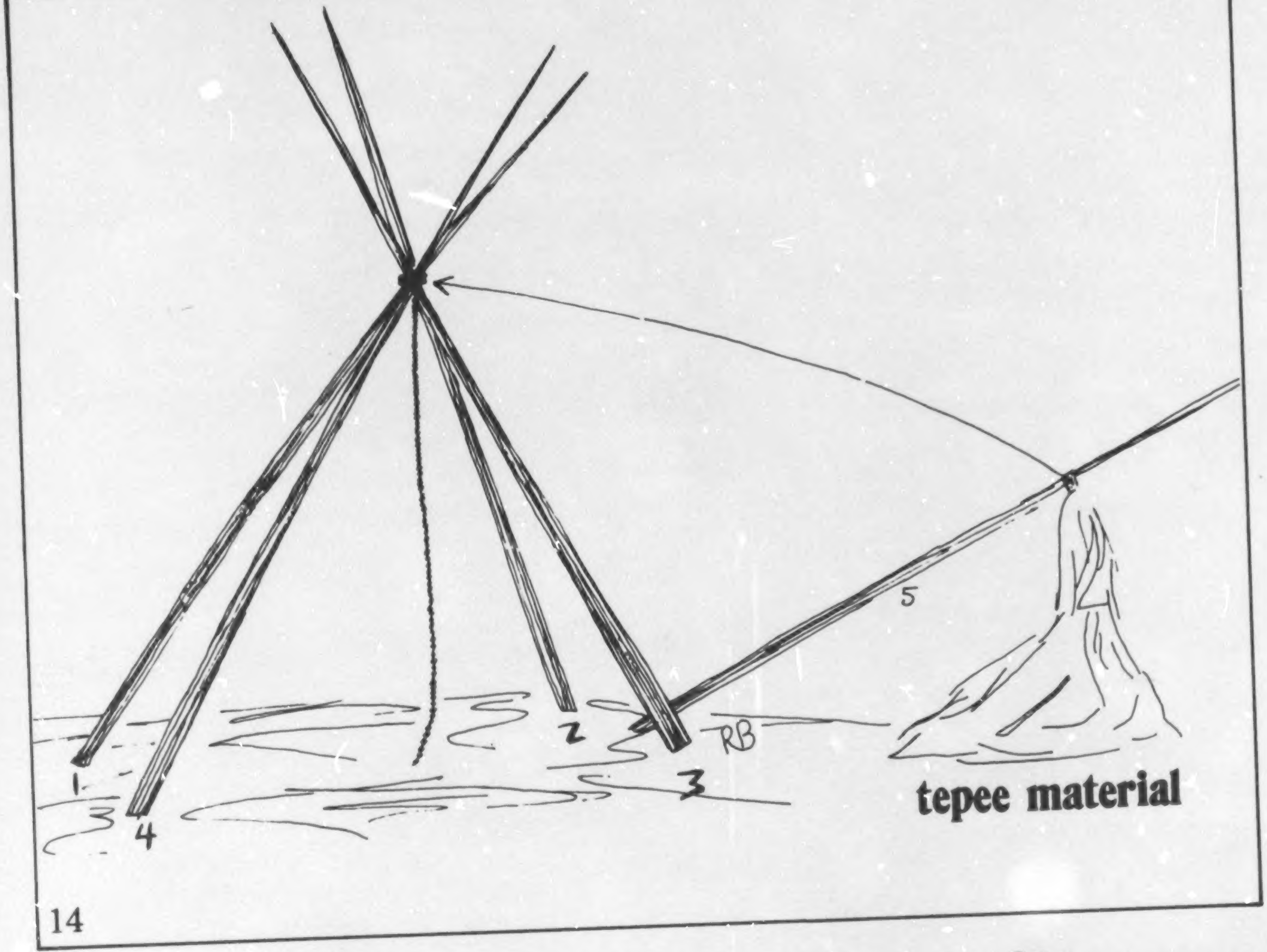
The sun told the Indians the time.
The sun, like the ground, water,
air, moon and stars,
is always a part of this world.

Some of the Indians who lived in tepees
used the tepee poles to tell time.
The tepee always faced where the sun came out.



tepee
top
RB

13


1
2
3
4
5
RB
tepee material

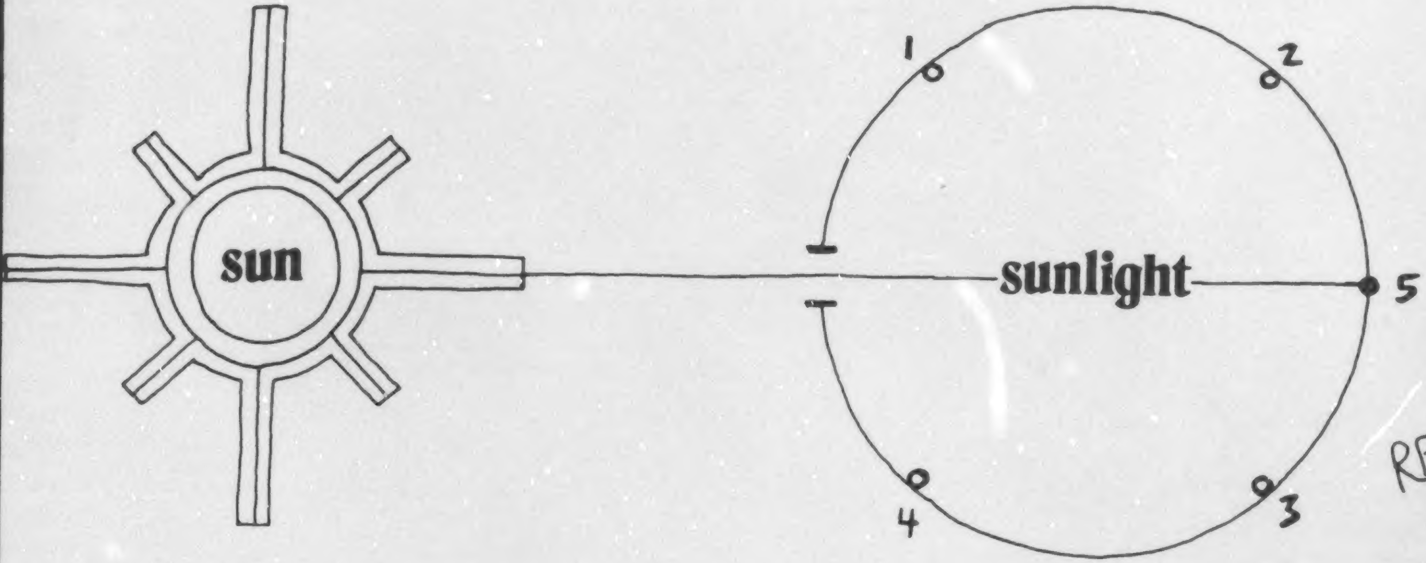
14

363

364

Today we still pitch tepees
like in the old times.
To make the tepee base,
four poles are tied together
and spread apart.
Each pole leans on the other poles.
The tepee material is tied to a fifth pole
which is directly across from the door.
These five poles are important.

When the sun appears and the door is open,
the first sunlight hits the number five pole.


sun
sunlight
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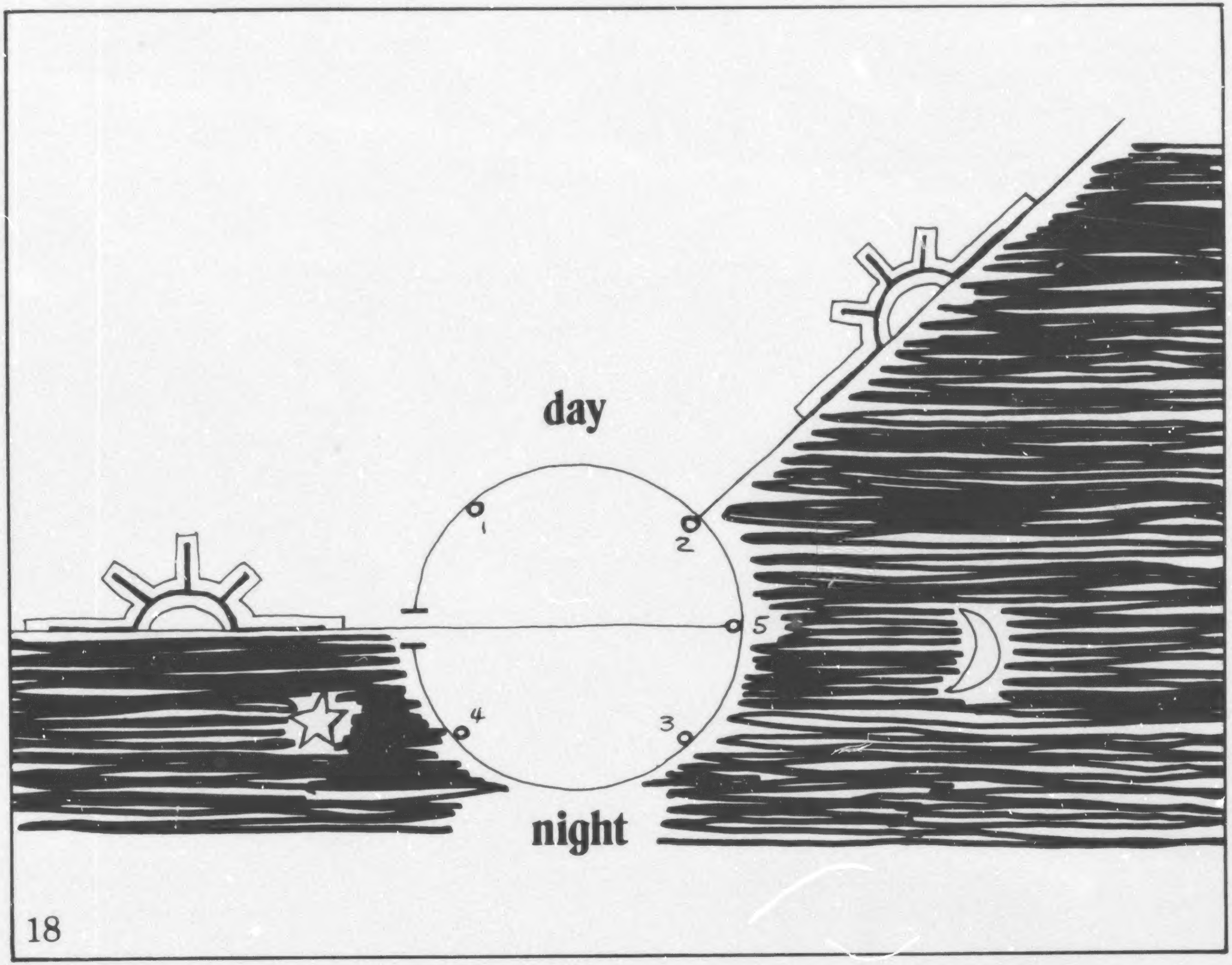
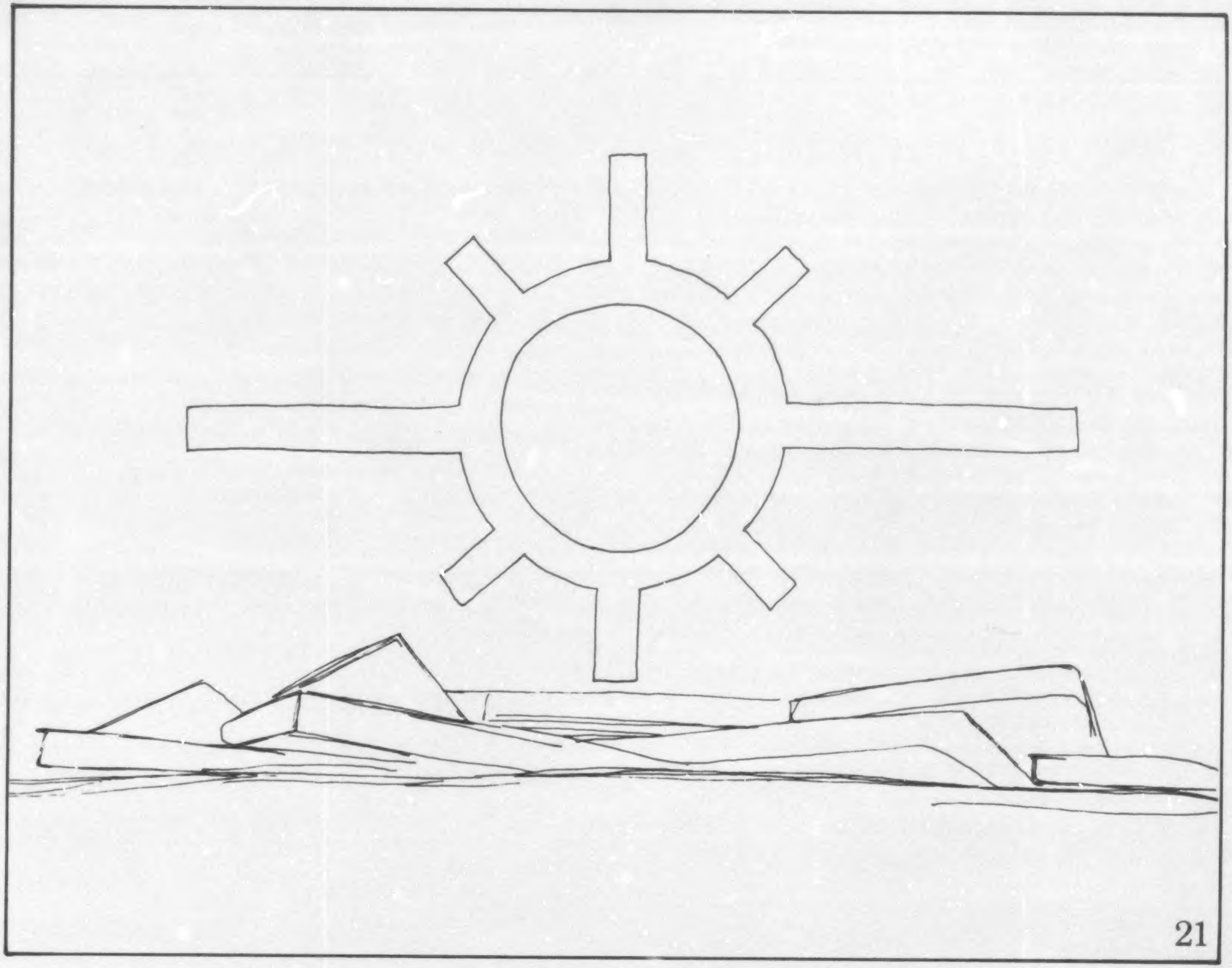
RB


day
1
2
5
4
3
night

18

During the year the sunset moves around the tepee.
When it is winter, the sun sets
    at the number two pole.
This is the shortest day of the year, December 21.
This is the time for story telling
    and playing stick or hand games.
Pemmican is made at this time.

Each day the sunset slowly moves
toward the number five pole.
Before it gets to the number five pole,
the first flood comes and breaks the winter ice.



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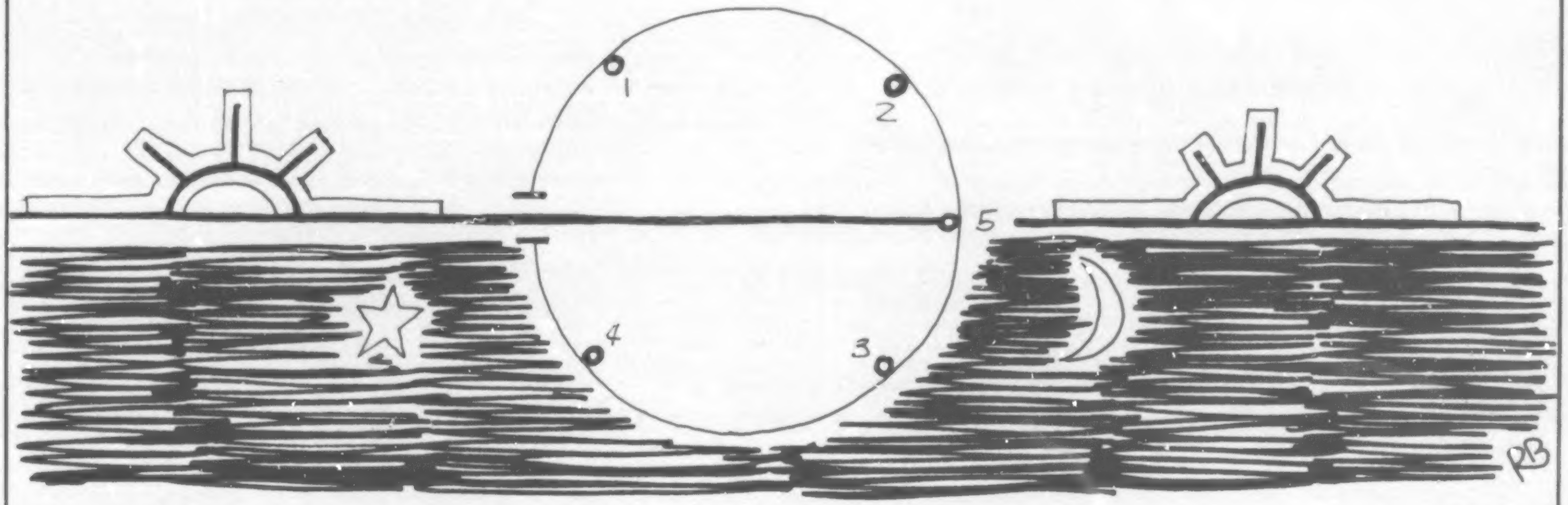
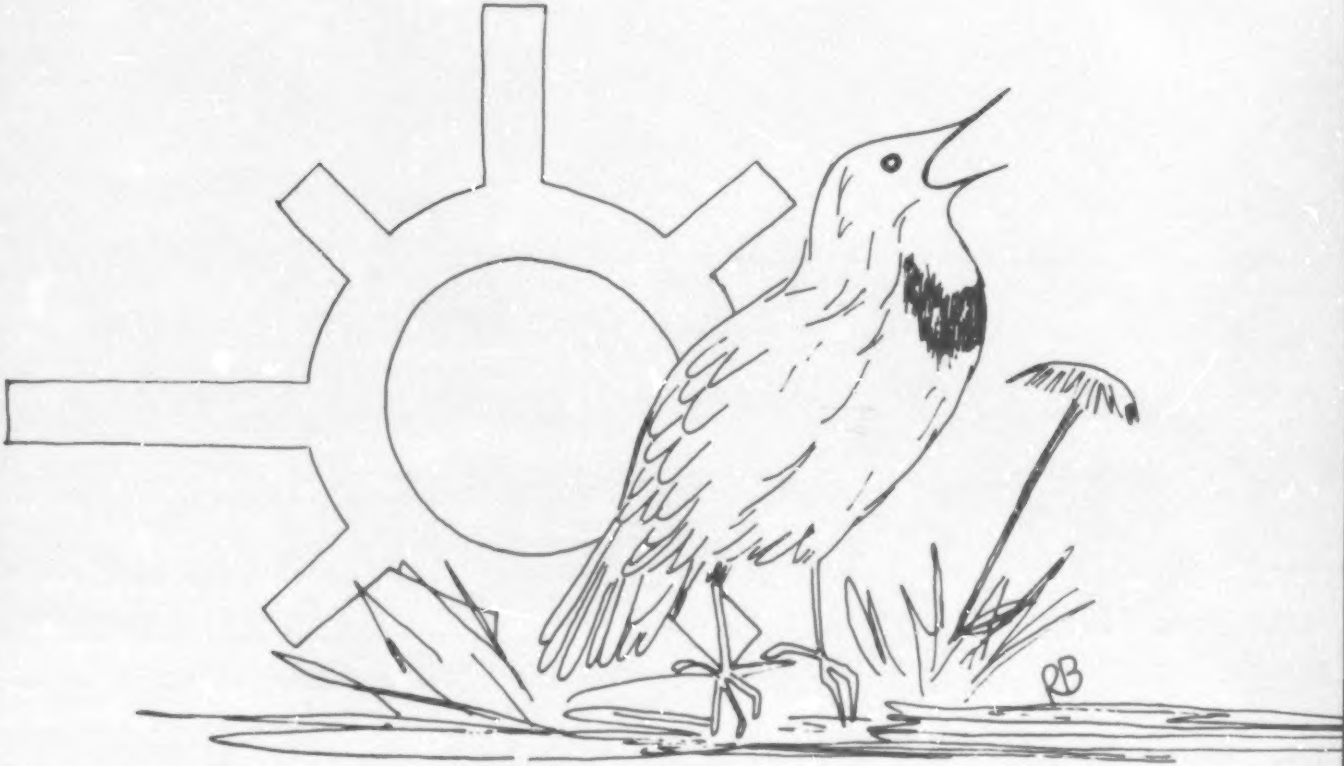


22

When the sun sets at the number five pole,
the days and nights are equal.
This day is March 21.

The sunset moves closer and closer
toward the number four pole.
The leaves, flowers, baby animals and birds come out.
It is time for the second flood.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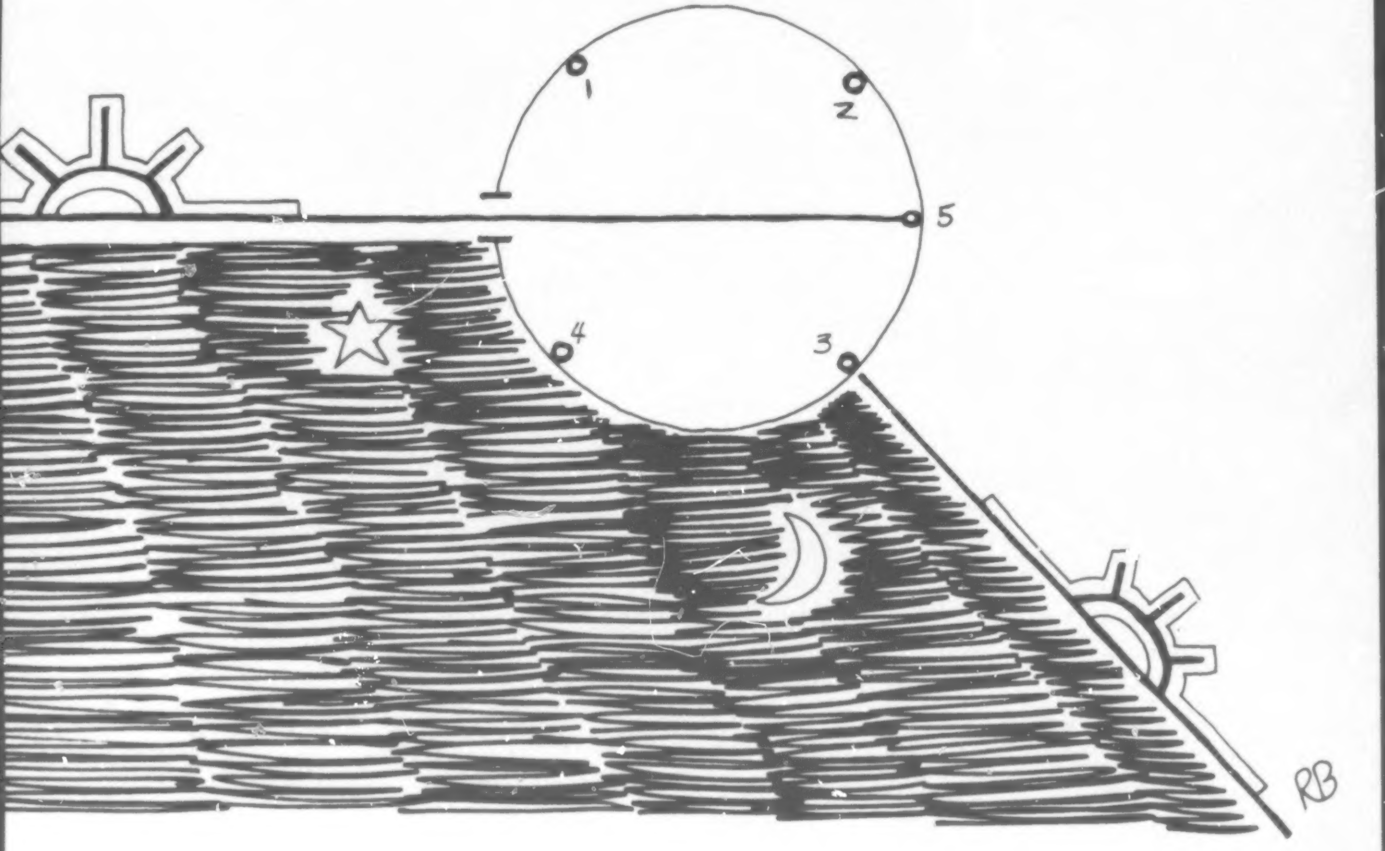
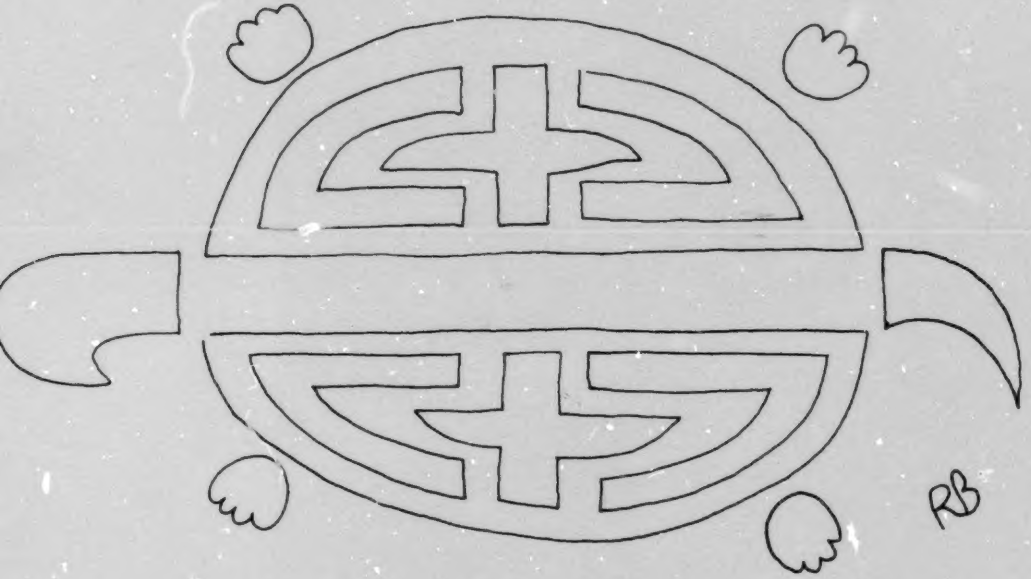

1
2
5
4
3
RB

The sun finally sets at the number three pole
on June 21.
This is the longest day of the year.

About this time, the leaves get as big
as they are going to get.
The snapping turtle babies have their eyes.



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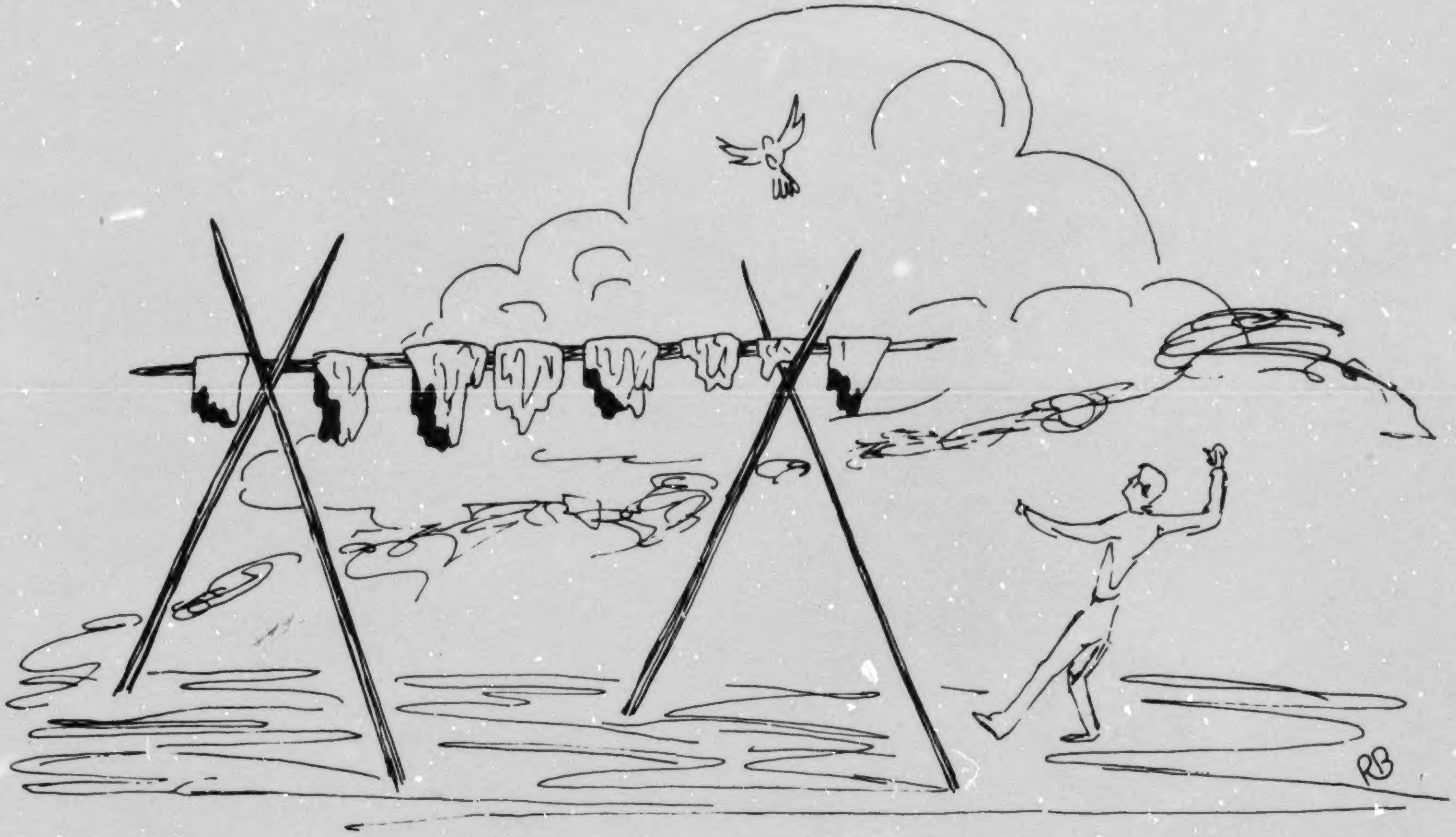
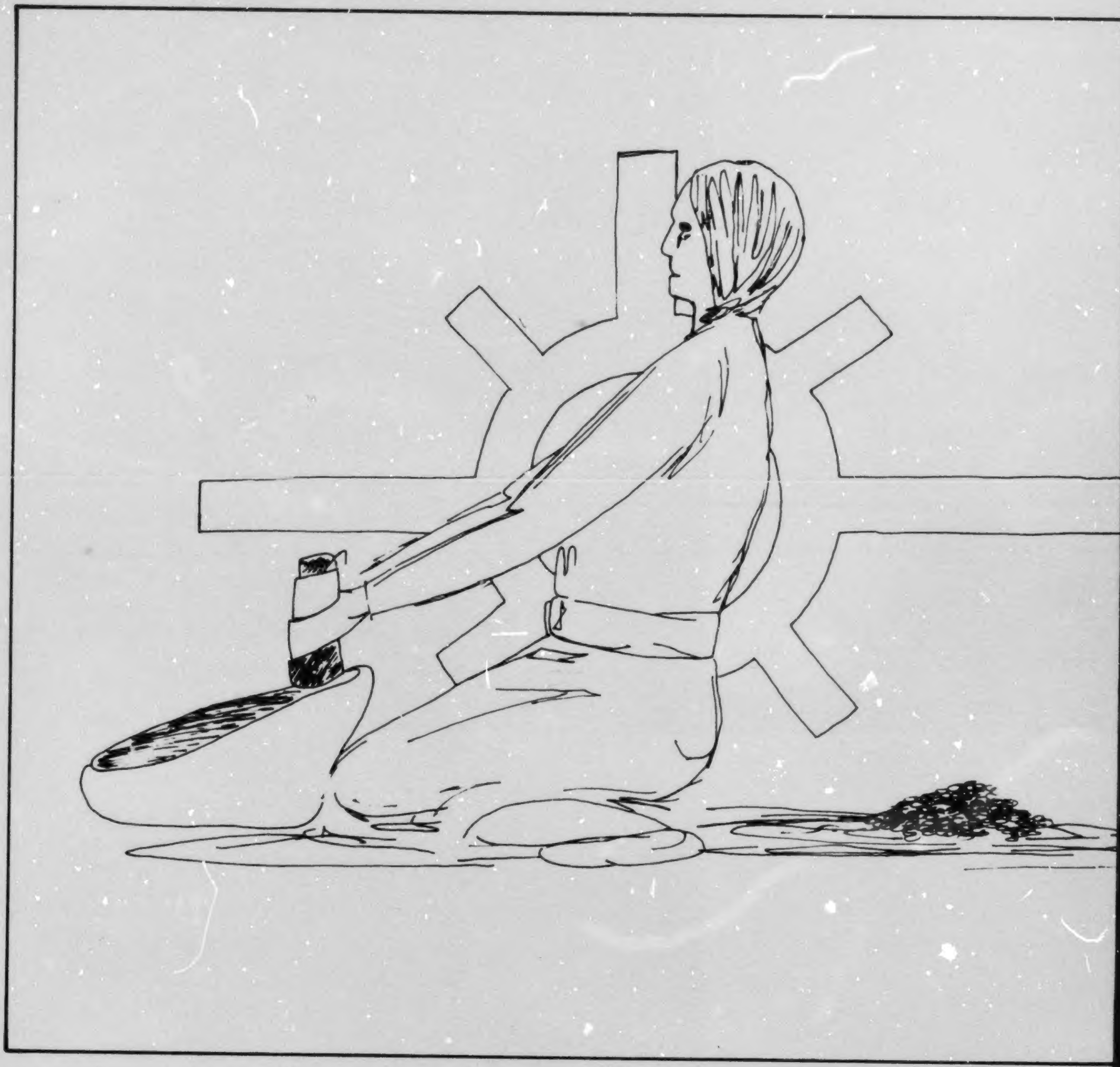
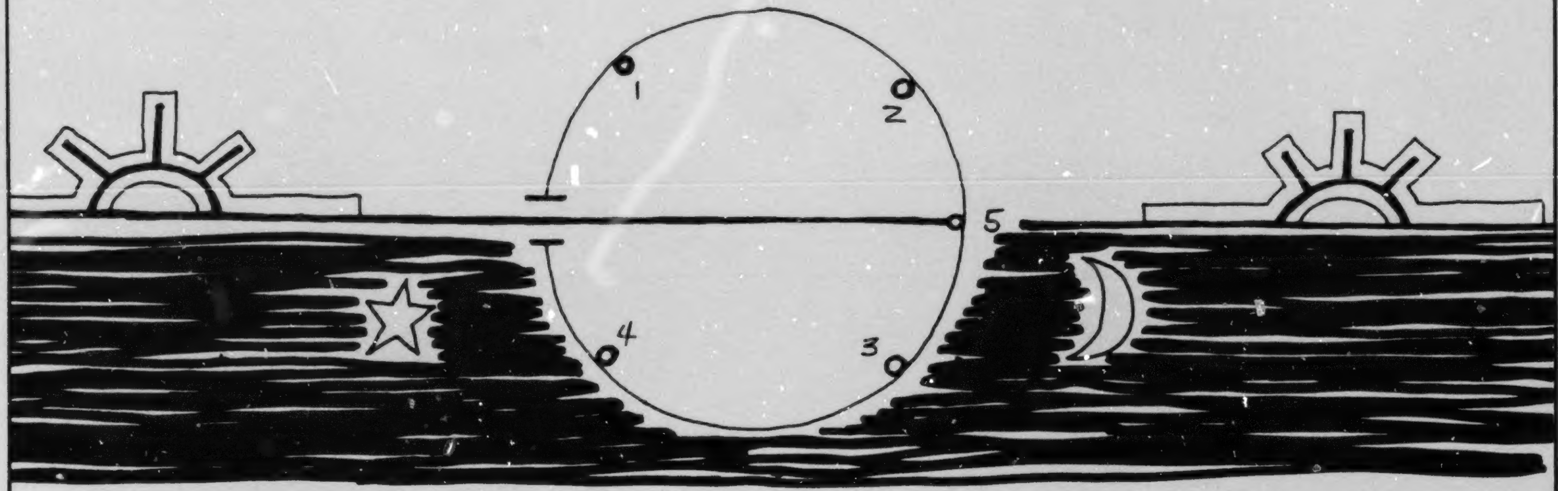


30

With each day, the sunset moves back
    toward the number five pole.
This is the time to make dry meat
    and to tan hides for tepees and clothes.
Little boys stand guard
    and practice shooting magpies.

When the nights become cooler,
the chokecherries become ripe.
They are crushed and dried to save
for the coming winter.

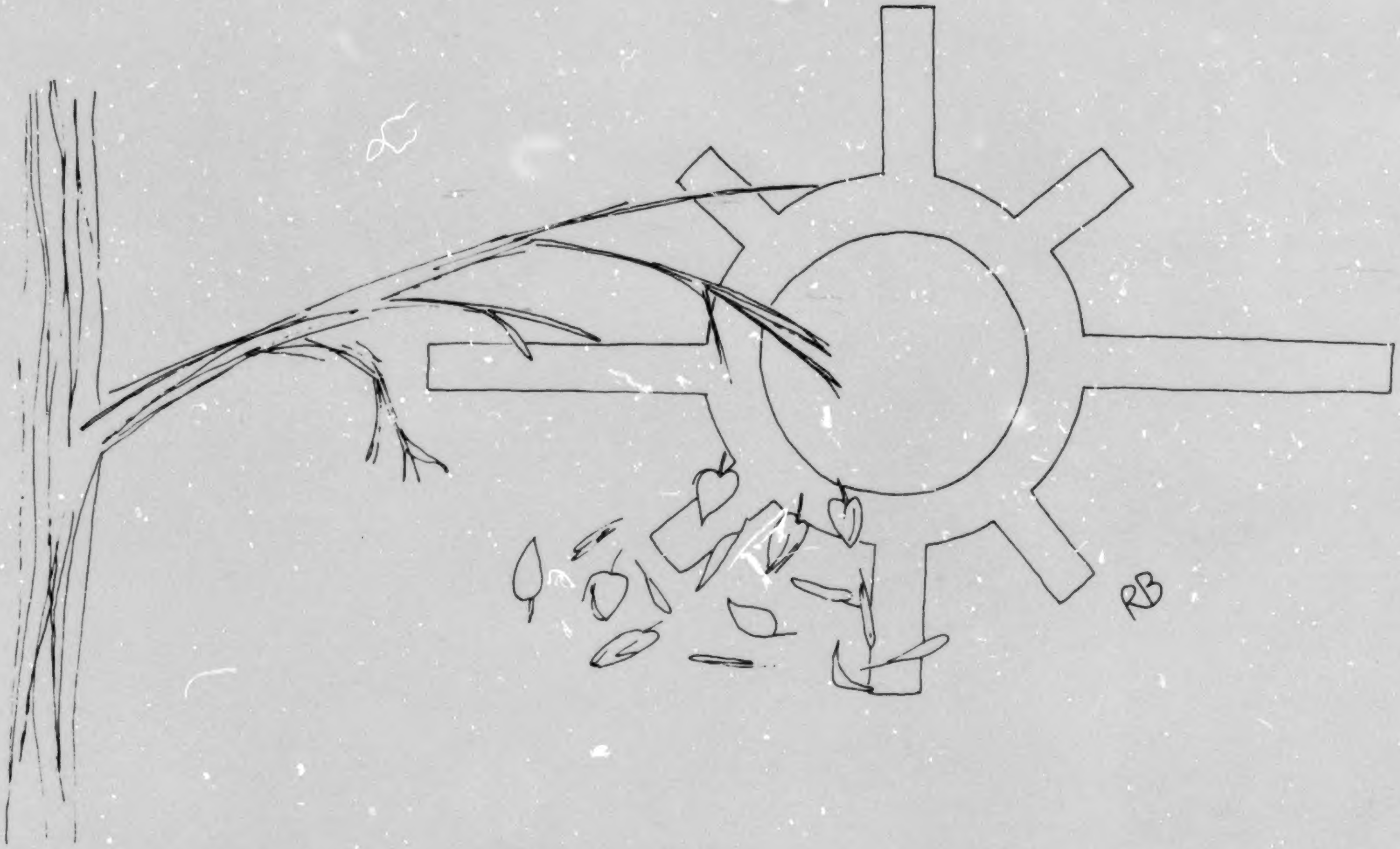




34

When the sun again sets at the number five pole,
the nights and days are equal.
This day is September 21.
At this time life rests.

As the sunset moves toward the number two pole,
leaves fall and the first snow falls.
This is how the sunset moves around the tepee
to tell the Indians the time.



37

HENRY REAL BIRD

Henry Real Bird is a Crow Indian who was raised in the traditional Crow way on the Crow Indian reservation in Montana. He entered first grade speaking only the Crow Indian language and has an intimate knowledge of problems Indian children encounter in the public school system. He received his B.S. in Elementary Education from Montana State University and has taught reading in all the elementary grades. He served as Curriculum Coordinator for Project Head Start, Language Arts Supervisor at St. Xavier Indian Mission and Summer Program Planner for 4-H and Youth Programs on the Crow Indian reservation. As the Teacher Orientation Specialist for the Pacific Northwest Indian Program, he was responsible for developing a teacher's manual and accompanying teaching inservice program, in addition to writing and illustrating books designed for Indian children. He has served on the Montana Advisory Committee on Children and Youth and the Crow Central Education Commission, and was a delegate to the 1971 White House Conference on Youth. He also is a saddle bronc rider and member of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association.

Water Story

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 15

JUL 1985
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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Water Story

Level II Book 15

A Crow Story

Written and illustrated by Henry Real Bird

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
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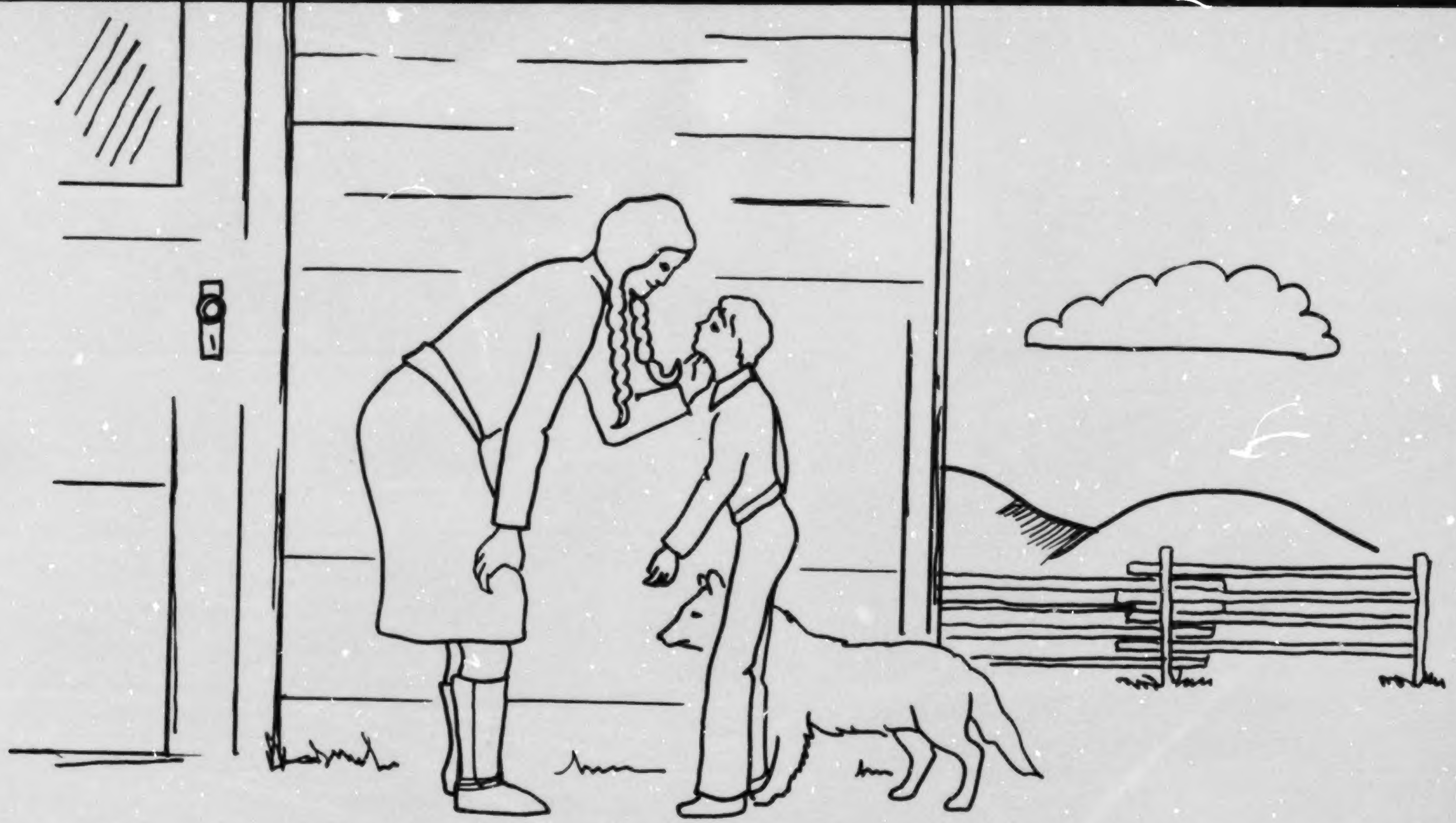
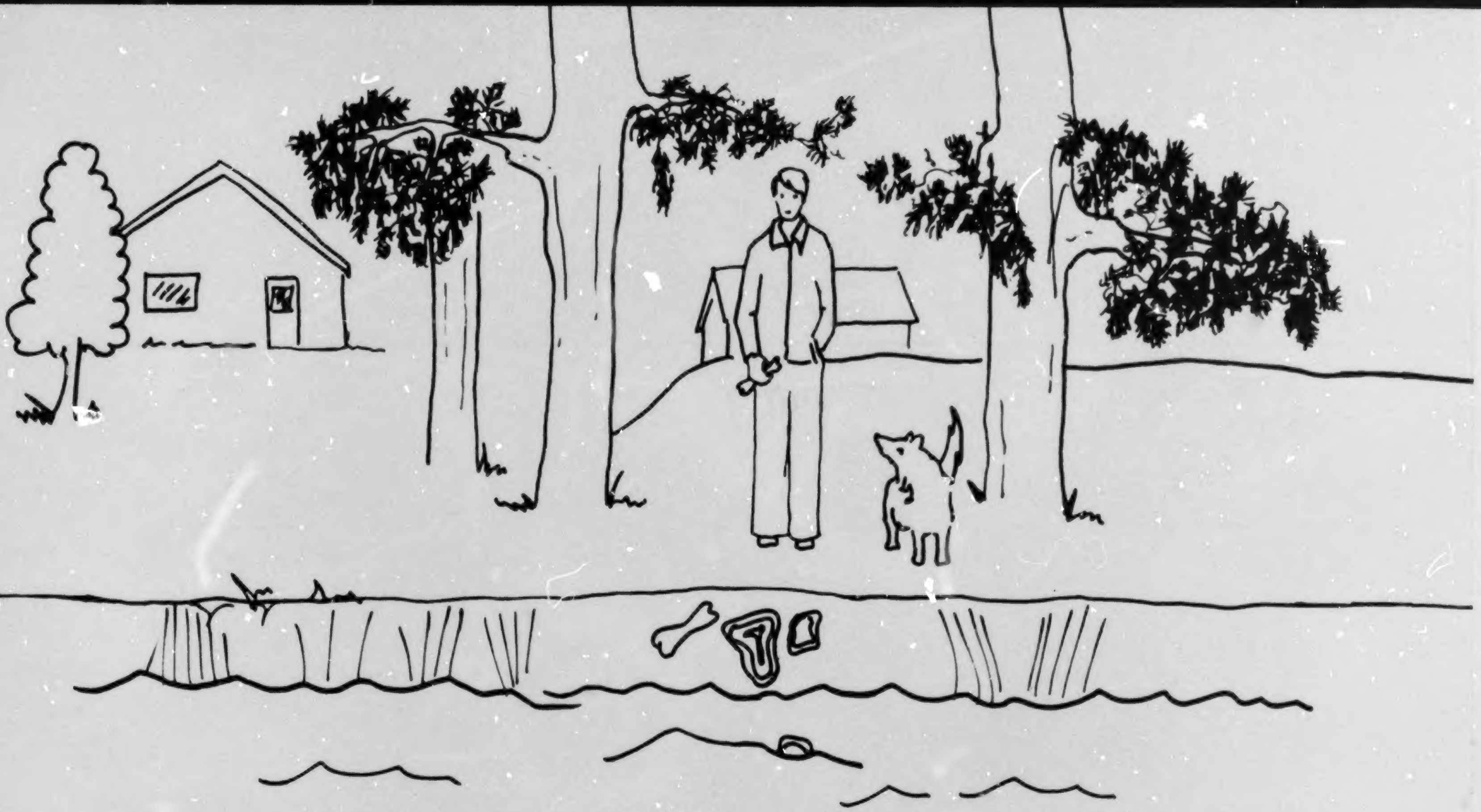
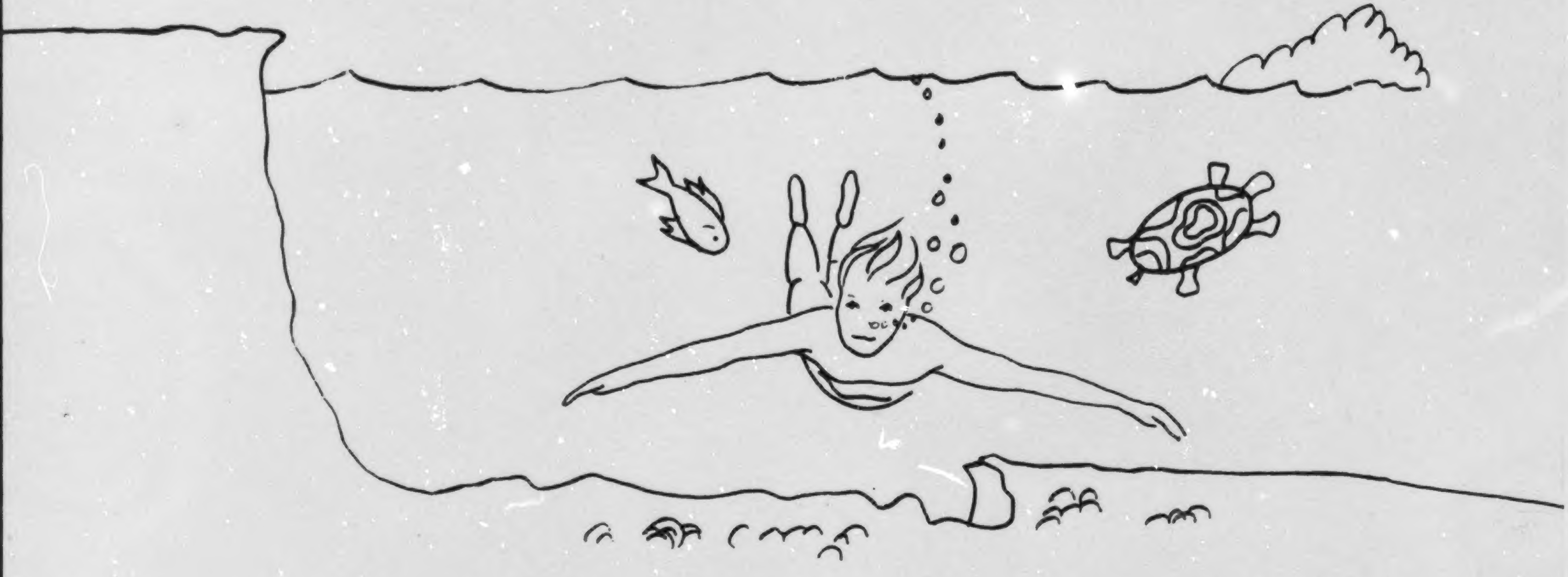
This story is about the mystery of water — that wherever water goes, there is life. It tells about a boy who is taught to respect the water by throwing food into the river for water animals to eat. It also tells how water changes through the four seasons.



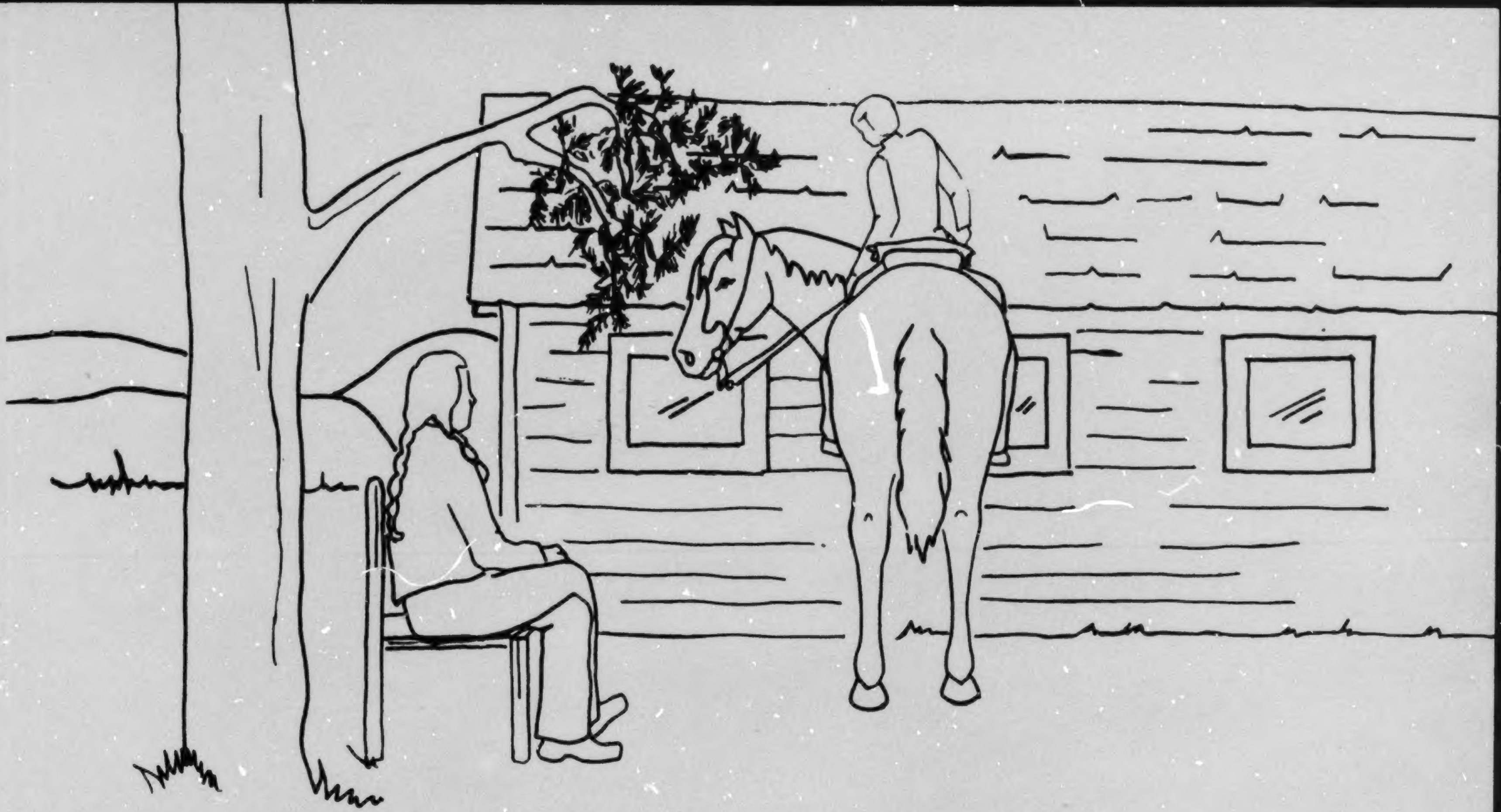
Water has much mystery.
When I was a boy my grandmother would say,
"Jack, you must feed the river before you swim.
When you feed the river,
the water people will watch over you.
Then you will not drown or get hurt."



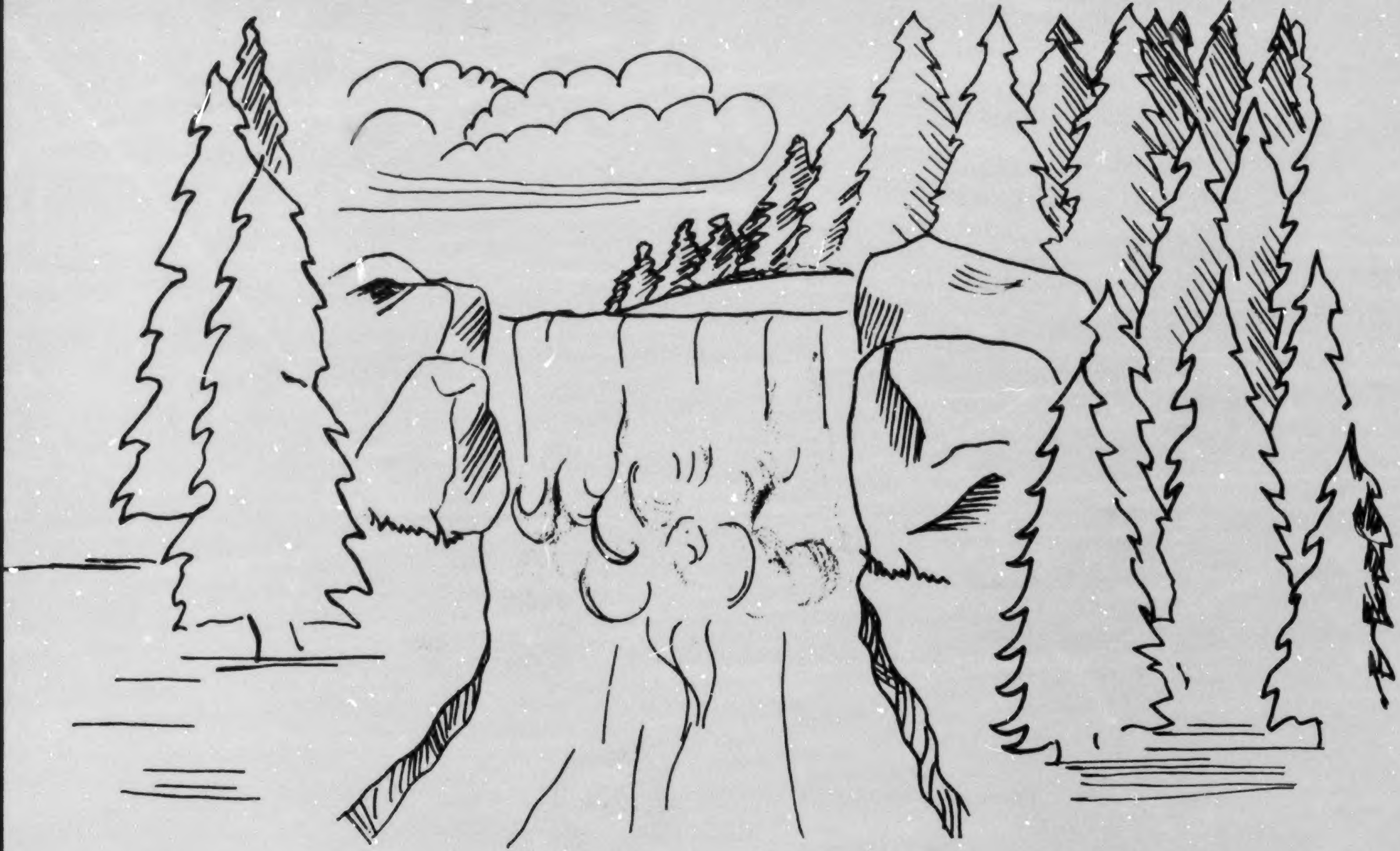
I would take some meat, fat and bones
to feed the water people.
I would say, "River, watch me.
I am going to swim again.
Here are some meat, fat and bones for you."
I would throw the food into the river and watch it sink.



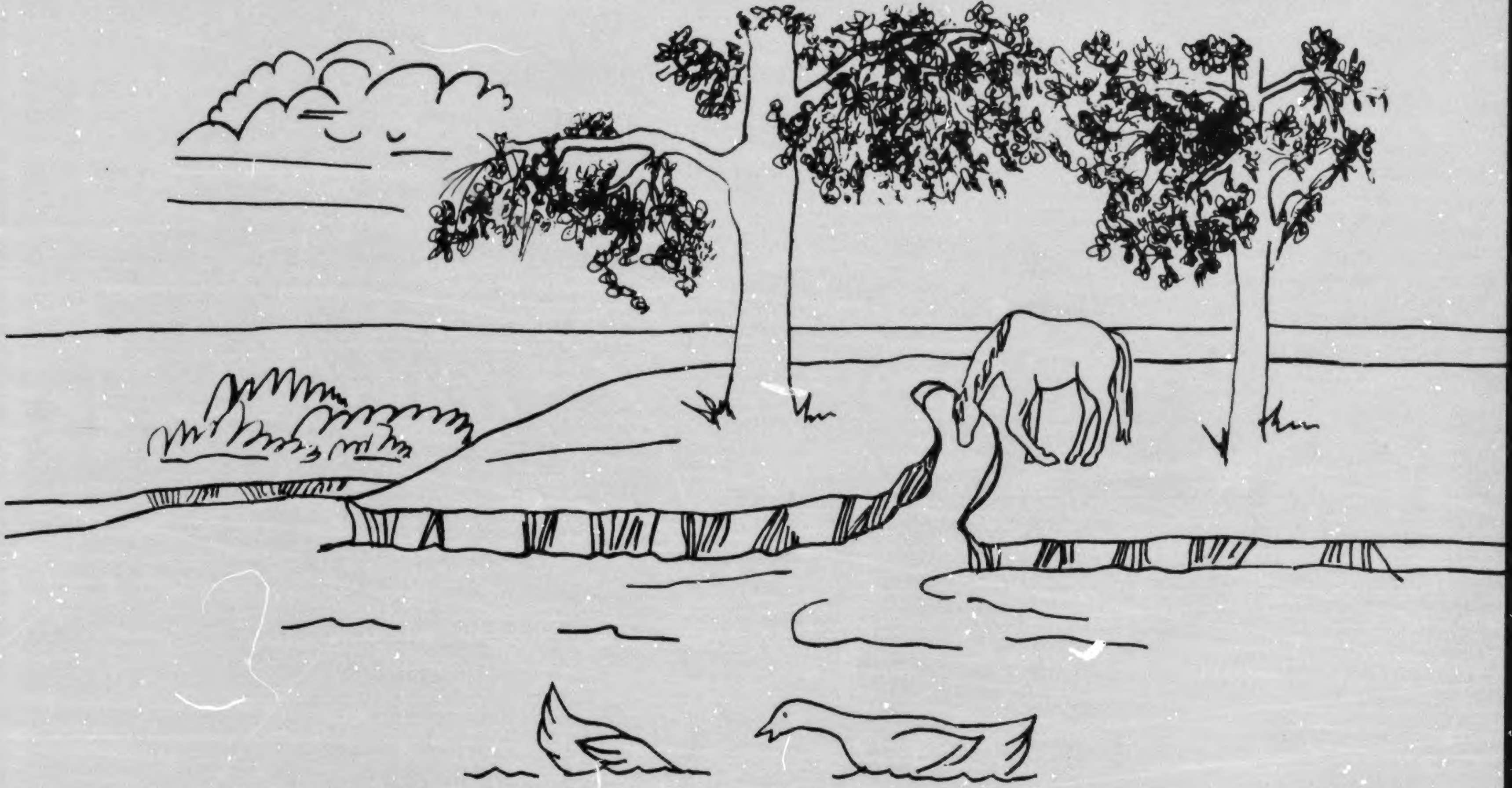
I had so much fun swimming.
The water was fresh and clean.
It tasted so good.



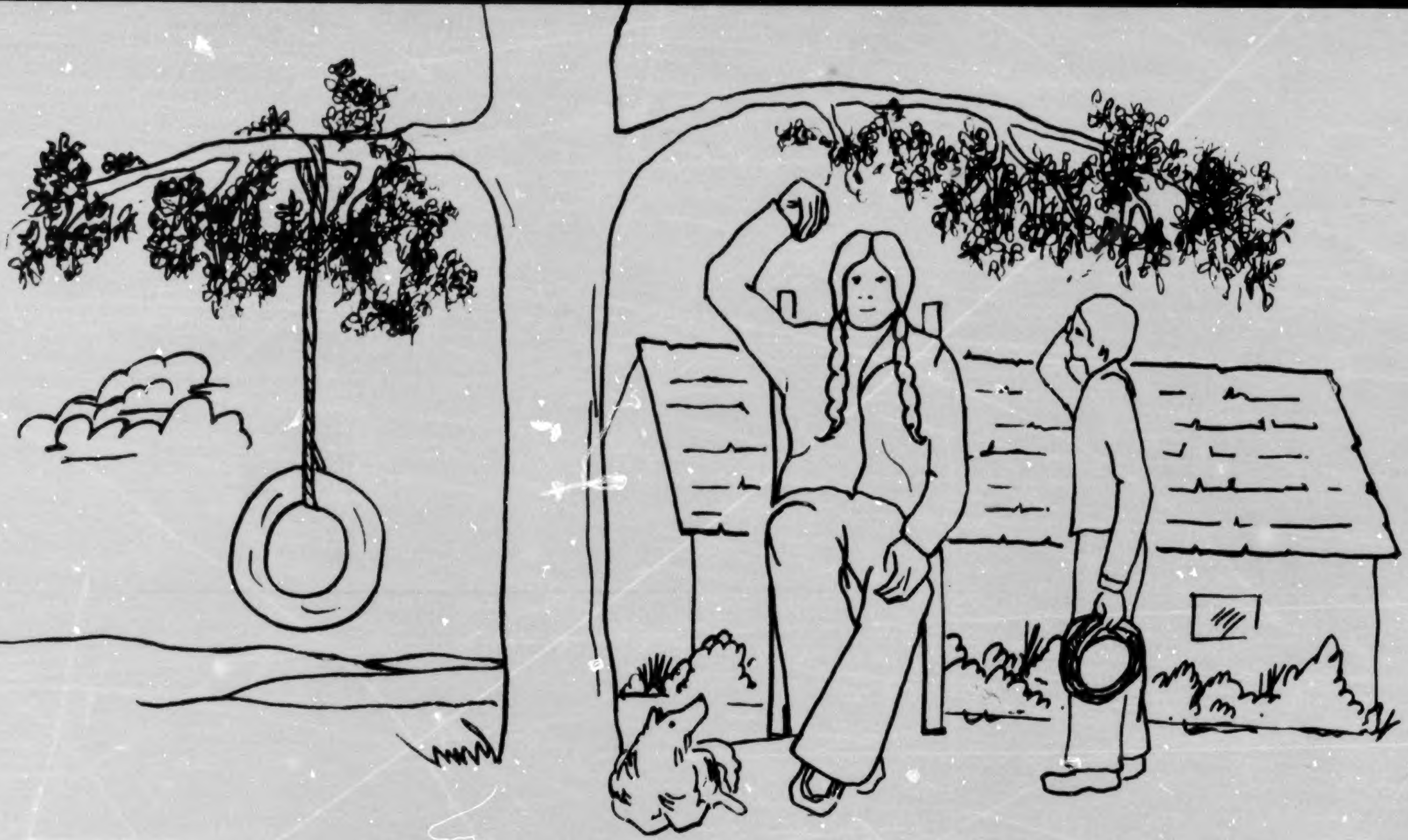
My grandfather used to say,
"It is good that you feed the river.
It will watch over you, and you will be safe.
Water has much mystery.
It comes out of this great ground
and blinds us when it becomes a cloud."



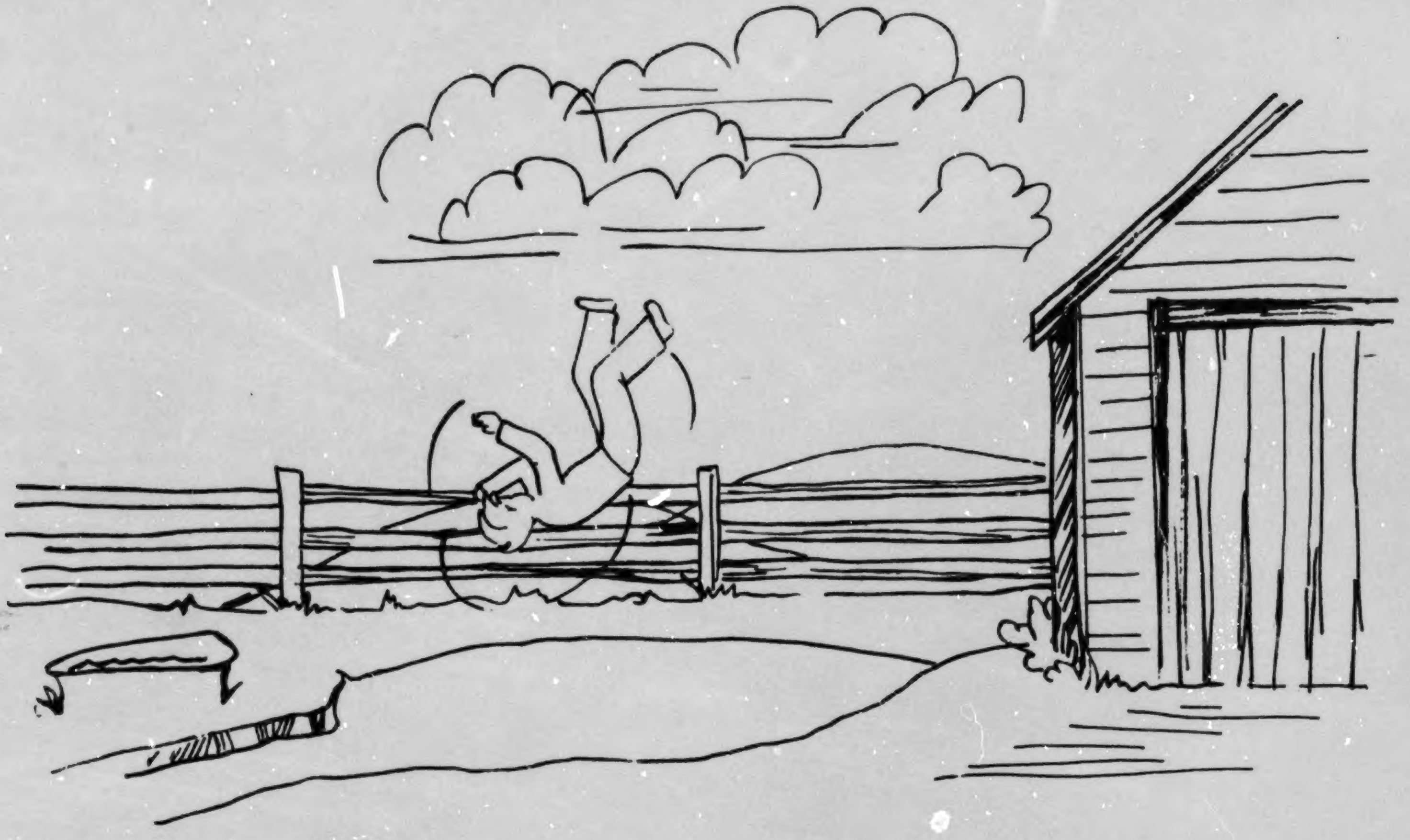
"When the water flows down,
it is a stream, creek, brook or river.
But when it can't flow, it is a puddle, pond, lake or ocean.
Fish, frogs, turtles and beavers live in the water.
We play with it, in it and on it."



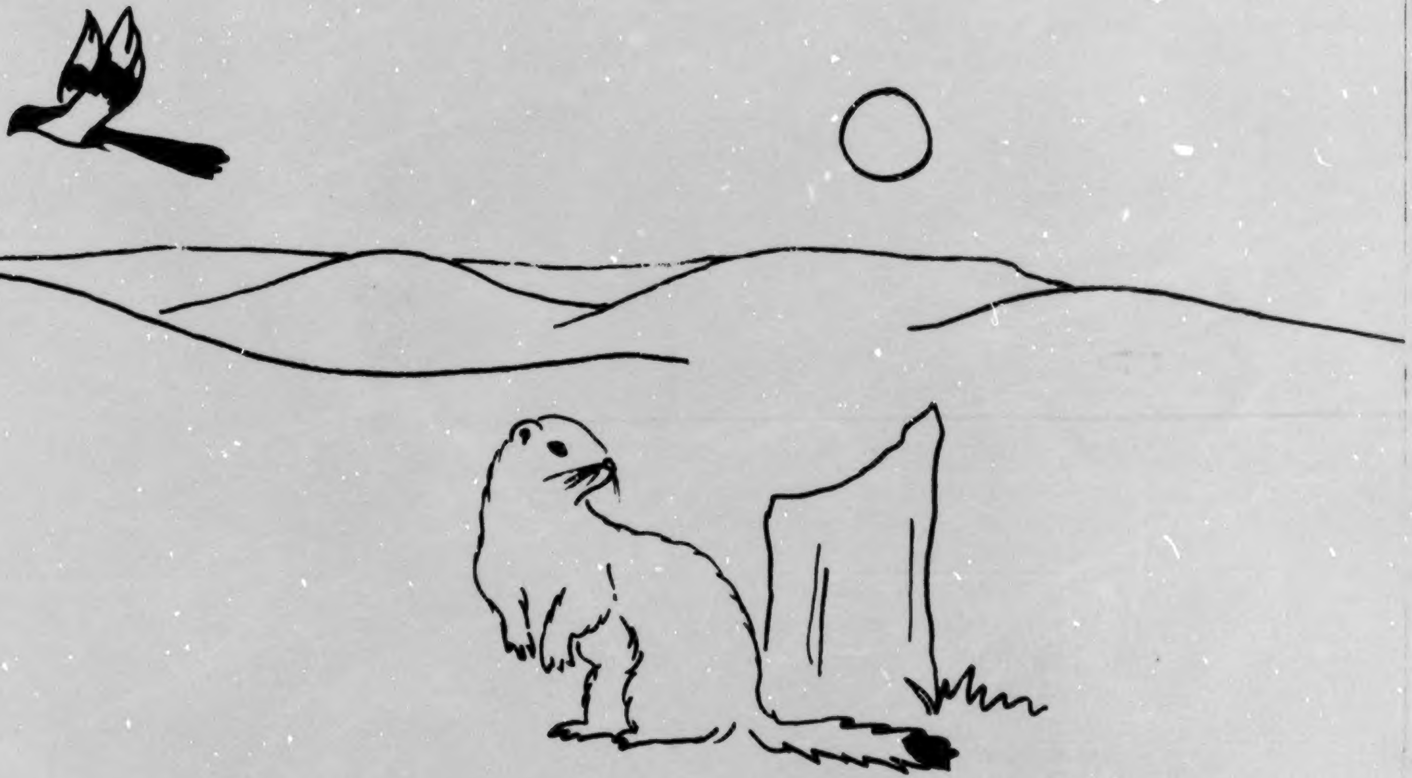
"Everything alive has water in it — snakes, birds,
trees, apples, oranges, flowers, dogs and you.
Wherever water goes, there is life.
When a tree or deer does not have water, it will die."



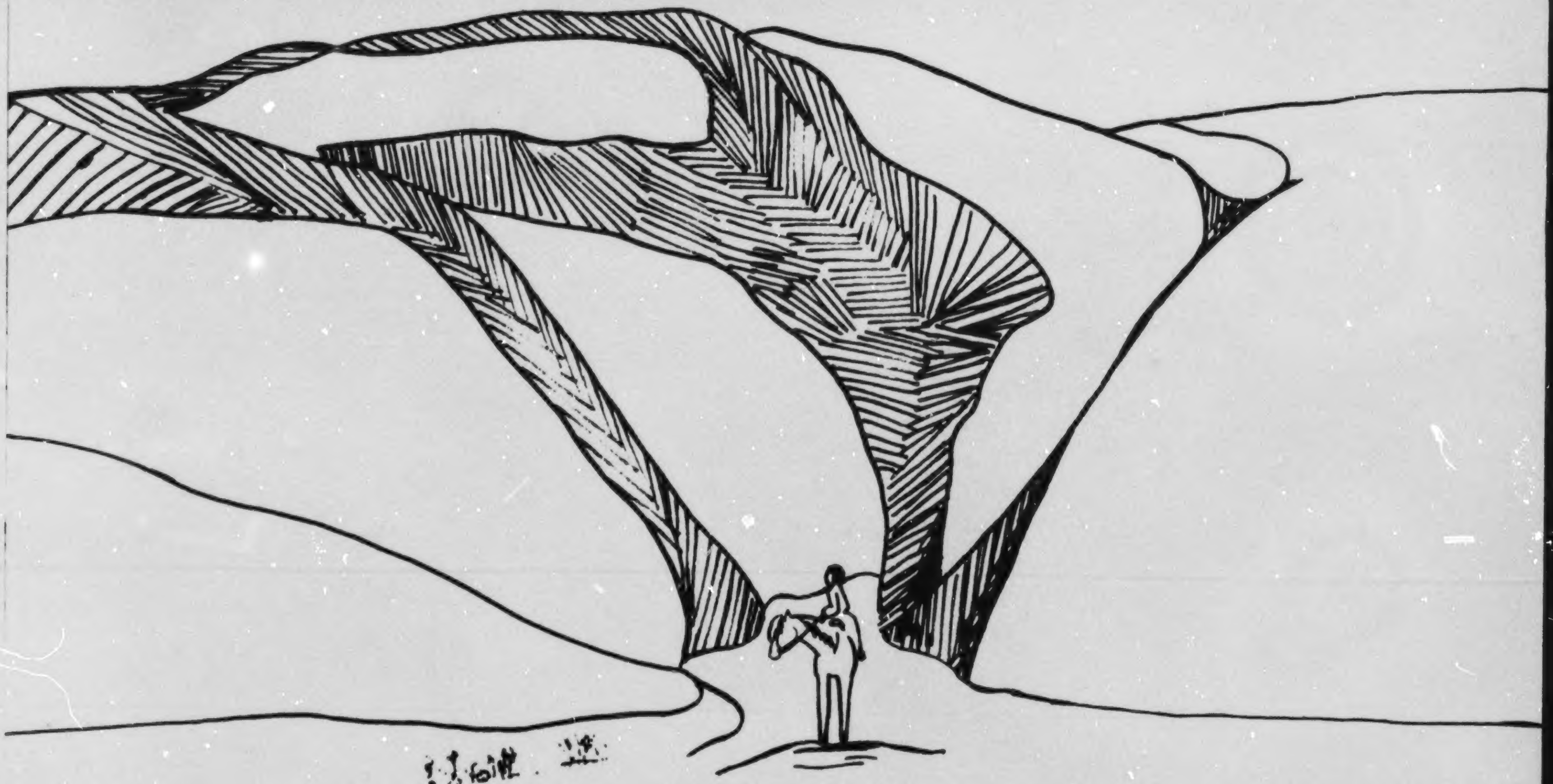
"Water has much mystery.
When your grandmother heats water to boil the meat,
    it dances on top.
When the water gets too hot,
    it jumps out and becomes steam.
Like the clouds, it does not have a body,
    but it has a shadow."



"In the fall, when the sun's road across the sky is short,
the days become colder.
The world turns into fall, then winter.
When the leaves feel the cold, they turn yellow
and jump to the ground before the snow comes.
Remember when you slipped on the first ice?"

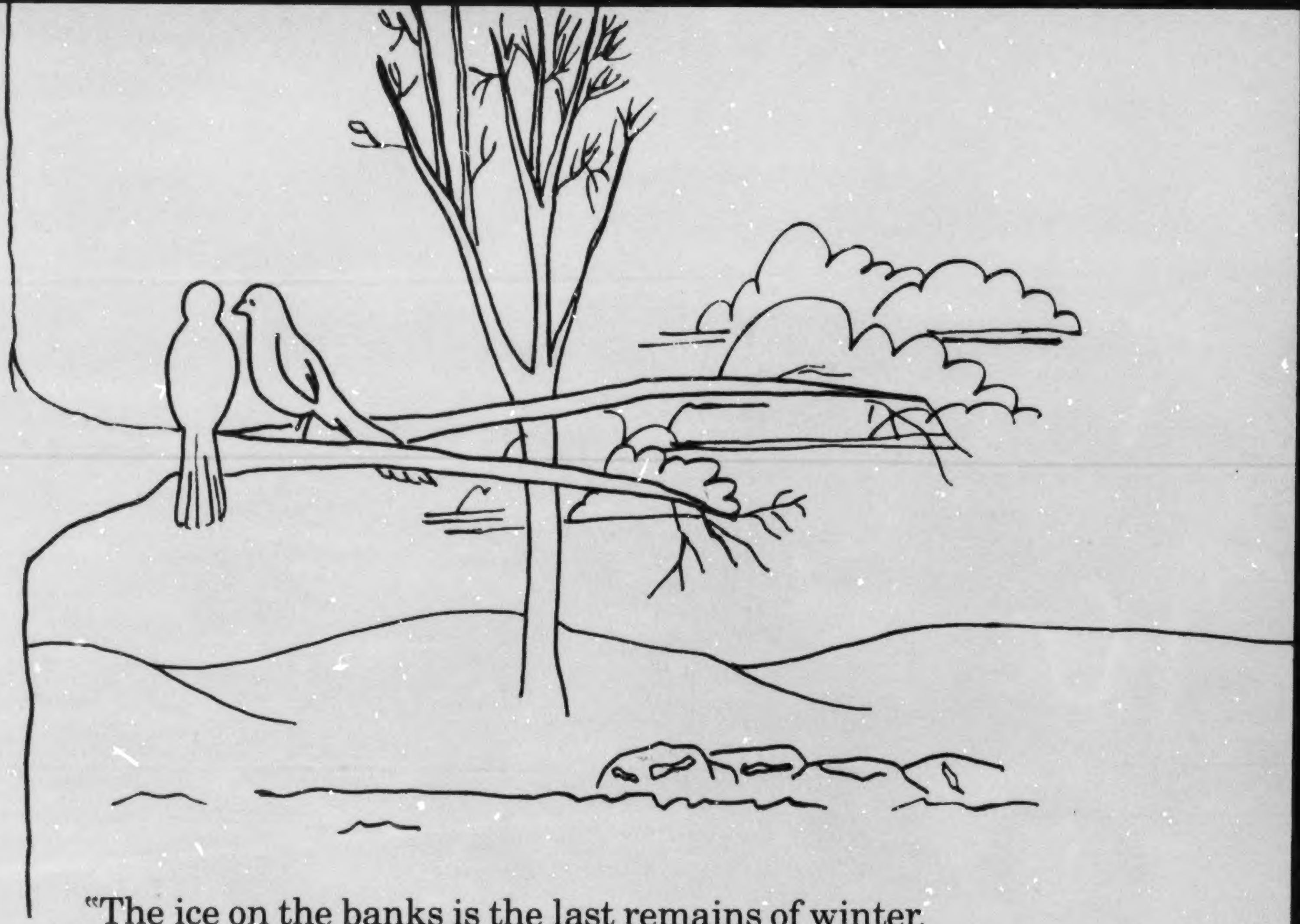


"In the winter the water clouds drop light, white snow.
It is pretty when the ground and some of the animals
are white.
But the magpie never changes his clothes."

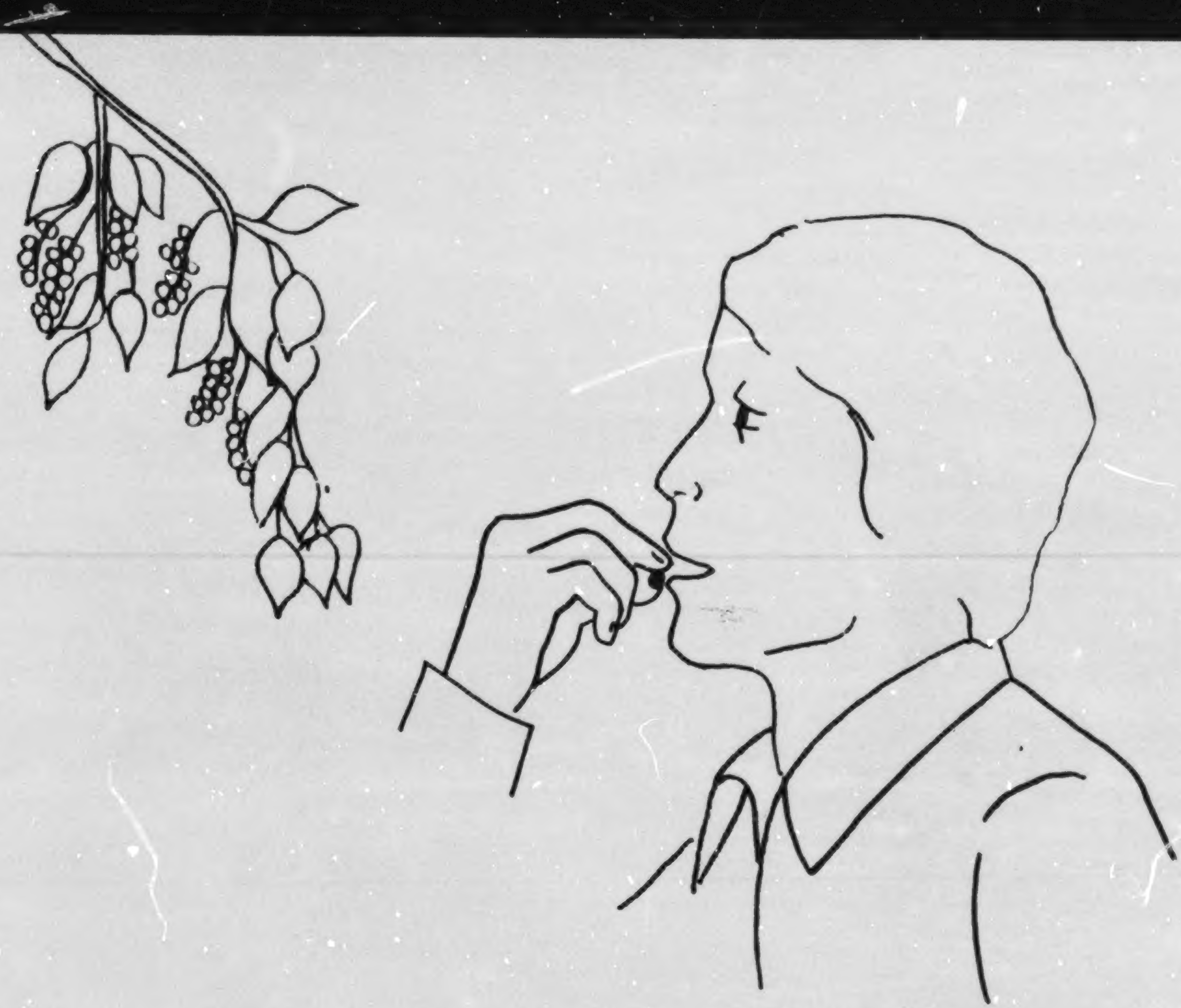


"When the sun's road in the sky is higher and longer,
it becomes warmer.
With the warmth, the snow turns into water
and flows to a lower level.
The hills with just the drifts of snow
look like a brown and white painted horse."

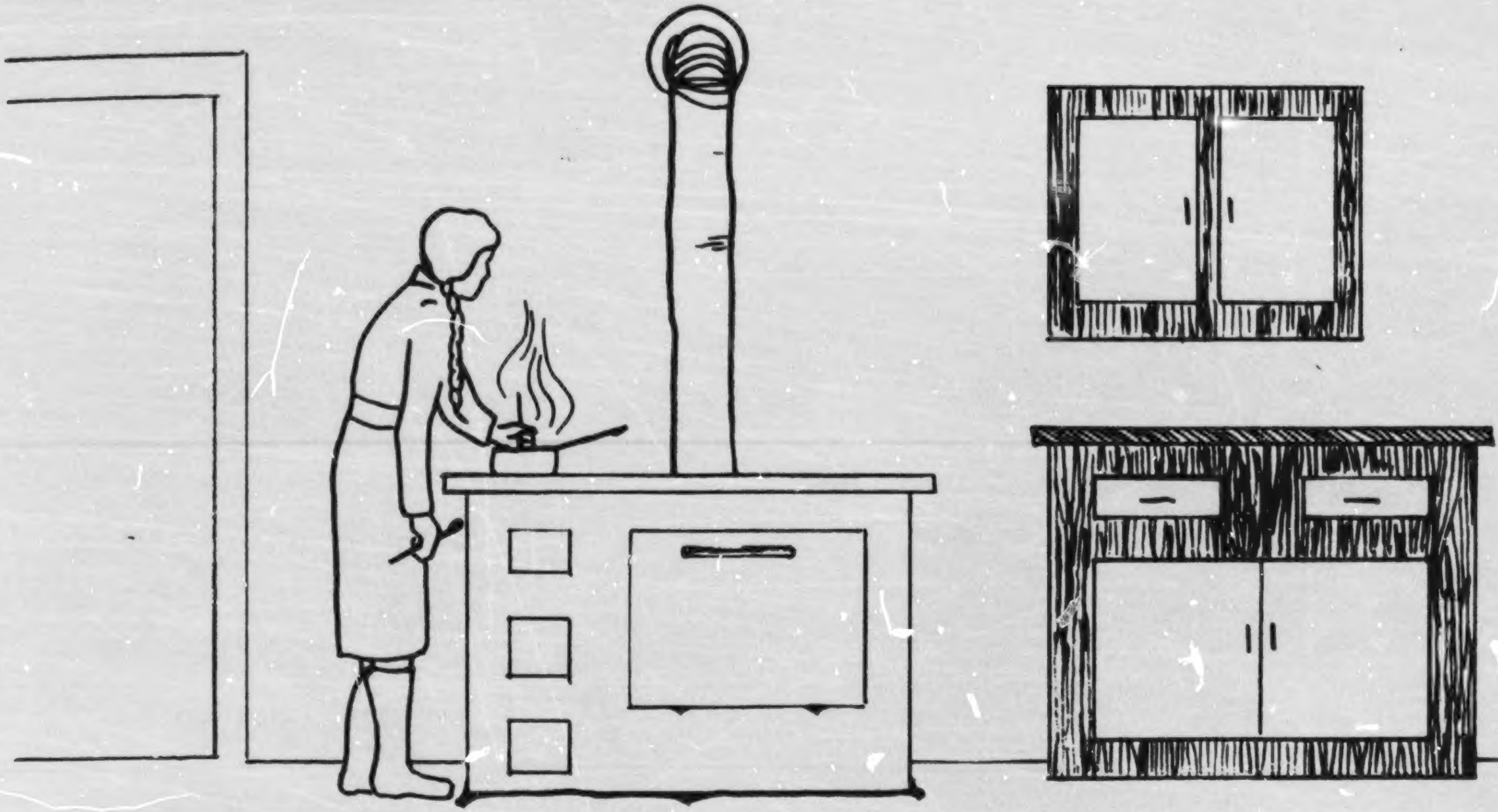
"The muddy water then gets in the river,
breaks and pushes the ice.
It leaves some of the water on the river banks.
This is the first flood.
The water is so strong, it moves big trees.
It moves everything that is in the way."



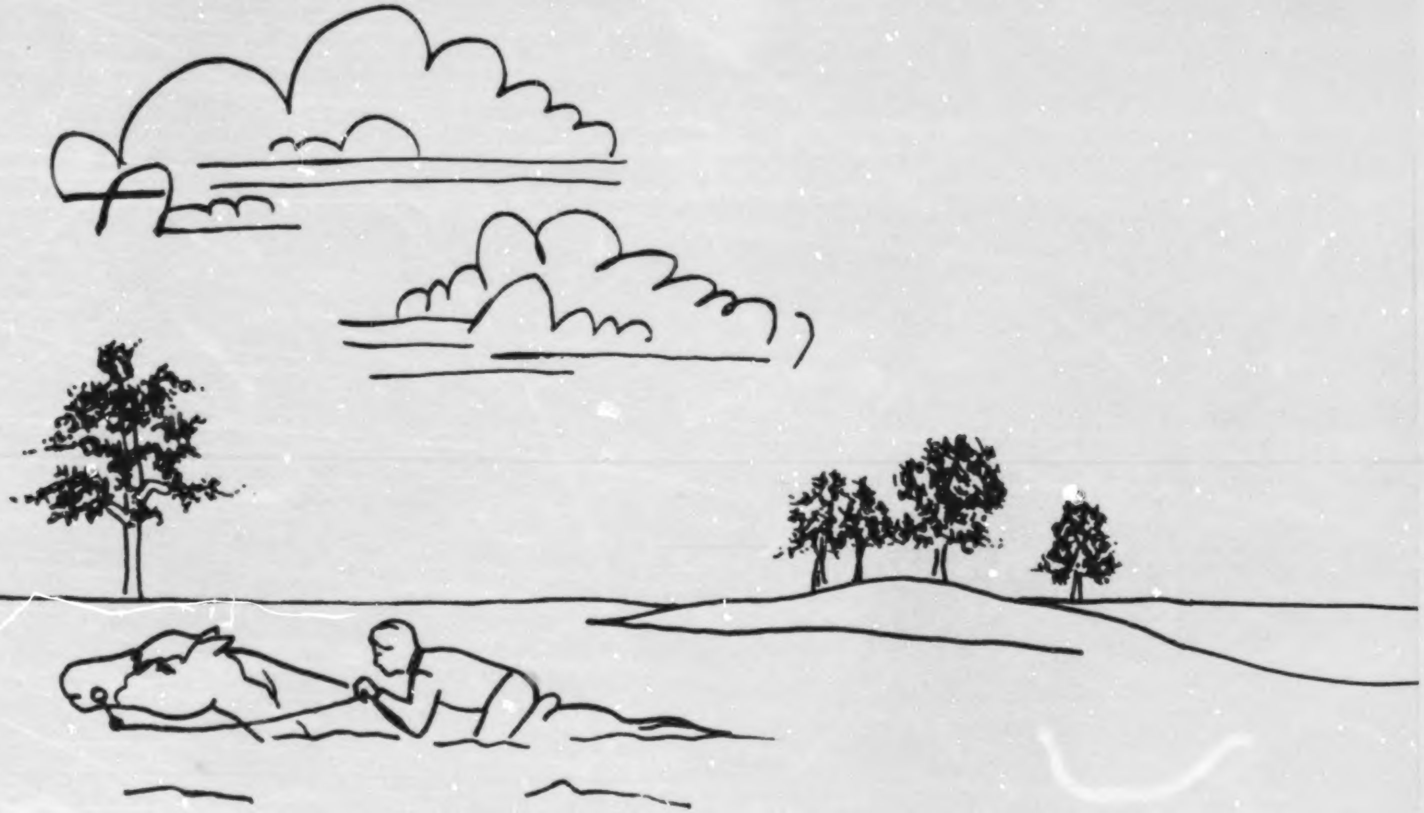
"The ice on the banks is the last remains of winter.
The water goes into the ground.
It tells the flowers, grass and leaves
to come out and put color back into the world.
The geese, meadowlarks, robins and ducks also return."



"When all the leaves and flowers have come out,
the water clouds drop water and tell the berries,
potatoes, tomatoes and watermelons to come out.
Remember when the chokecherry trees
were heavy with berries, and you ate them?"

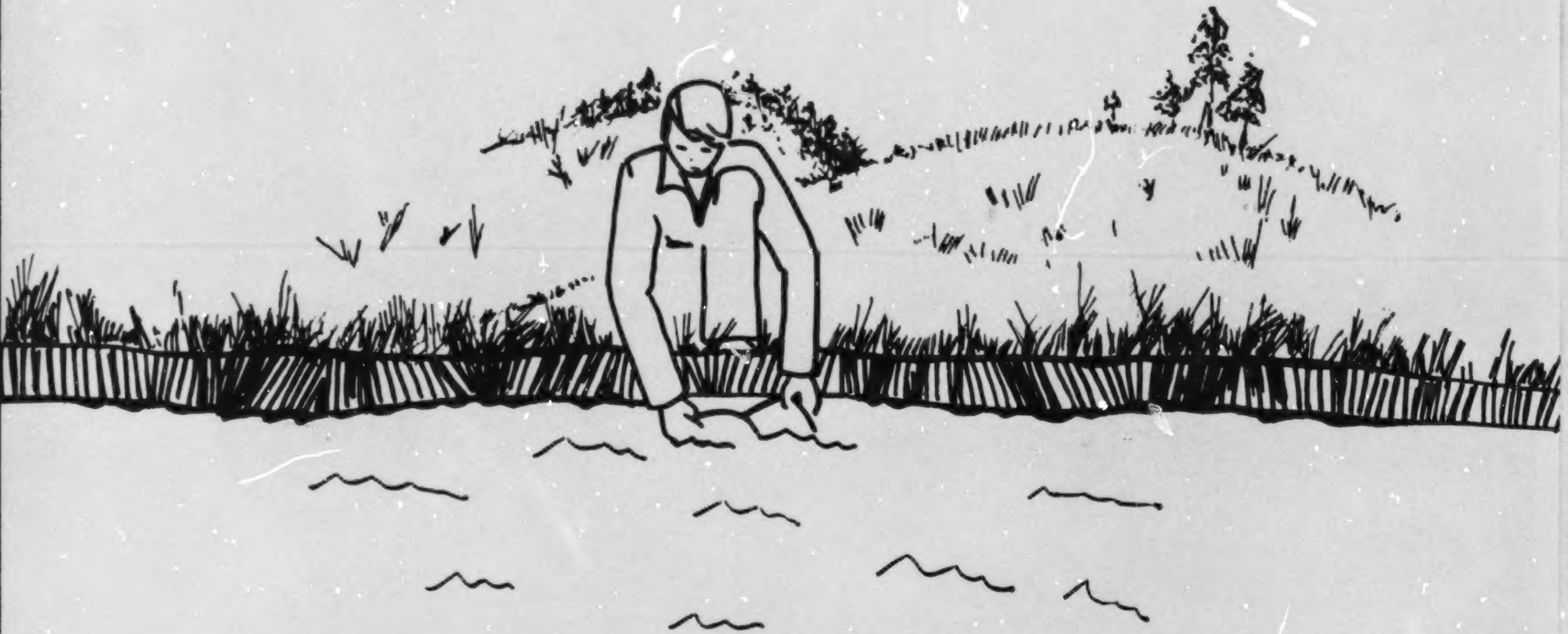


"Water has much mystery.
It changes with the temperature.
In the spring and summer there is rain water.
Sometimes it comes from the clouds
in white, hard, rain balls called hail.
The rain helps living things to grow, but the hail kills them."



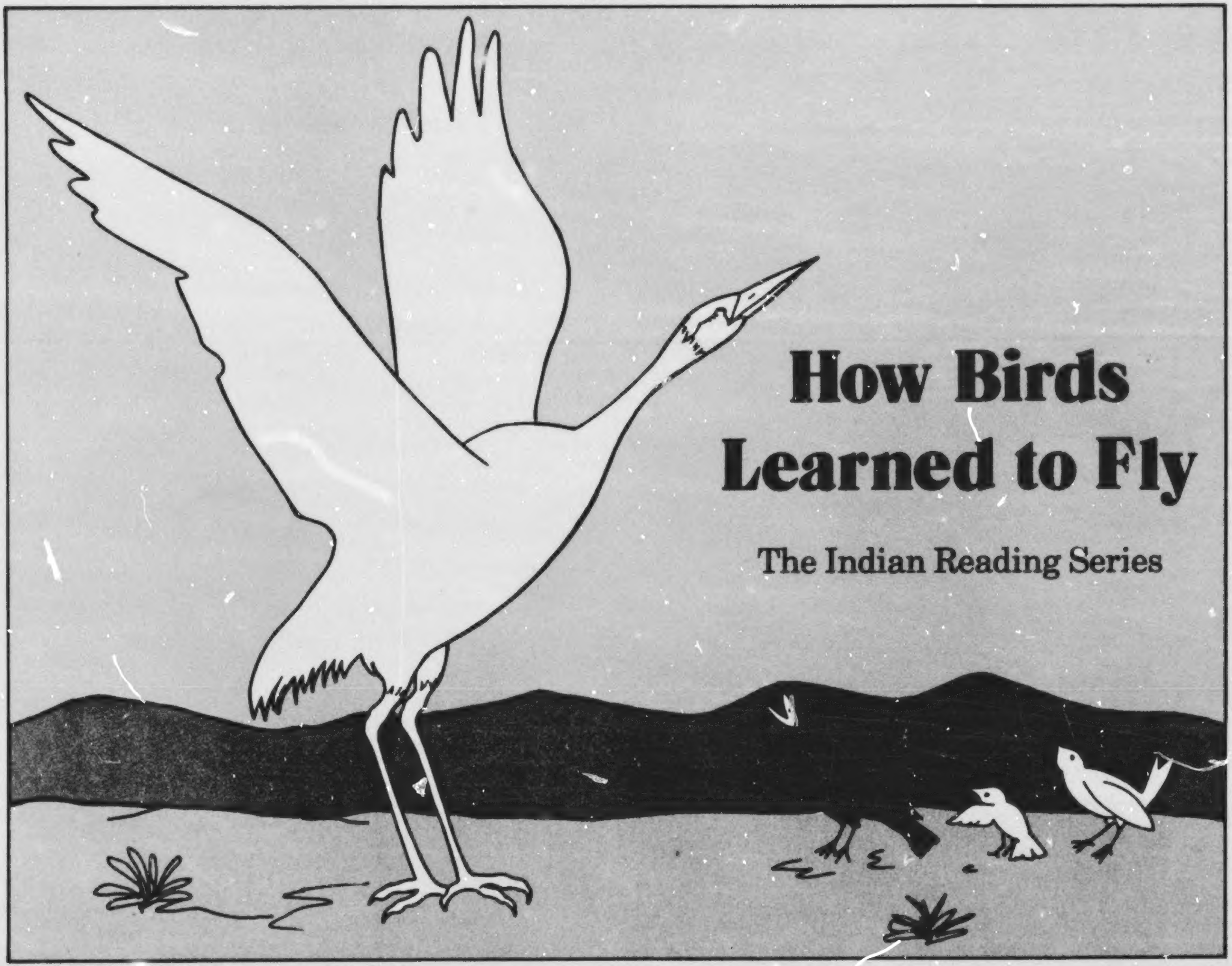
"When the heat finally gets to the mountains,
the ice and snow turn into water.
All of this water rushes down to the valleys.
This water is our second flood.
You can ride your horse while it swims across the river
at this time, because there is no ice."

"The more water you have, the stronger you are.
Horses have a lot of water in them.
That is why they are so strong.
Water is the greatest thing in the world.
Wherever water goes, there is life.
So take care of it."



HENRY REAL BIRD

Henry Real Bird is a Crow Indian who was raised in the traditional Crow way on the Crow Indian reservation in Montana. He entered first grade speaking only the Crow Indian language and has an intimate knowledge of problems Indian children encounter in the public school system. He received his B.S. in Elementary Education from Montana State University and has taught reading in all the elementary grades. He served as Curriculum Coordinator for Project Head Start, Language Arts Supervisor at St. Xavier Indian Mission and Summer Program Planner for 4-H and Youth Programs on the Crow Indian reservation. As the Teacher Orientation Specialist for the Pacific Northwest Indian Program, he was responsible for developing a teacher's manual and accompanying teaching inservice program, in addition to writing and illustrating books designed for Indian children. He has served on the Montana Advisory Committee on Children and Youth and the Crow Central Education Commission, and was a delegate to the 1971 White House Conference on Youth. He also is a saddle bronc rider and member of the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association.



How Birds Learned to Fly

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 16

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

How Birds Learned to Fly

Level II Book 16

By members of the Yakima Reservation
Curriculum Development Committee

Dolores Buck
Tony Colwash
Florence Haggerty
Bernice Jim
Sam Jim
Lena Owens
Elmer Schuster
Leona Smartlowit
R. A. Swanson
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Written by Tony Colwash, Bernice Jim, Sam Jim

Illustrated by Beverly Tallman

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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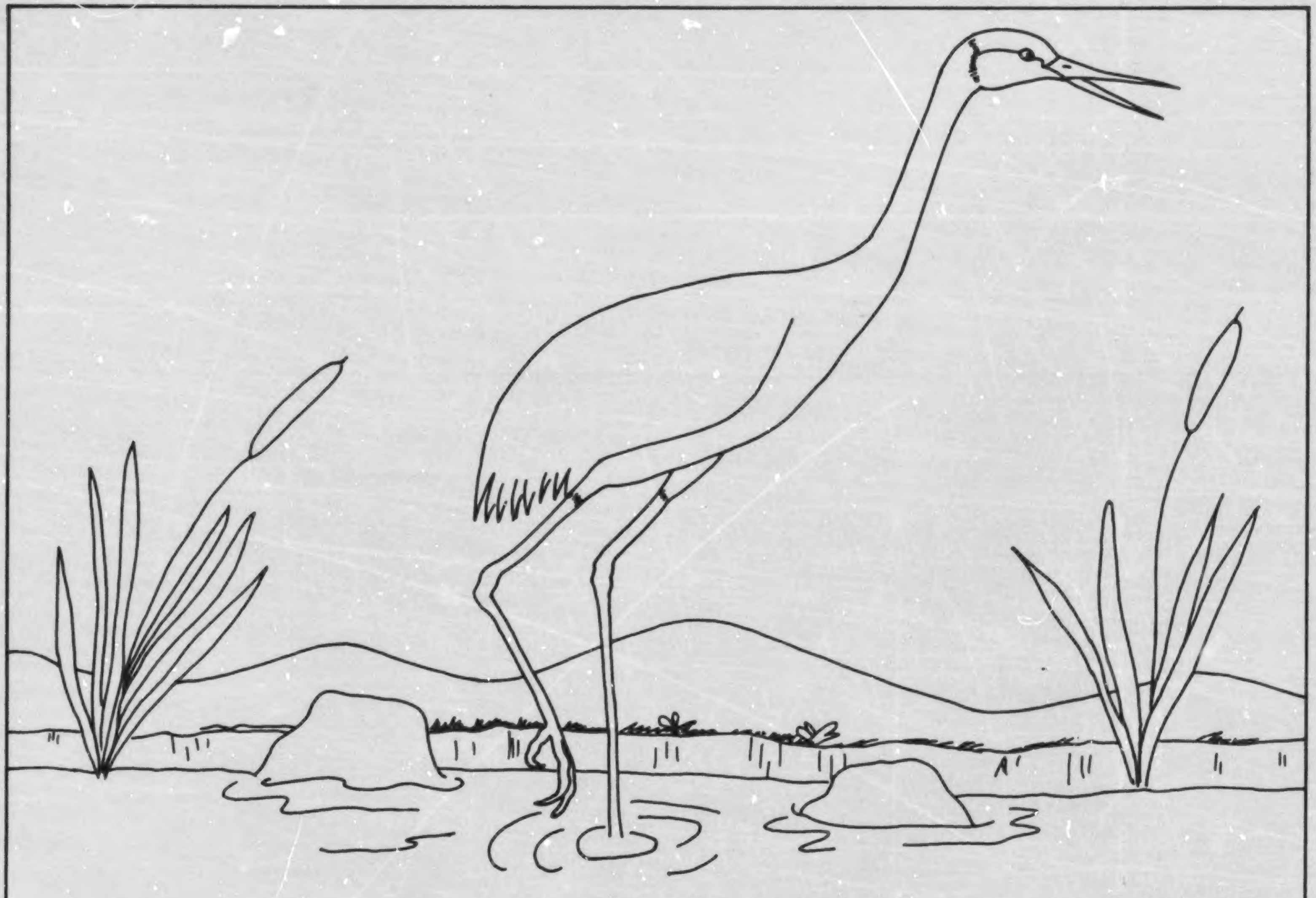
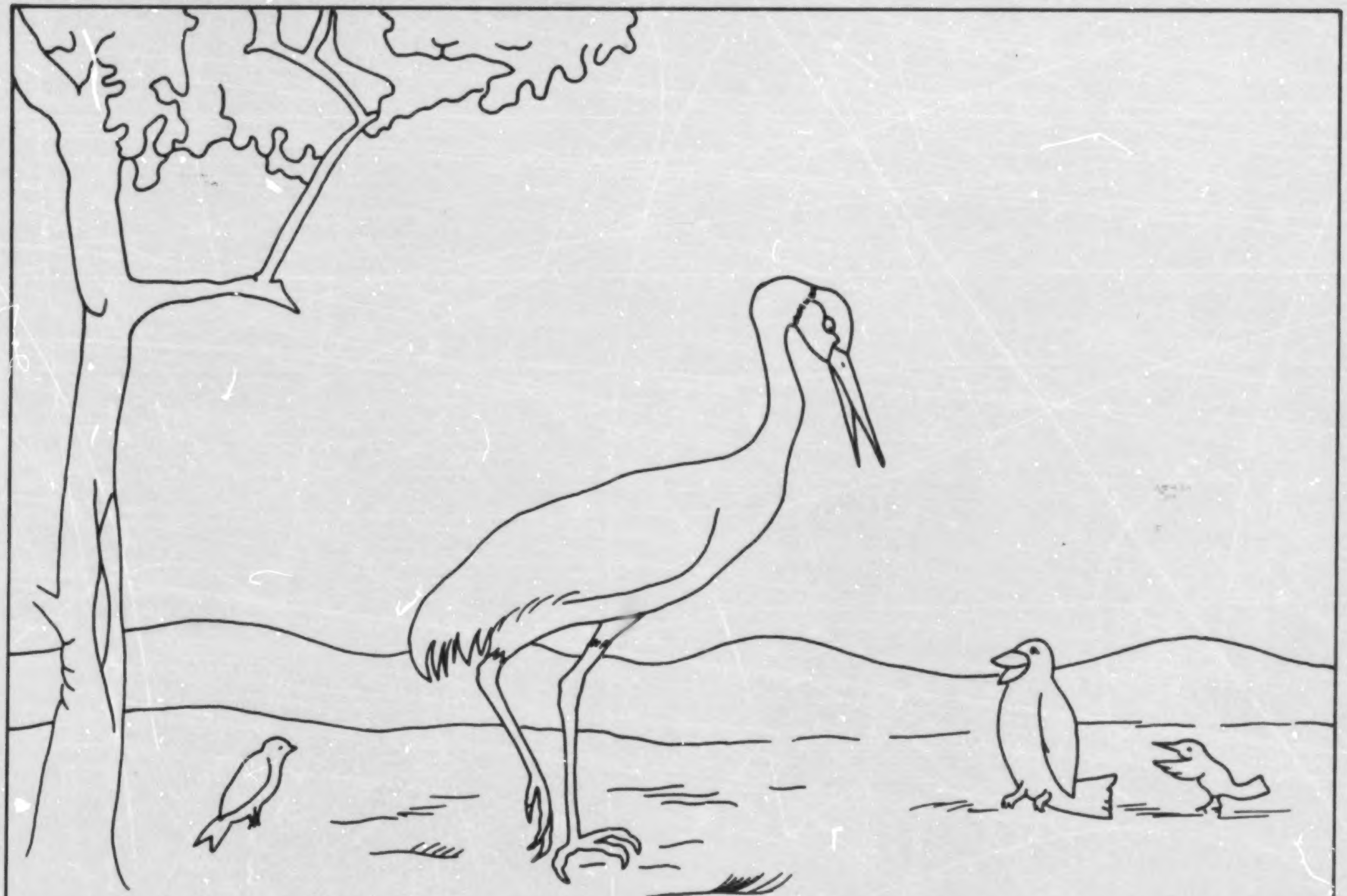
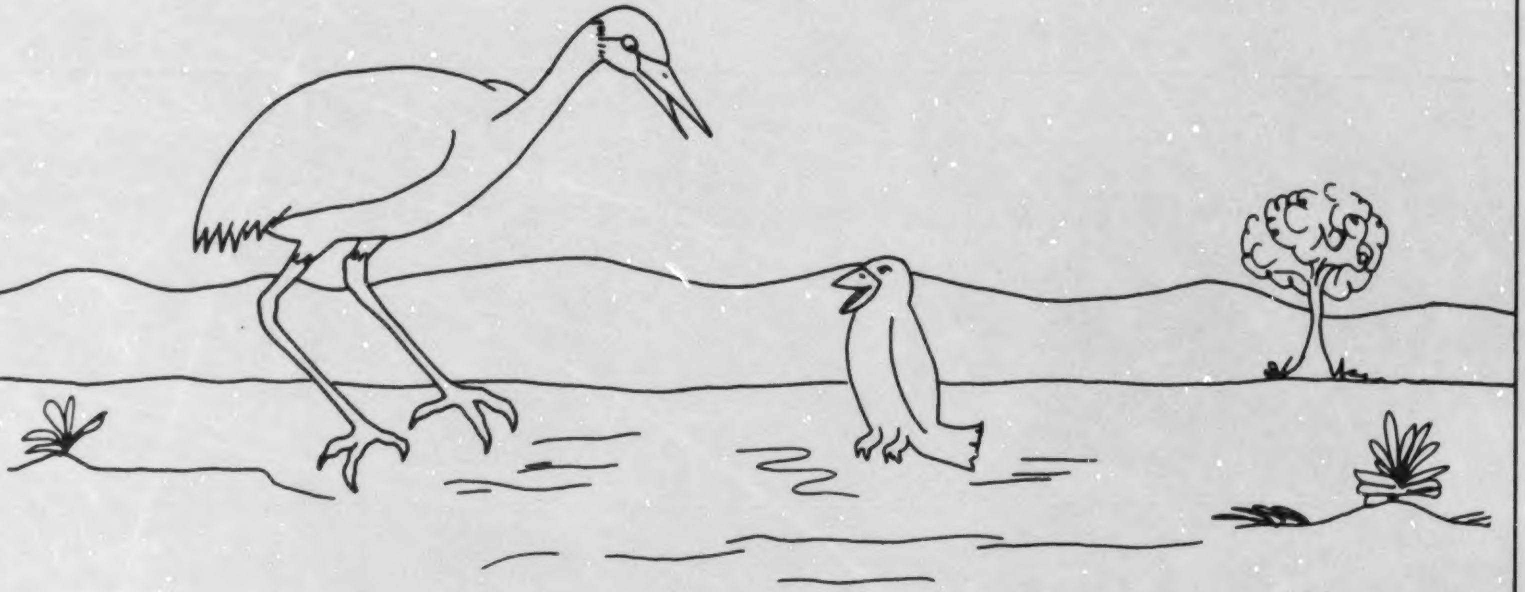


Long ago, when birds were like people,
Crane was very tall and had long legs.

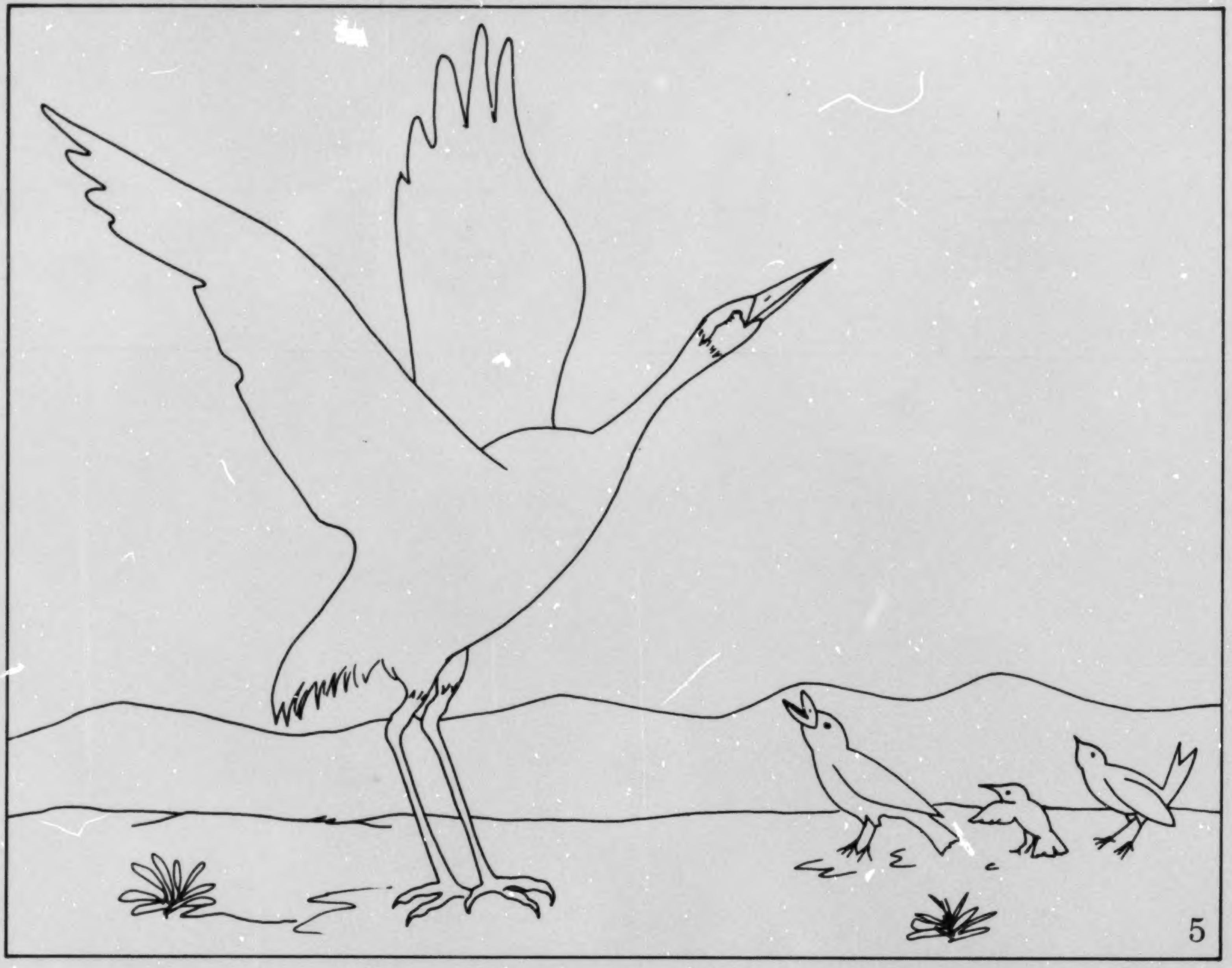


His legs were so long
that he towered over all the other birds.



Crane bet that the other birds could not jump over him.

Crane knew he was tall and that Crow, Swallow and Hummingbird were too short.



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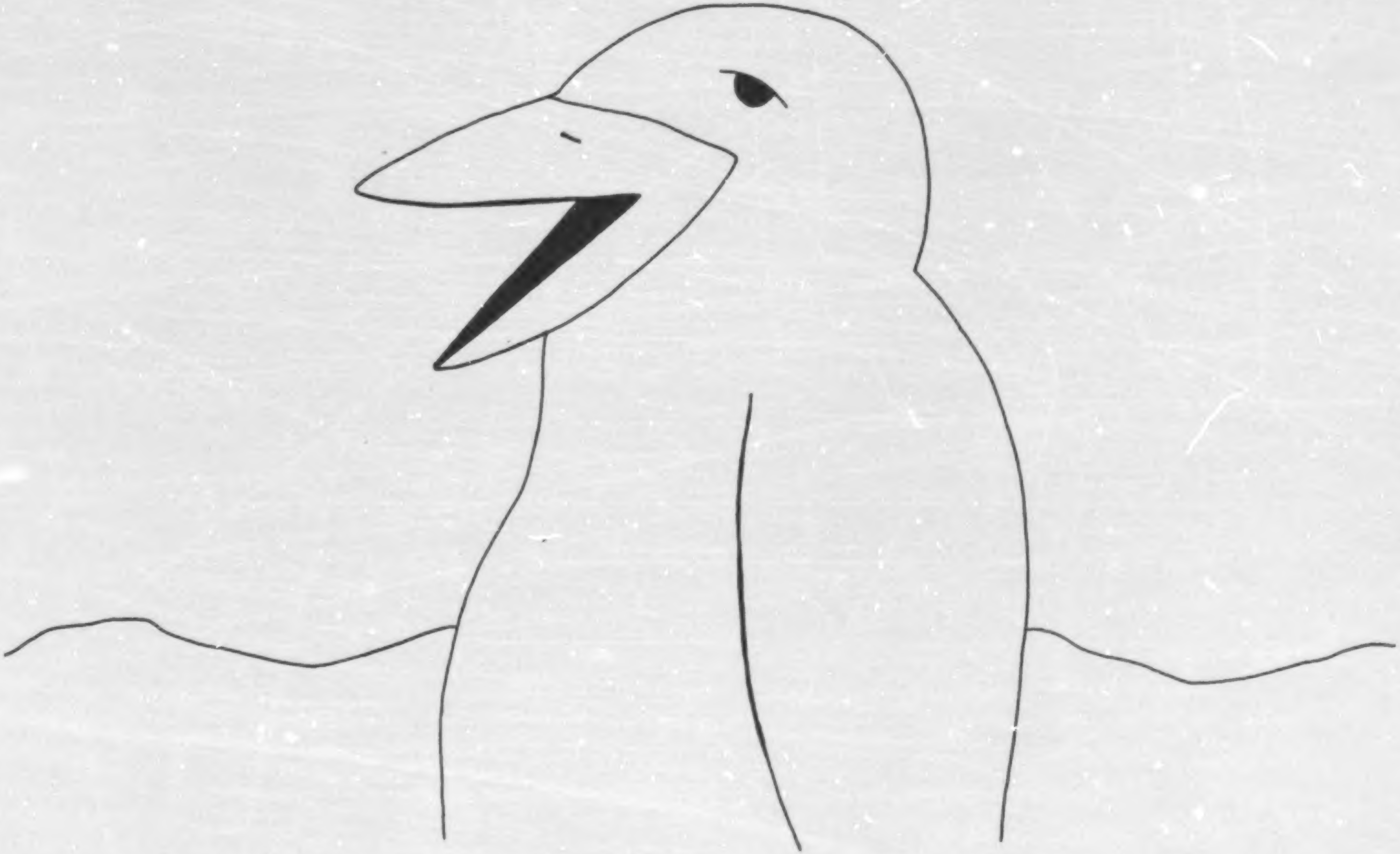
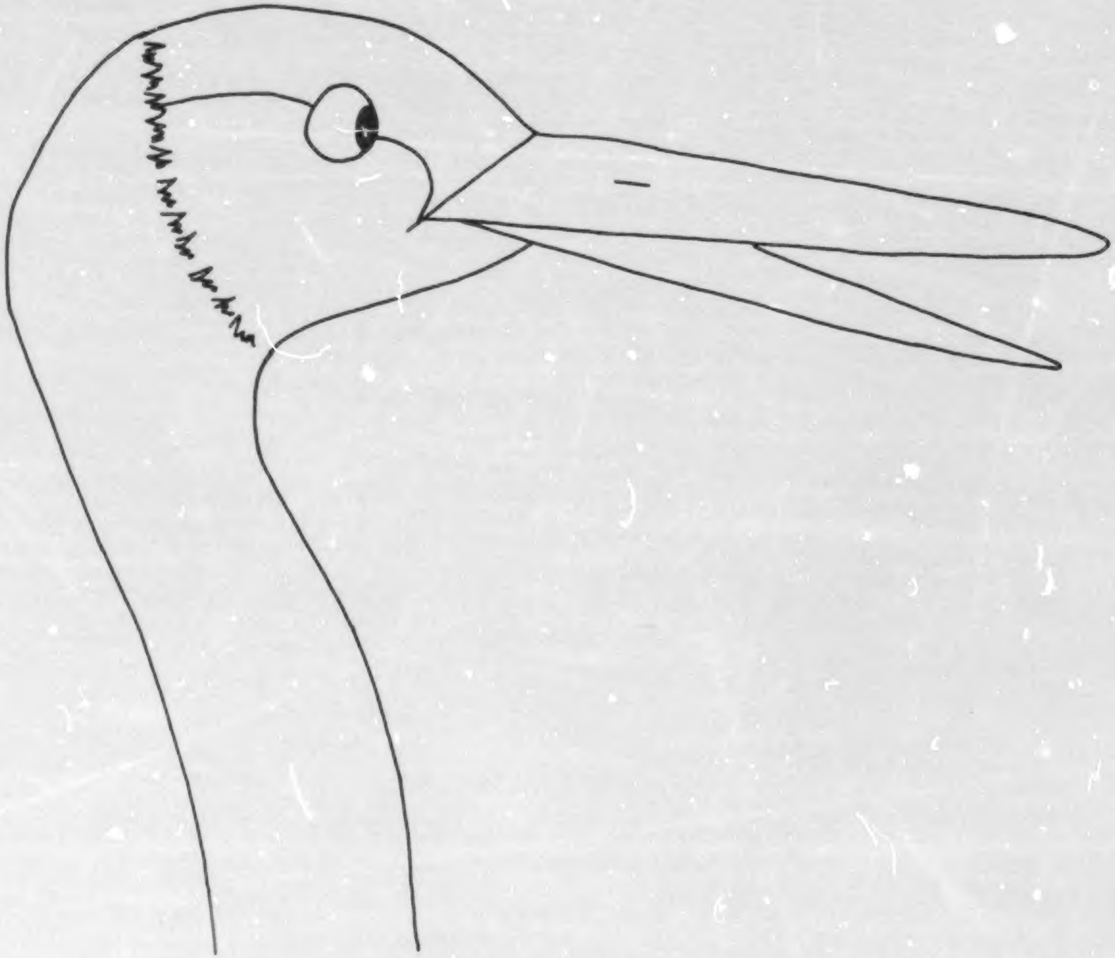
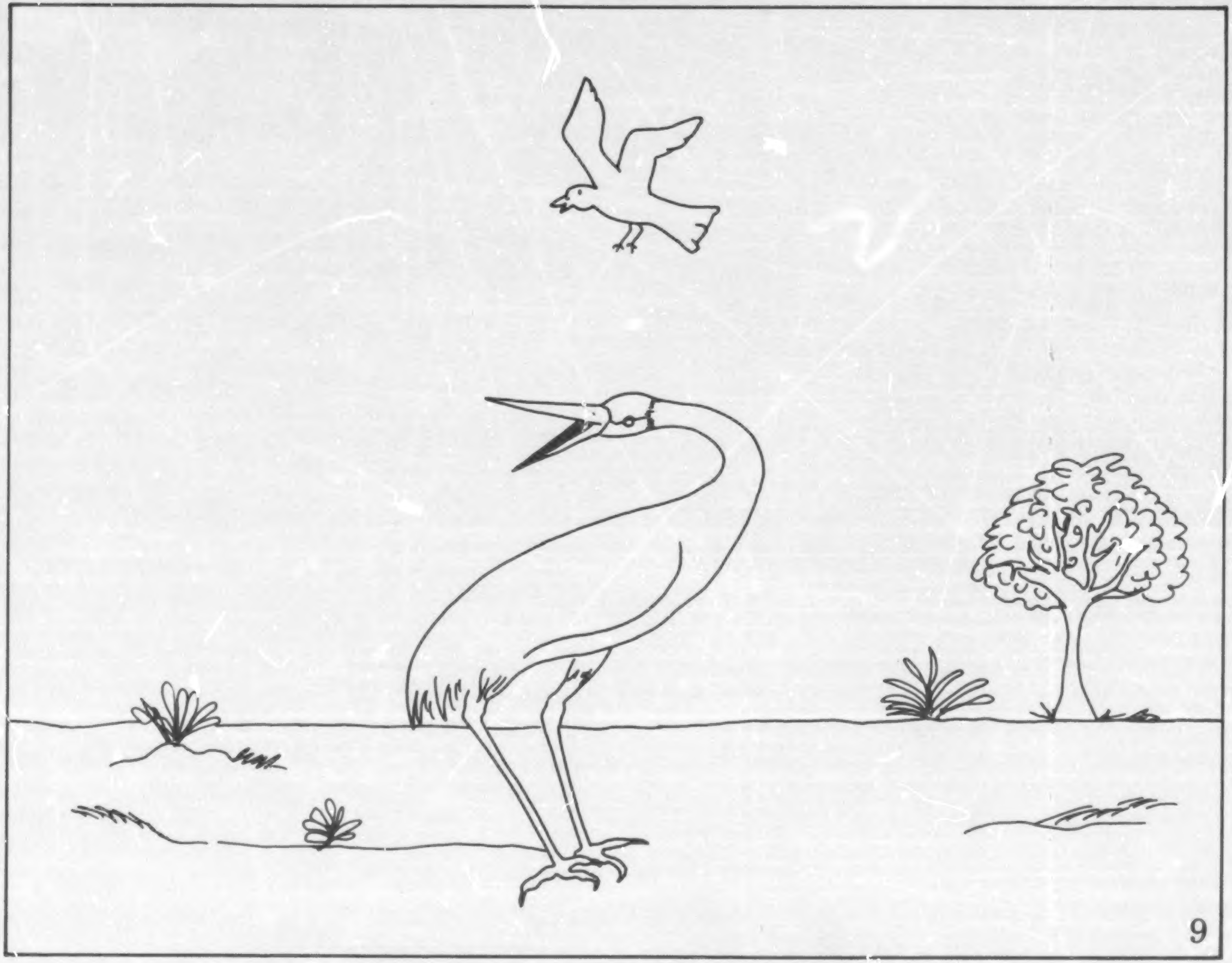


But one day Crow said, "Crane, I bet I can jump over you!"



"I bet you can't!" said Crane.
This went on and on.

For the fifth time Crow said, "I bet I can jump over you!"
And he did!



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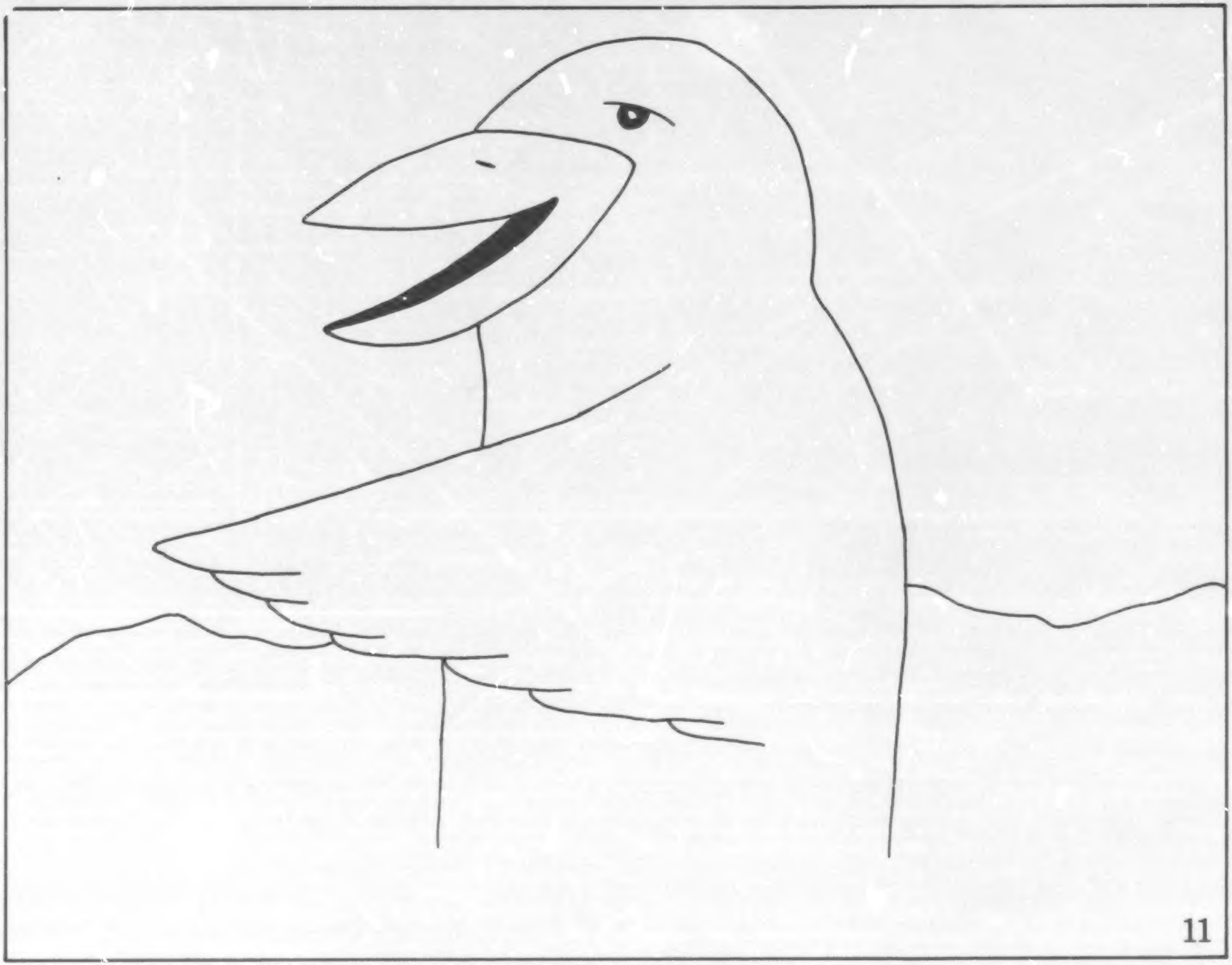
Then Crow laughed at Crane.
"Caw, caw, caw," he said.
And so he does to this day.



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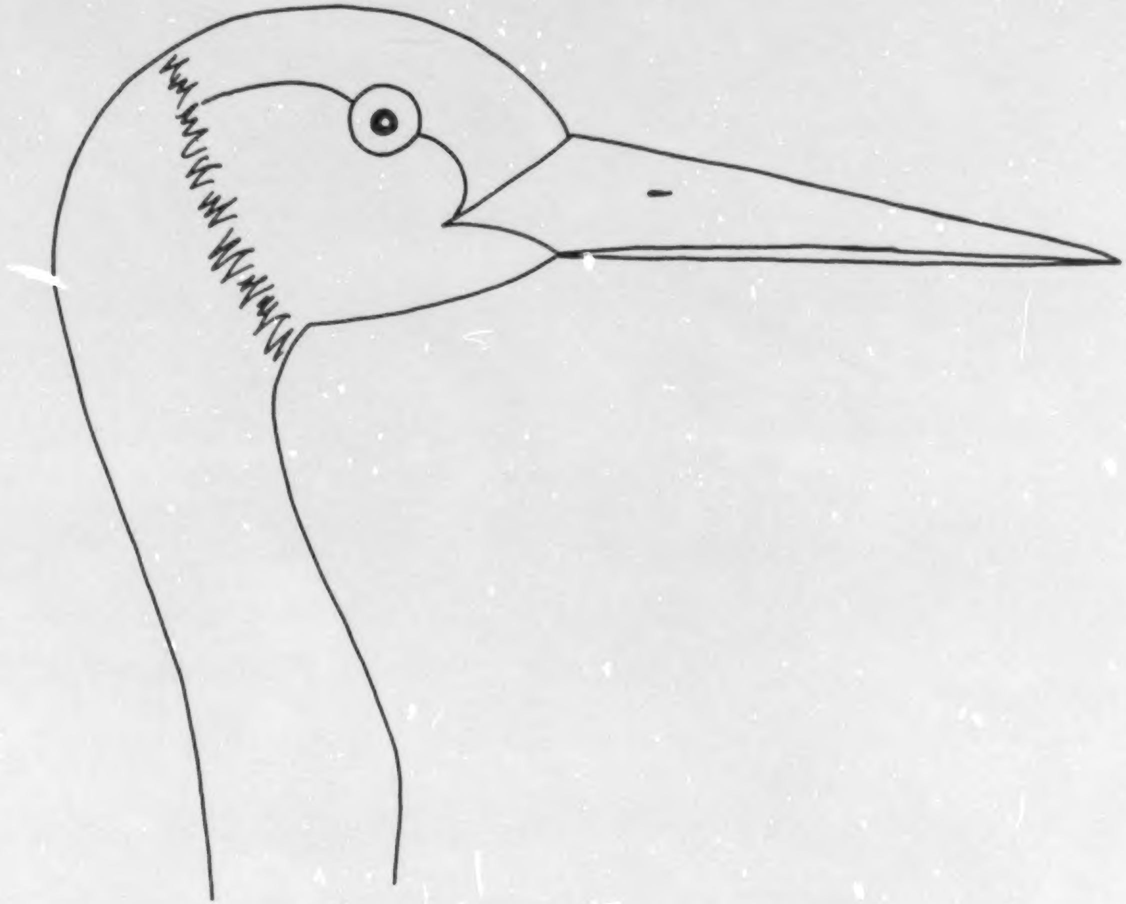
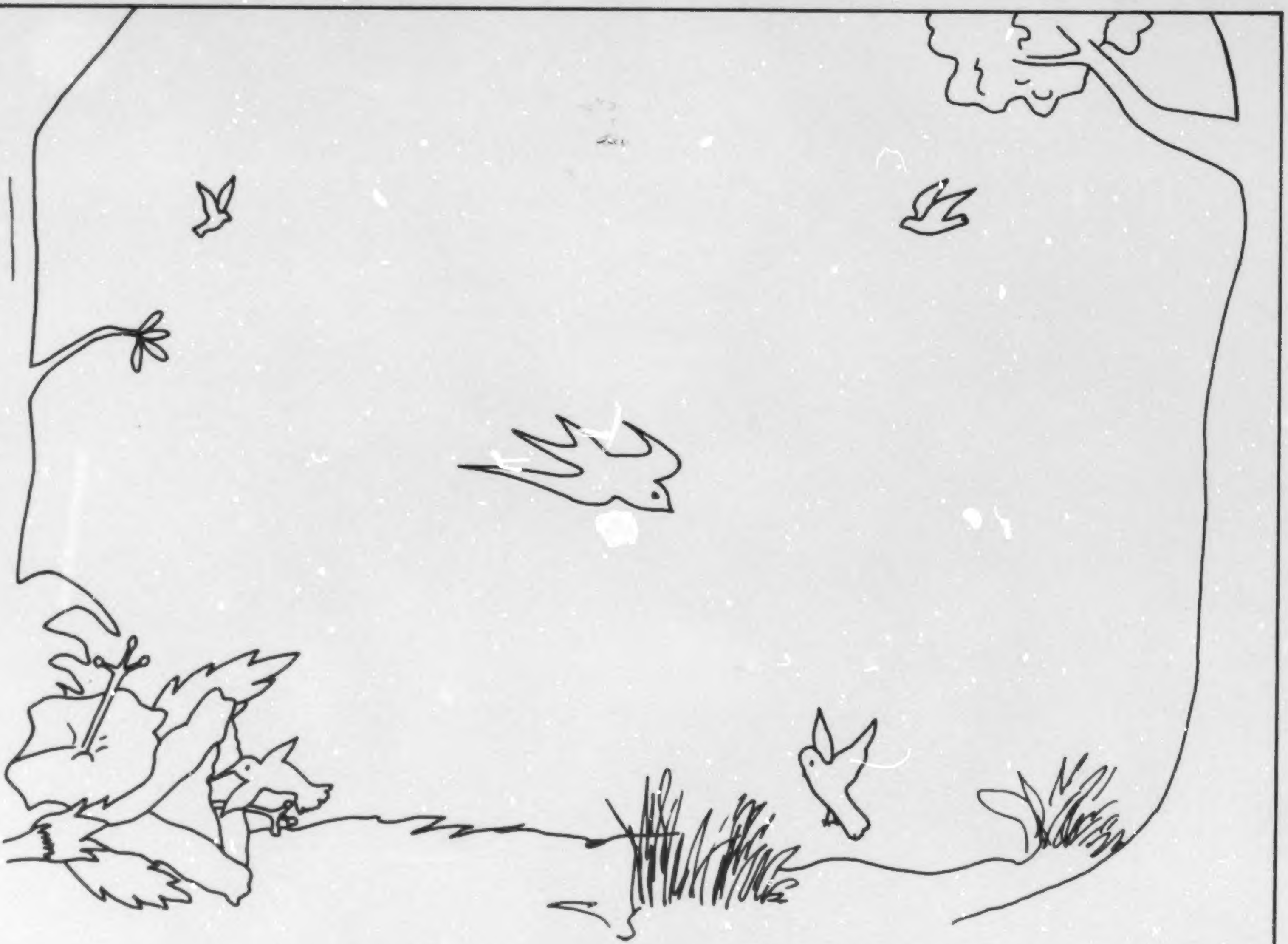


But Crane did not know that Crow had been given
the power to fly.
"Caw, caw, caw!"
Crow had used this power to fly over Crane.



This is why, the Yakimas say, birds can fly.

Napi and the Bullberries

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 17

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Napi and the Bullberries

Level II Book 17

Developed by the Blackfeet Indians

Written by Joan Kennerly, Carmen Marceau, Doris Old Person, June Tatsey

Illustrated by Robert Tailfeathers

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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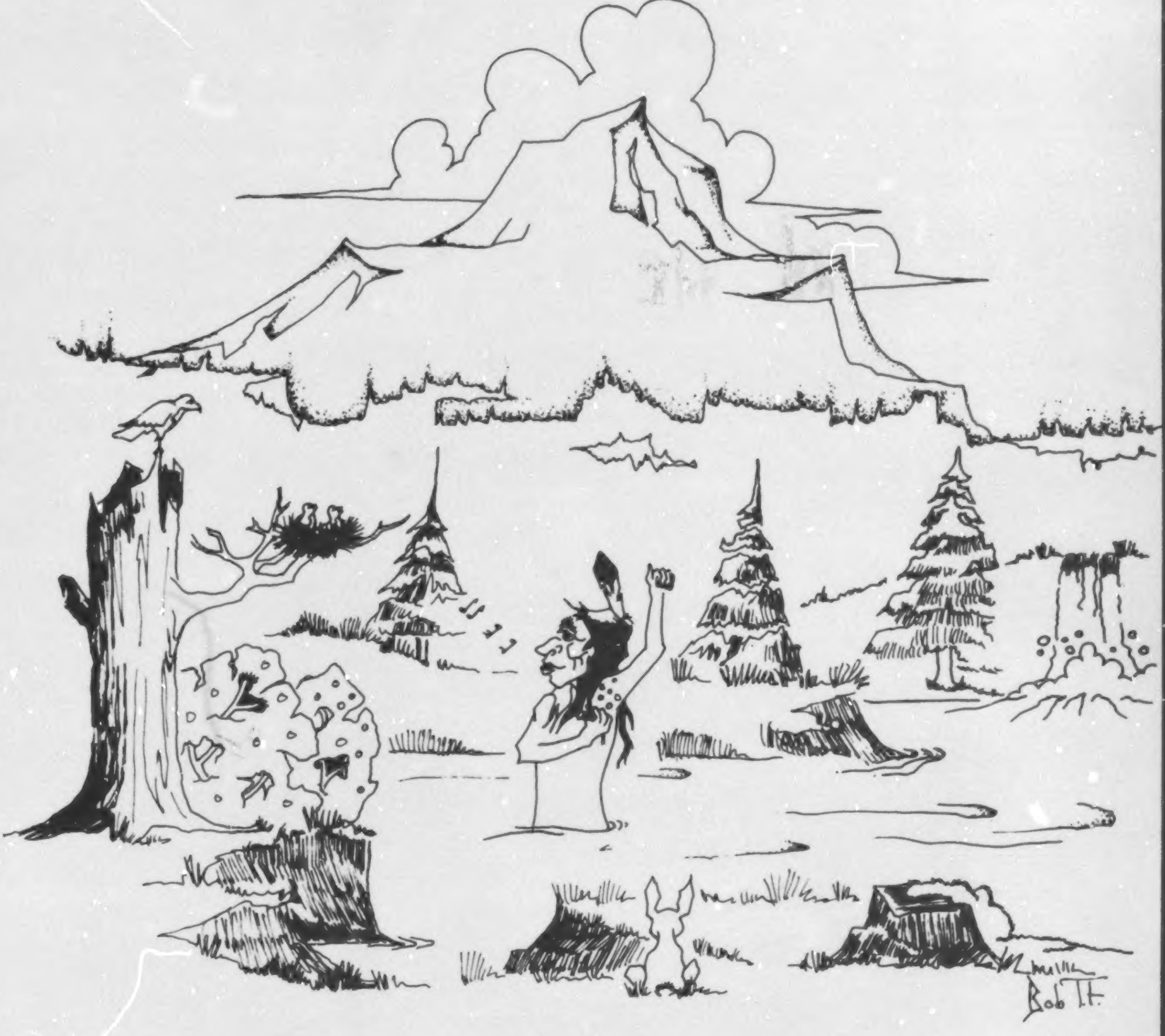
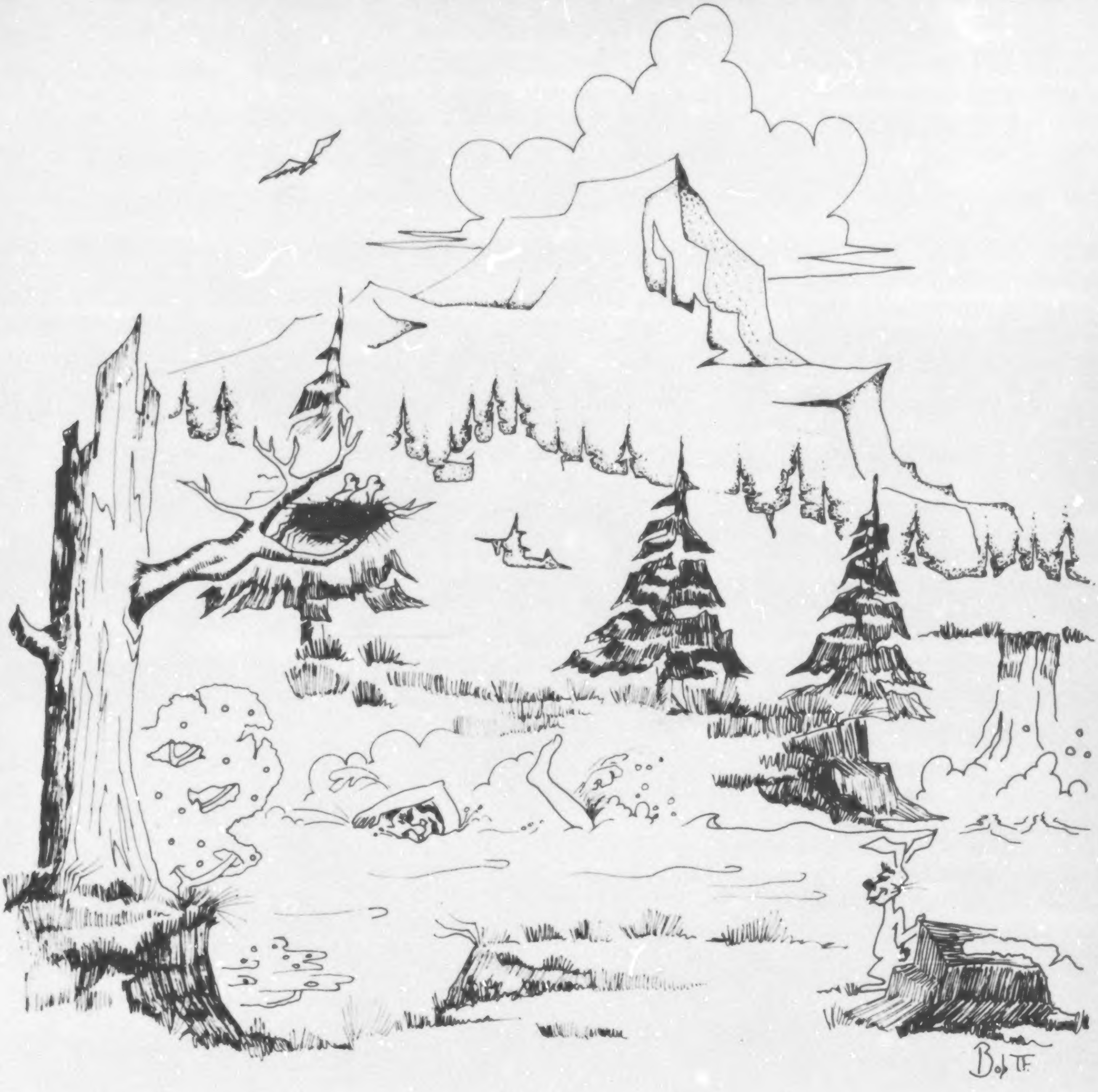
Napi is a legendary figure in the Blackfeet Indian culture. He can do anything and anything can happen to him. There are a great number of stories about him, passed on from generation to generation by the older people to the younger ones. Some of the stories are serious and some are humorous. Many times the same story will have several versions. The following story is one which has been told over and over and is an example of how Indians use humor to teach.

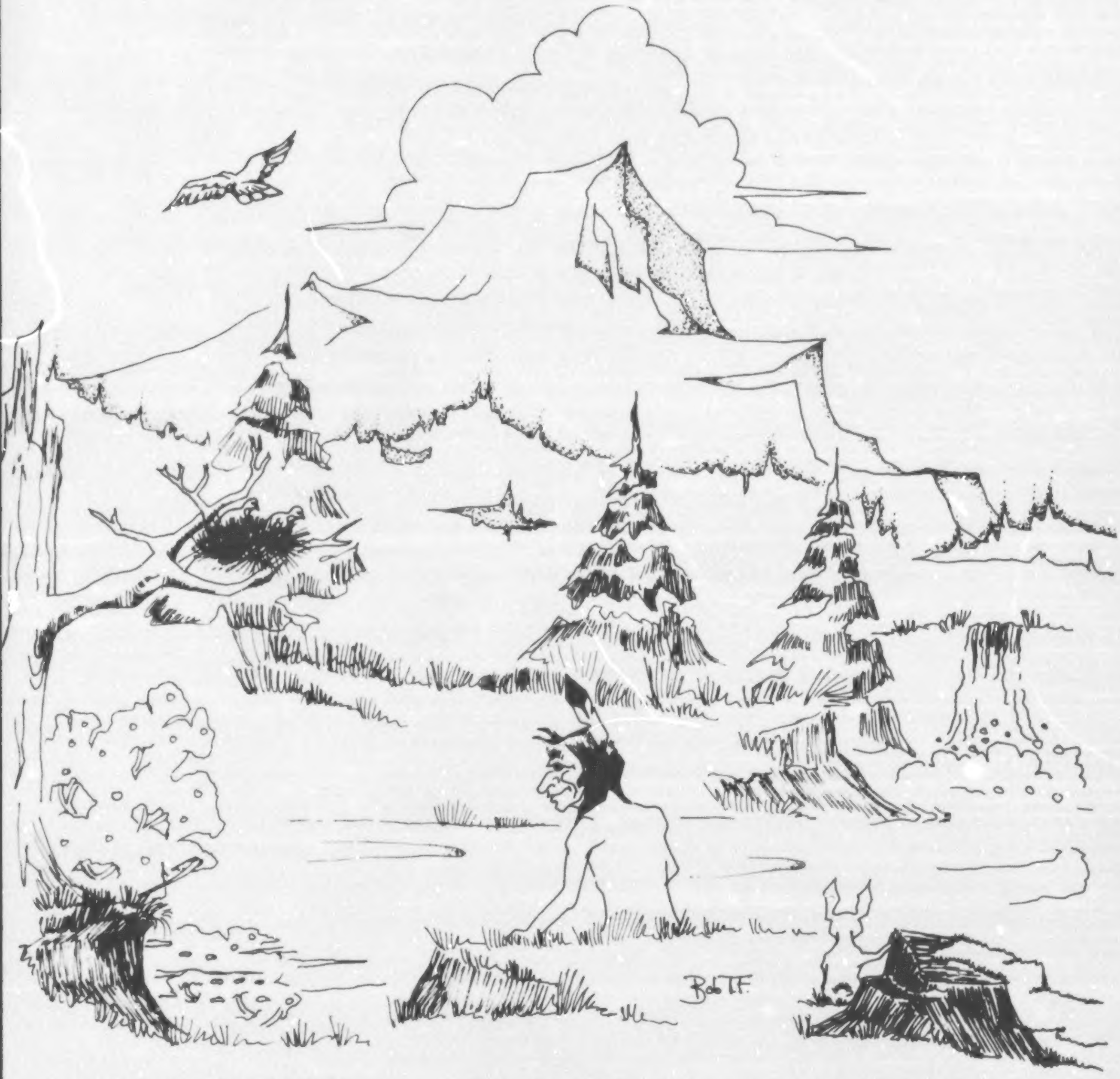
The bullberries referred to in the story are also called buffalo berries. These berries can be found in many parts of Montana.



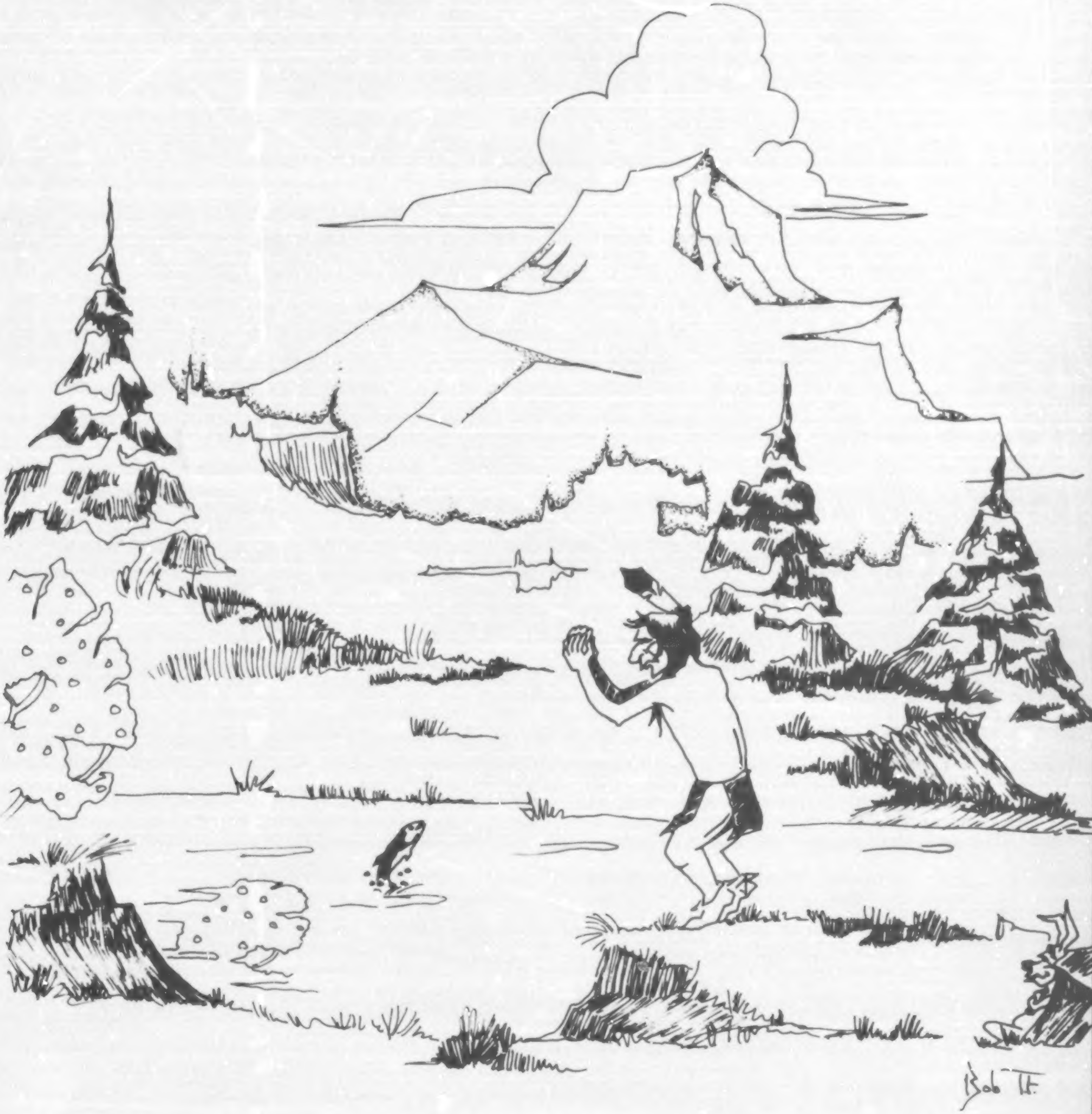
One very hot day, Napi decided to go swimming in the creek.



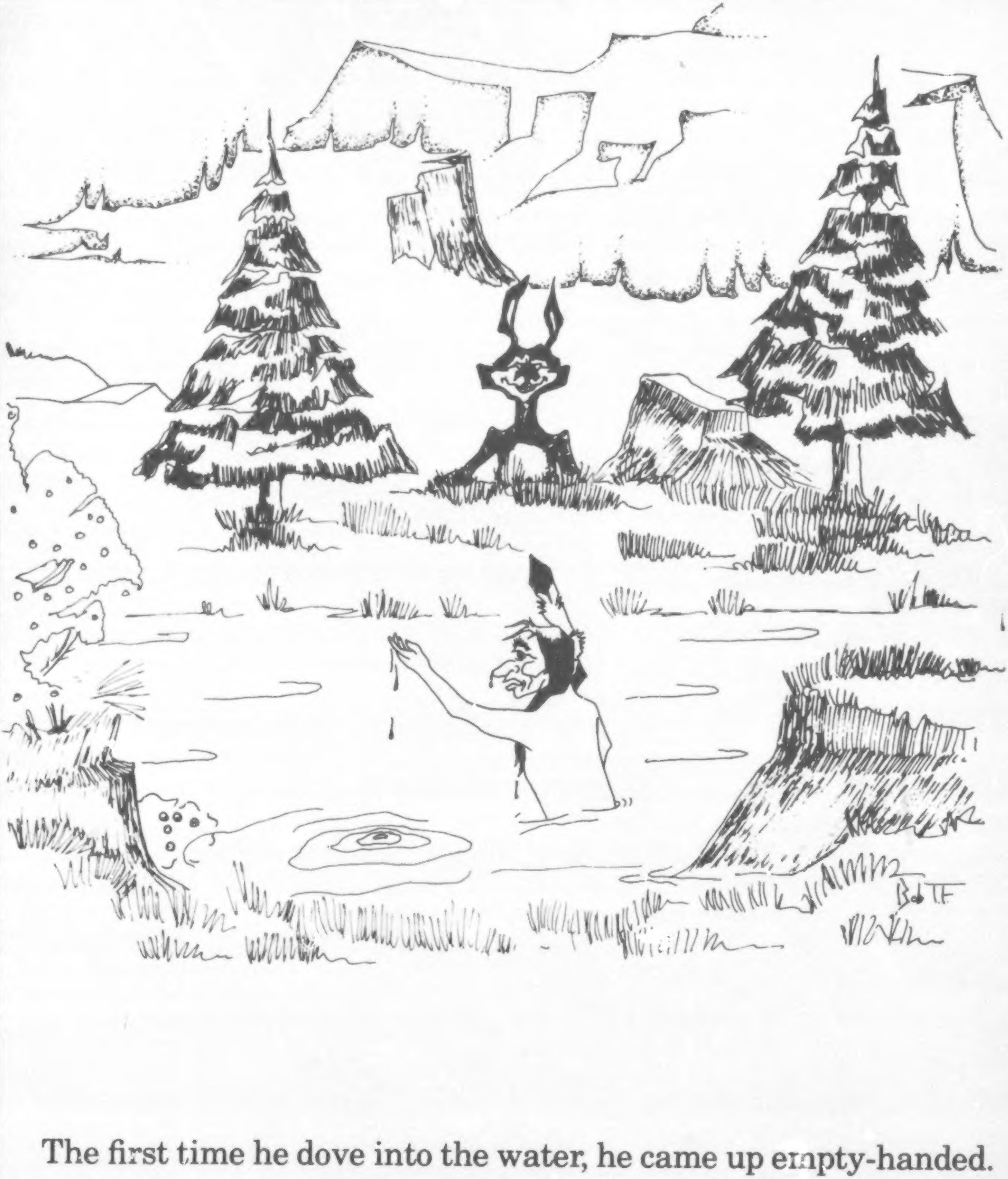
Napi liked to swim and to dive into the water.
The water was very cool.
It made him feel very good.



After Napi had swum for awhile, he sat on the bank to rest.
While he was sitting there, he looked into the water
and saw some delicious looking berries.
They were bright orange and looked plump and juicy.

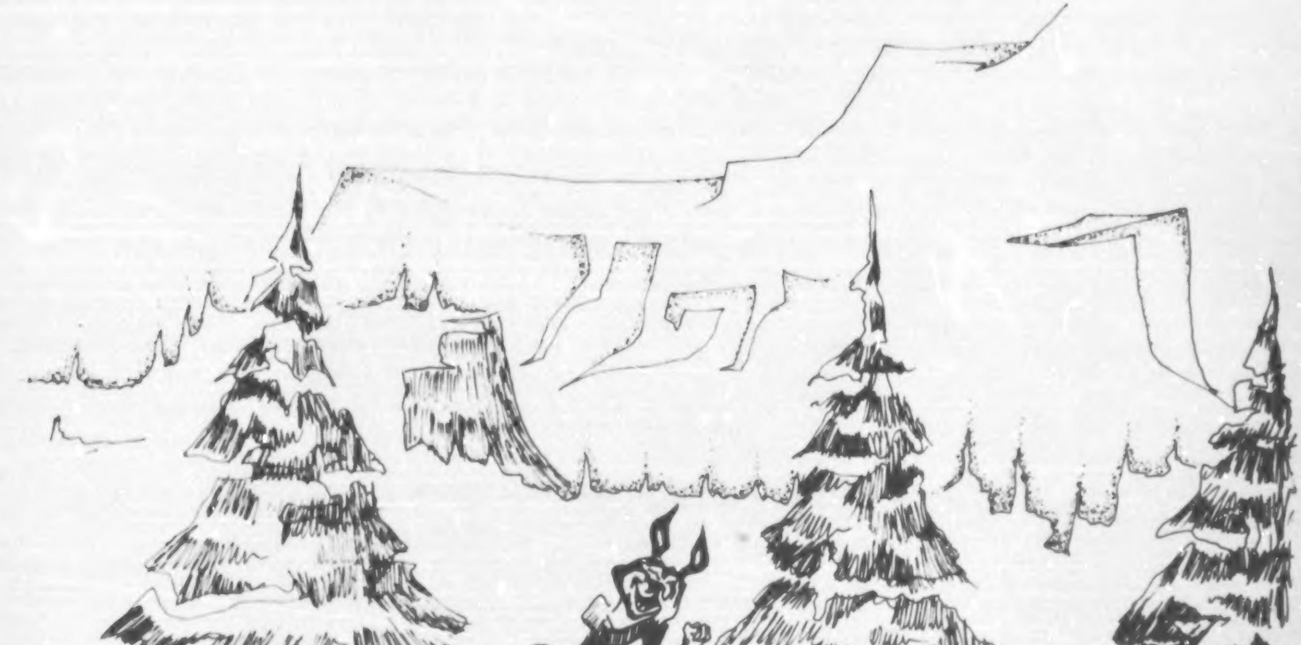


Napi was beginning to get very hungry from swimming. He decided to dive back into the water to get the berries.

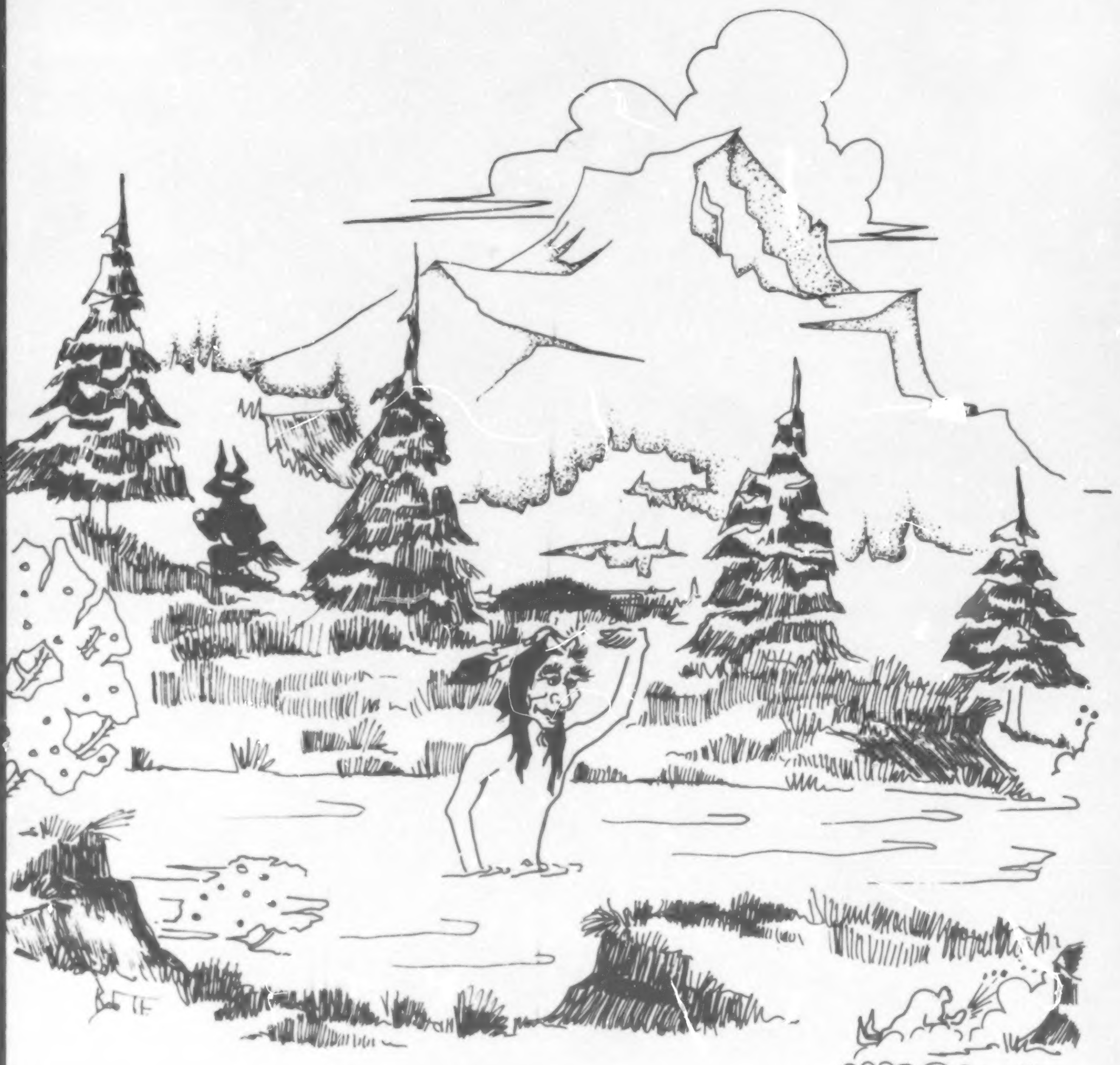


The first time he dove into the water, he came up empty-handed.

Napi thought, "I know what to do.
I'll tie rocks on my feet so that I'll be heavier
and go down deeper into the water."
So Napi tied some rocks to his feet.
He slowly walked to the water
because the rocks were so heavy.



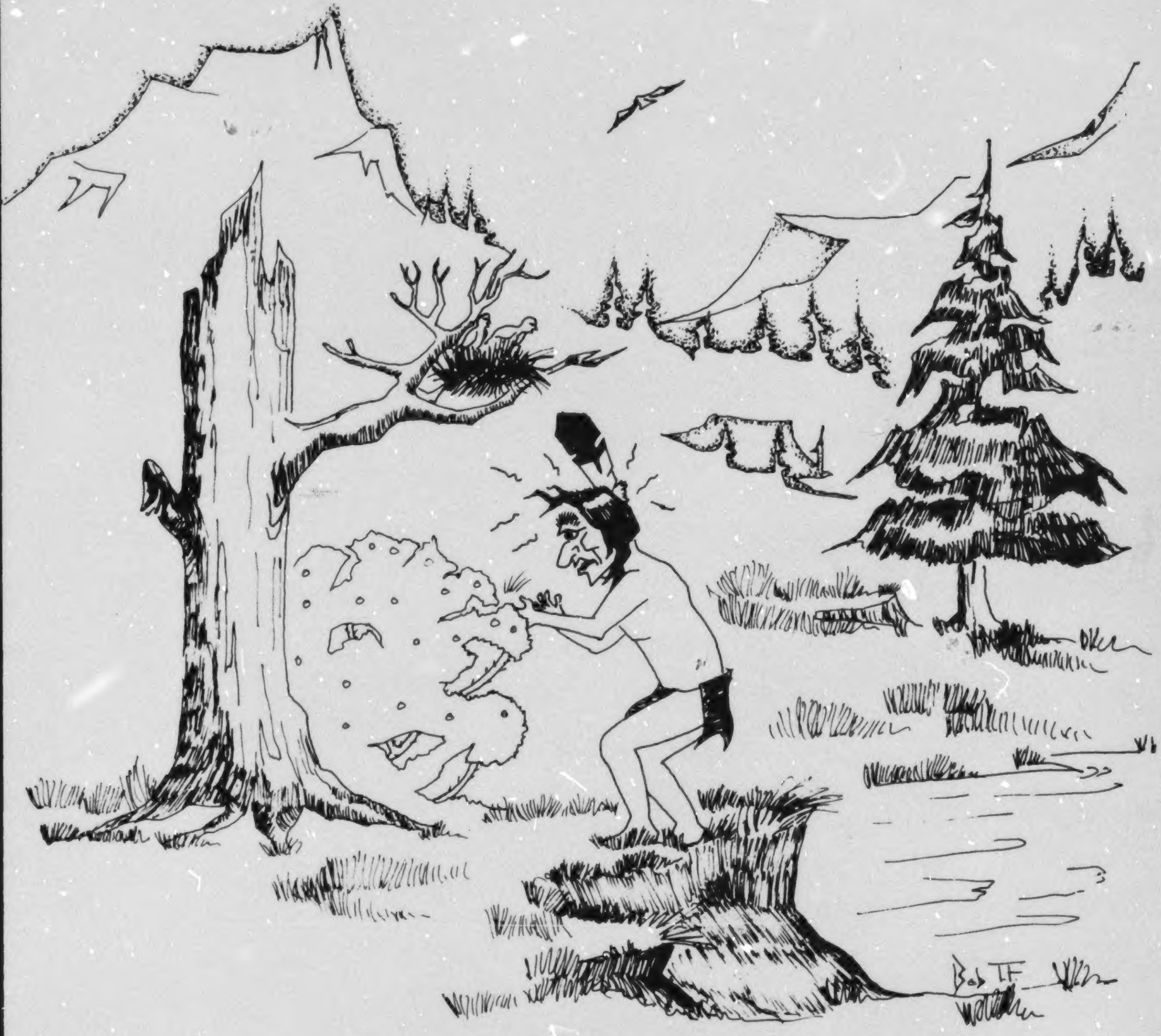
This time when Napi dove to get the berries,
he hit his head on a rock at the bottom of the creek.
Napi saw stars.
Half knocked out, he twisted and turned
to get to the top of the water.
He almost drowned because of the rocks tied to his feet.
When he got to the top, he was fighting mad!



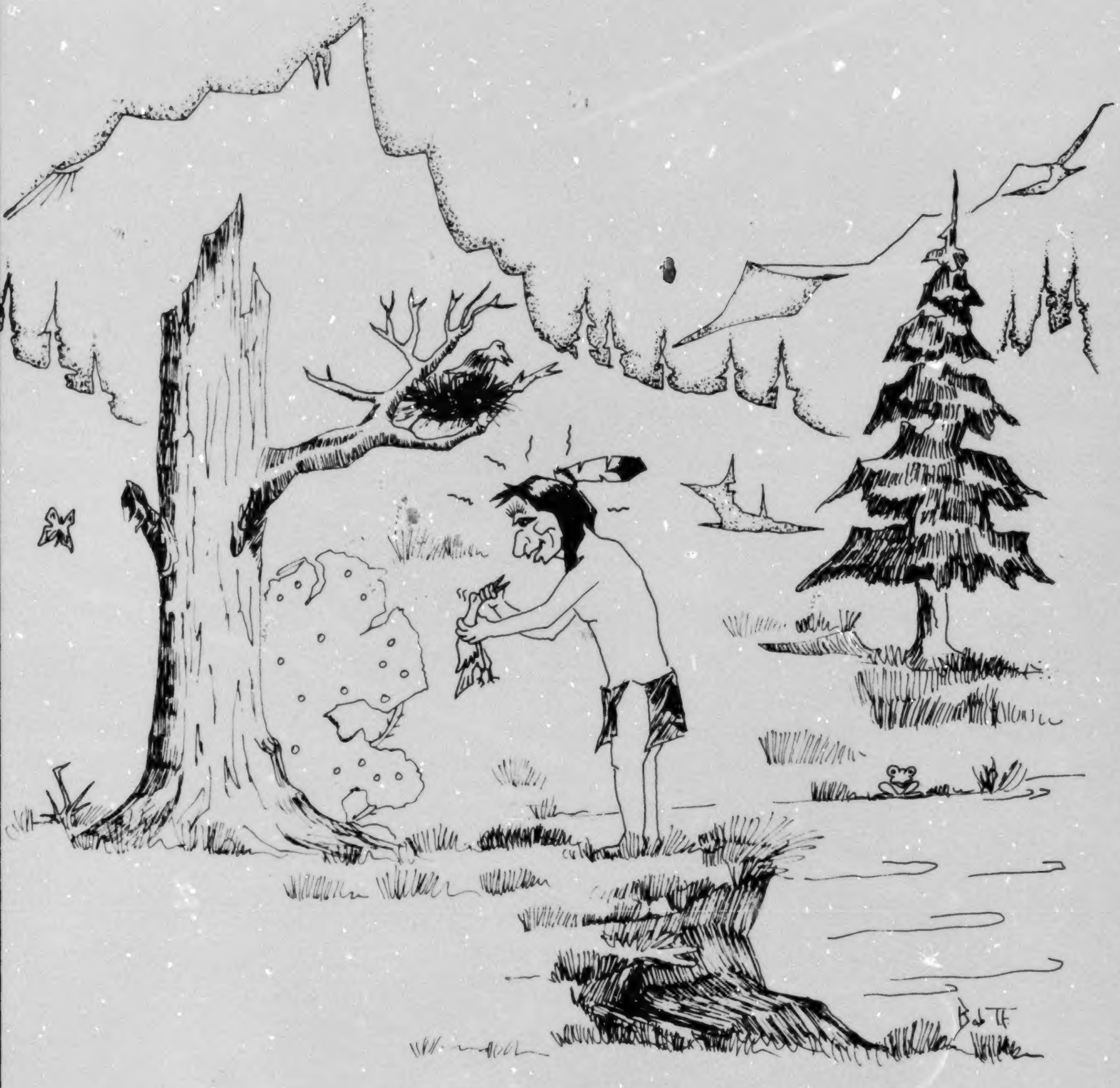
As Napi climbed out of the water,
some little birds in a nest started to laugh at him.
They sang, "Napi, Napi, that is only a reflection
on the water.
The real berries are on the bush."

Bob T.F.

Napi was very angry.
He did not thank the baby birds as he should have.
Instead, he went up the bank
        to where the berries really were.
As he tried to pick the berries,
        his hands were stuck by thorns.
He became more angry.

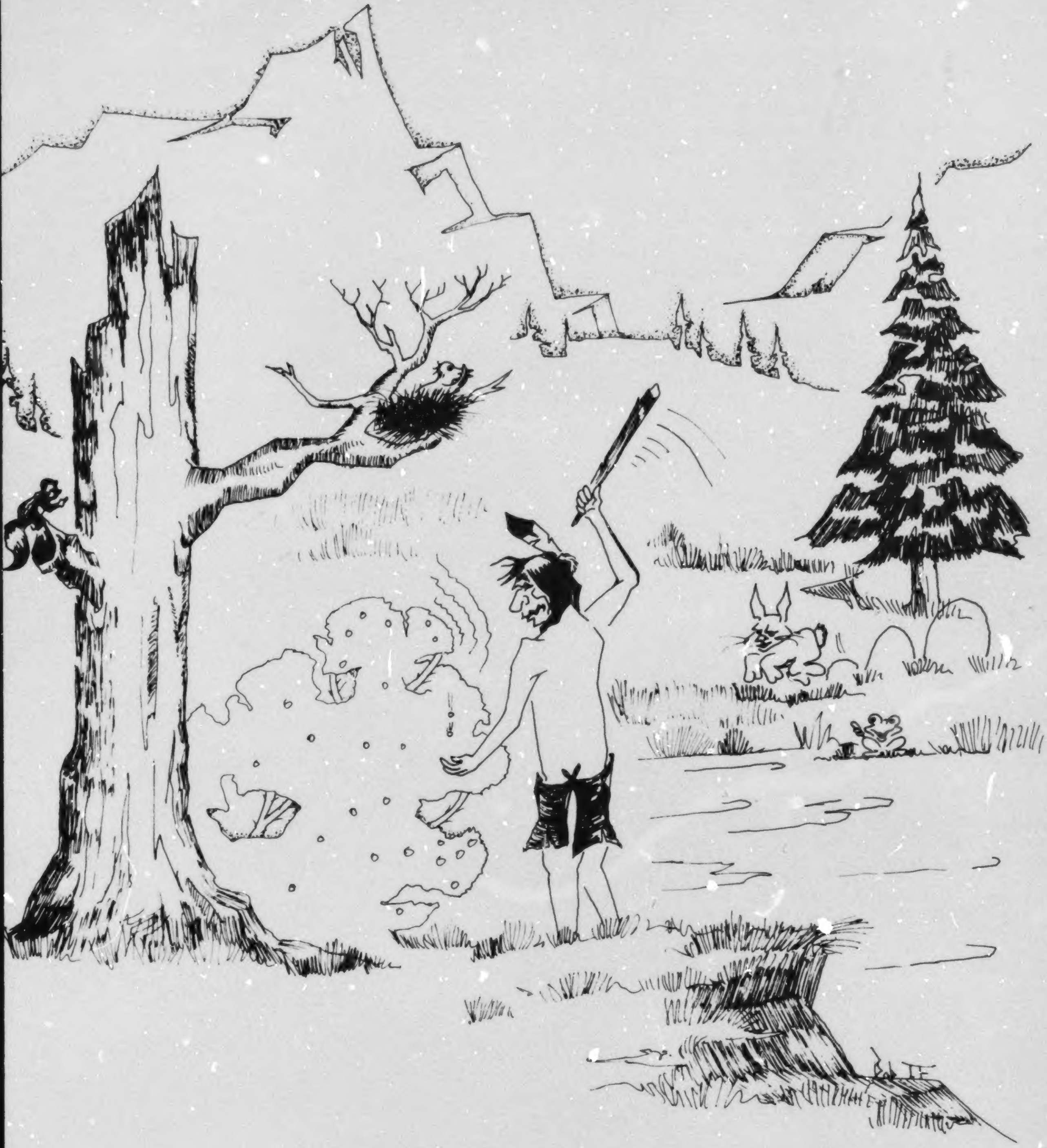

Bob TF

Napi looked funny as he became more and more angry.
His face got a darker red,
        and his feather fell sideways on his head.
The baby birds began to laugh again.
"Do not laugh at me!" said Napi.
He grabbed their beaks
        and pulled and stretched them apart.
Napi said, "This is for laughing at me.
From now on, all little birds will have big mouths."



Napi was still angry about being stuck by the thorns.
He grabbed a big stick and started to beat
on the bullberry bushes.
He said, "Because you hurt my hands,
the only way anybody will ever be able to pick you
is by beating you with a stick."

So, to this day, anyone wanting bullberries
has to beat the bushes with a stick
to get the berries off.



JOAN BULLSHOE KENNERLY

Mrs. Kennerly has twenty years of teaching experience in the Blackfeet and Northern Cheyenne public school systems and was the first runnerup for the 1972 Montana Teacher of the Year. She received her B.A. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in education from Arizona State University. She was responsible for establishing Native American Day for the State, and was appointed by the Governor of Montana to serve on the Commission on Post Secondary Education. She also was the Chairperson of House Joint Resolution 60, which established the Master Plan for Indian Education for the State of Montana. She has two children.

JUNE BULLSHOE TATSEY

Mrs. Tatsey is a Blackfeet Indian with sixteen years experience in teaching grades one through eight and pre-school in the public school system on the Blackfeet Reservation. She received her B.S. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in guidance and counseling from the University of South Dakota and the University of Montana. She was the reading supervisor and is now vice-principal at K.W. Bergen Elementary School in Browning, on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation.

CARMEN BULLSHOE MARCEAU

Mrs. Marceau is a Blackfeet Indian with eighteen years teaching experience. She has had one year experience in guidance and counseling on the Blackfeet Reservation and is principal of Browning Elementary School. She received her B.S. in education from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in guidance and counseling from the University of South Dakota and the University of Montana.

DORIS BULLSHOE OLD PERSON

Mrs. Old Person has eighteen years experience teaching in the Blackfeet Public School System. She has specialized in remedial reading and has been Head Start Director-Supervisor for ESEA Title I and Director of the Native Song and Dance Program. She received her B.A. from Northern Montana College and her M.A. in education from Arizona State University. She has five children.

Mrs. Kennerly, Mrs. Tatsey, Mrs Marceau, and Mrs. Old Person are the daughters of Lillian and Francis Bullshoe. They were raised on a ranch near Badger Creek in the Blackfeet Reservation countryside.

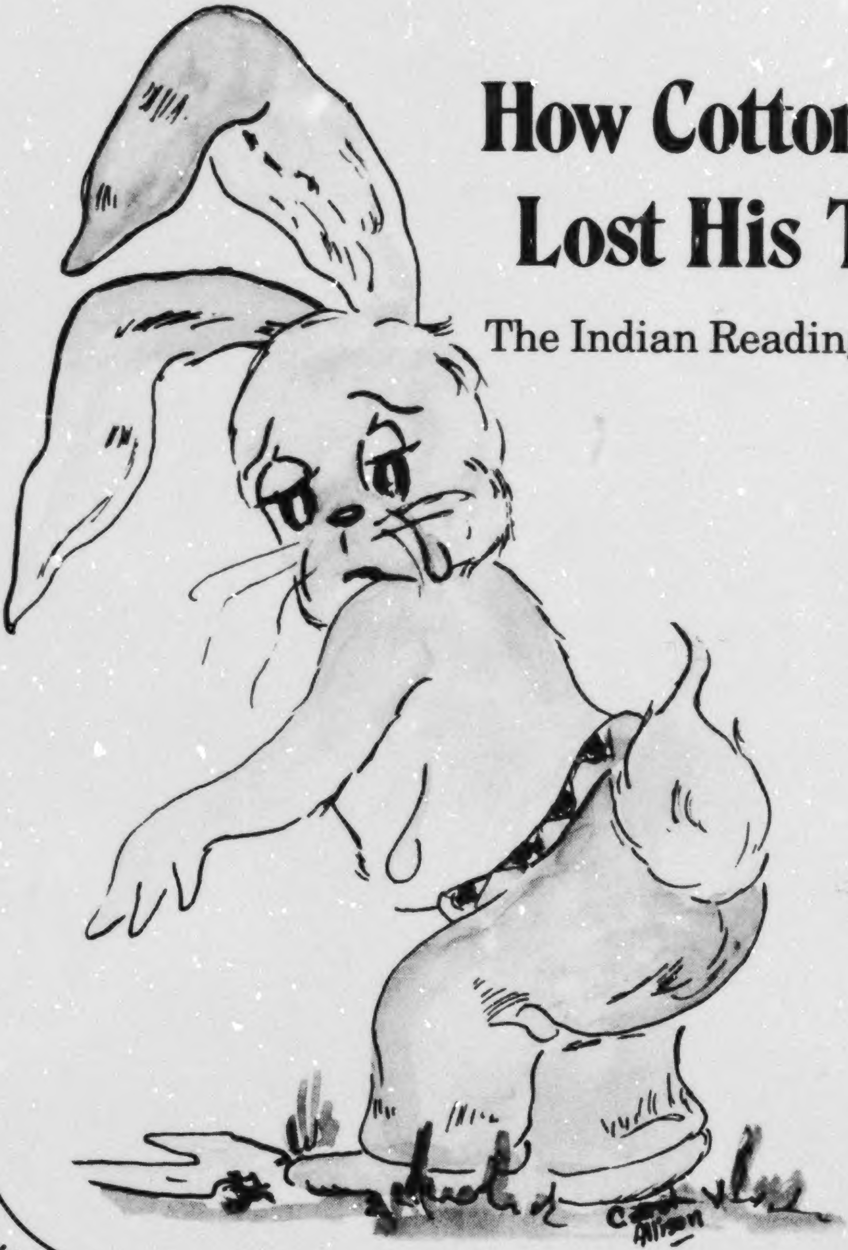
All four women had similar educational backgrounds. They attended Mad Plume School (a one room rural school), the Blackfeet Indian Boarding School, and all but Mrs. Tatsey attended Flandreau Indian School in South Dakota. They all graduated from Browning High School. At the present time the four women are teaching in the Blackfeet Public School System in Browning, Montana.

ROBERT TAILFEATHERS

Robert Tailfeathers was born and raised on the Blackfeet Reservation and graduated from Browning High School in 1970. After attending the University of Montana, he taught in the Missoula Head Start Program as well as the Blackfeet Head Start Program. During the summer of 1975, he taught Indian art with the Upward Bound Program at the University of Montana. He plans to finish his degree in sociology and continue his career in art.

How Cottontail Lost His Tail

The Indian Reading Series



Level II Book 18

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

How Cottontail Lost His Tail

Level II Book 18

By members of the Warm Springs
Reservation Committee

Carol Allison, *Illustrator*
Nita Curtis, *Consultant*
William Frank, *Illustrator*
Rena Greene
Verbena Greene, *Coordinator*
Viola Kalama
Stella McKinley
Ada Sooksoit
Felix Wallulatum
Wilson Wewa

Illustrated by Carol Allison

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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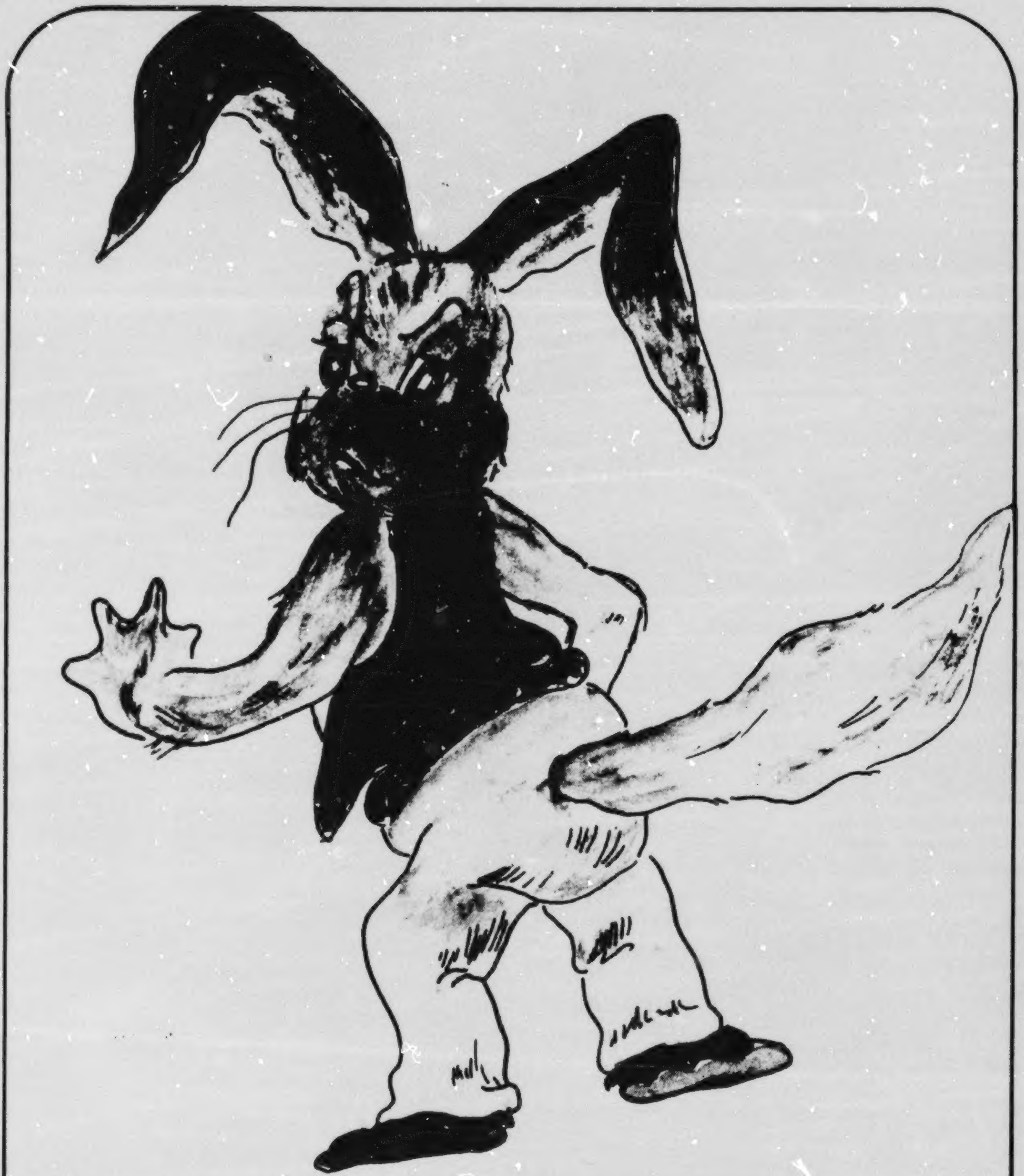
Long ago the animals were like people.
They talked and walked
and did the same things people do.

In those days the cottontail rabbit had a long tail.
He had hands and walked on his hind legs.
When he was small, he did not listen to anyone.
He was like a very naughty boy.



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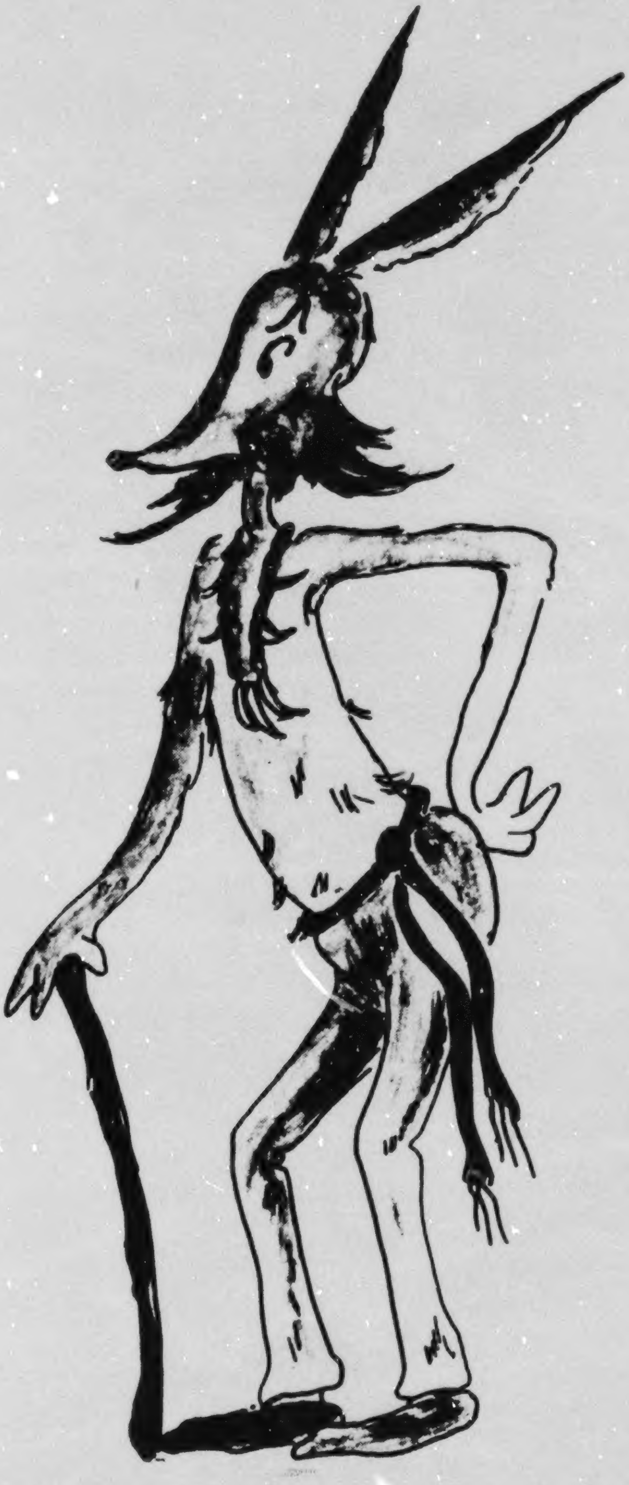
Cottontail would not carry the water
or build a fire when he was asked.
He would not help anyone.
His grandfather, Old Coyote, would warn Cottontail
not to wander too far from camp.
But Cottontail did not listen.



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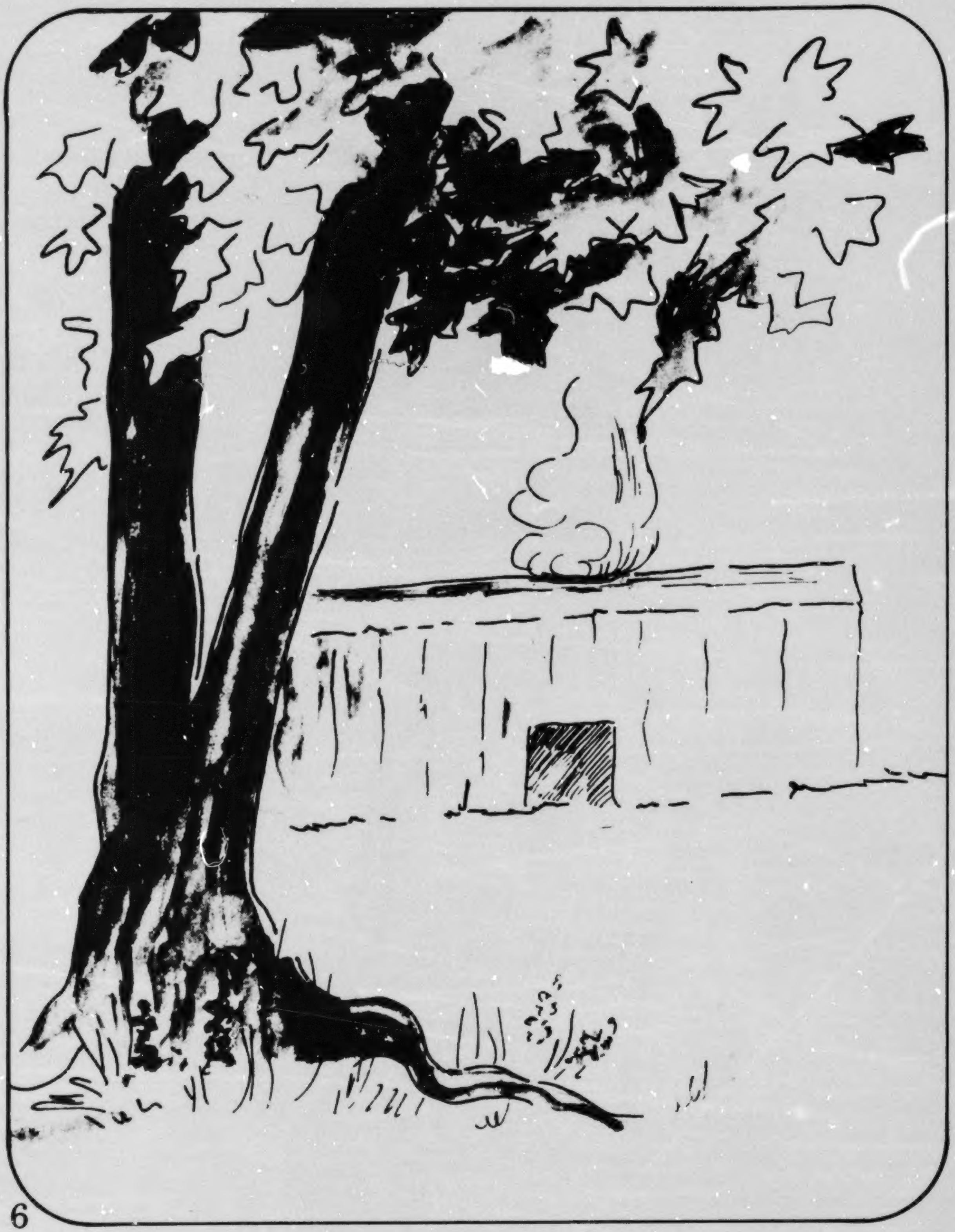

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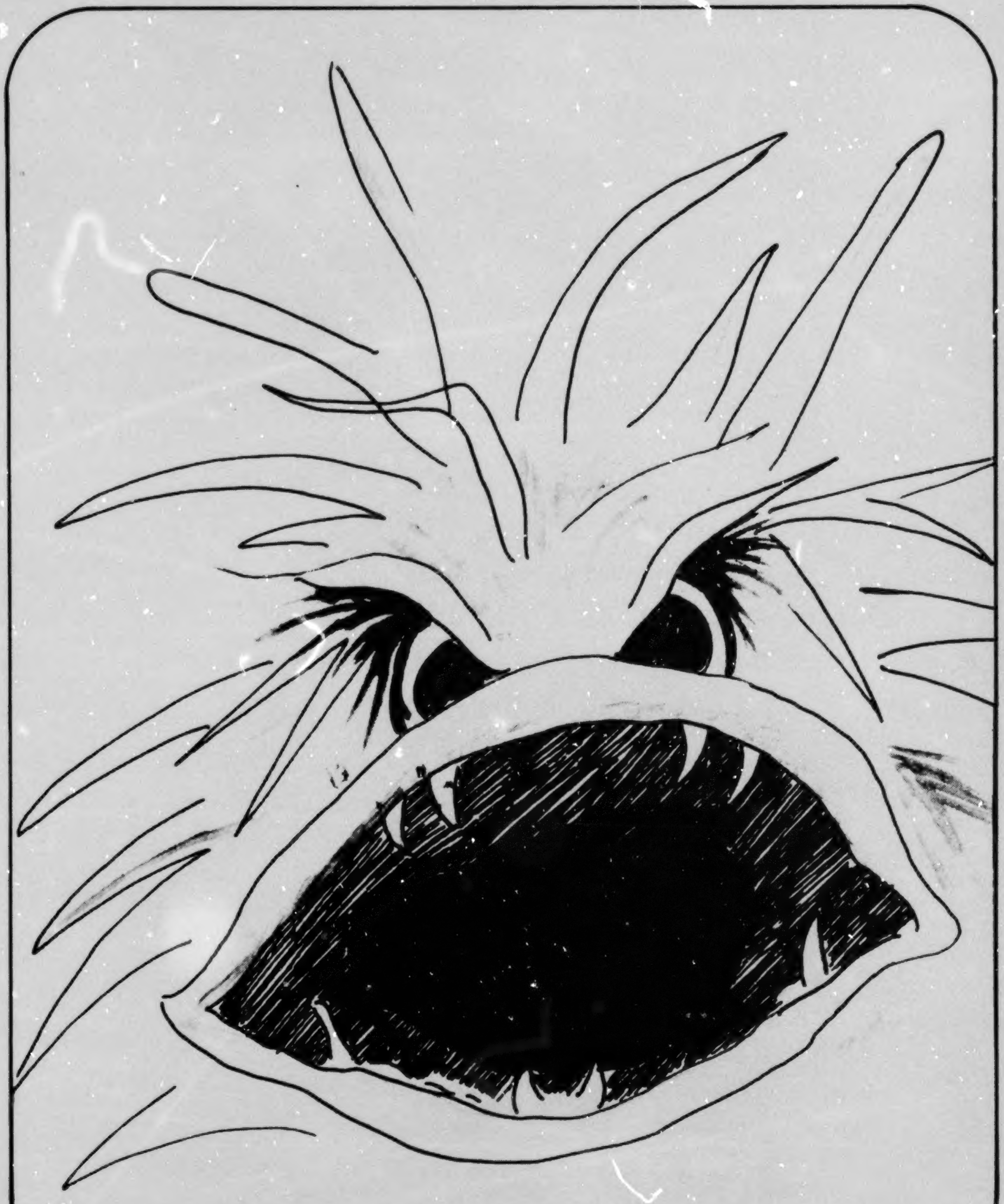
Cottontail and his grandfather
lived beside a big river
called the Columbia River.
They would spear fish from the river.
The homes were built of cedar poles
and cedar bark.



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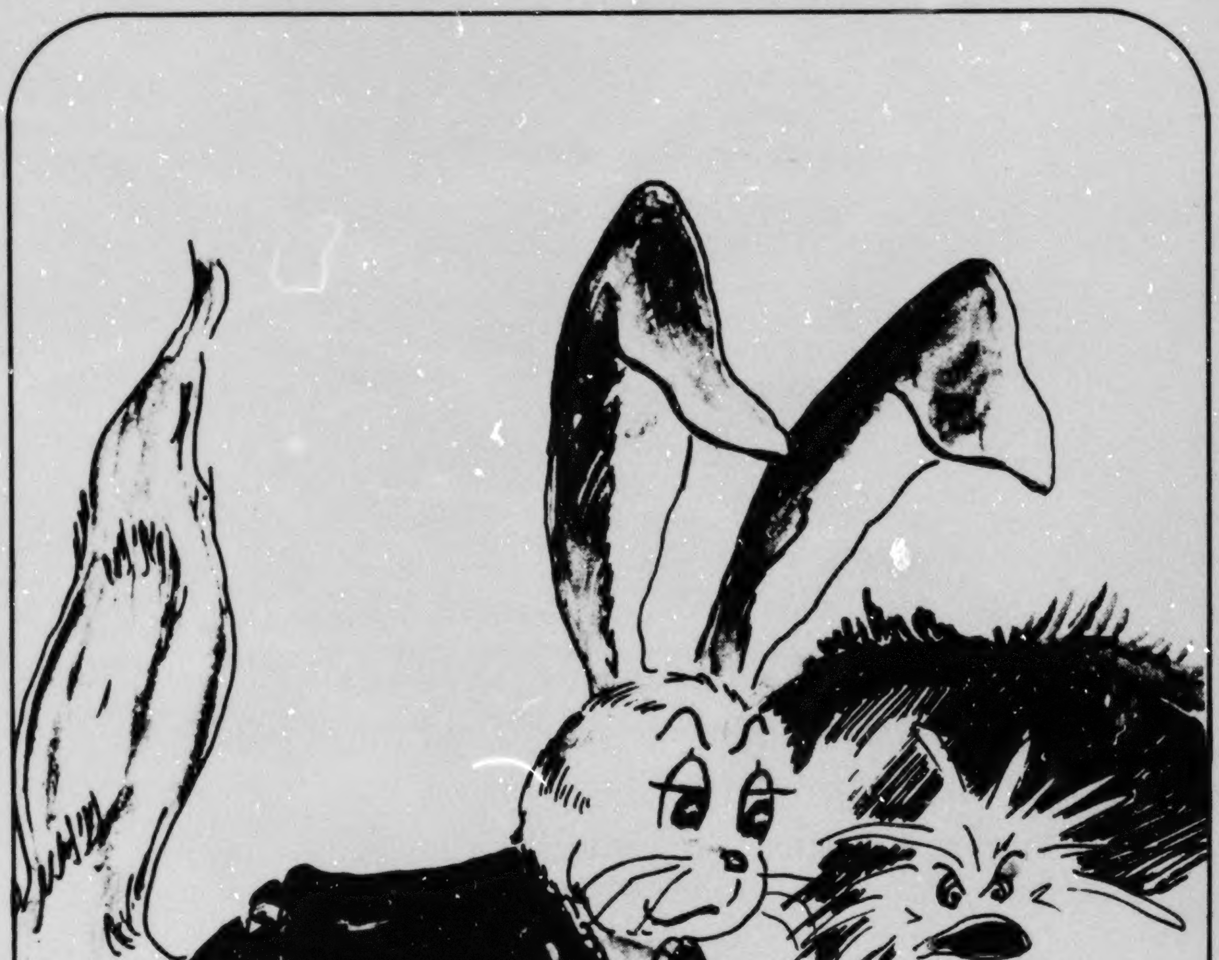
Nearby lived a monster in a cave.
The animal people were very frightened of him.
He was so big!
And he had such a big mouth!



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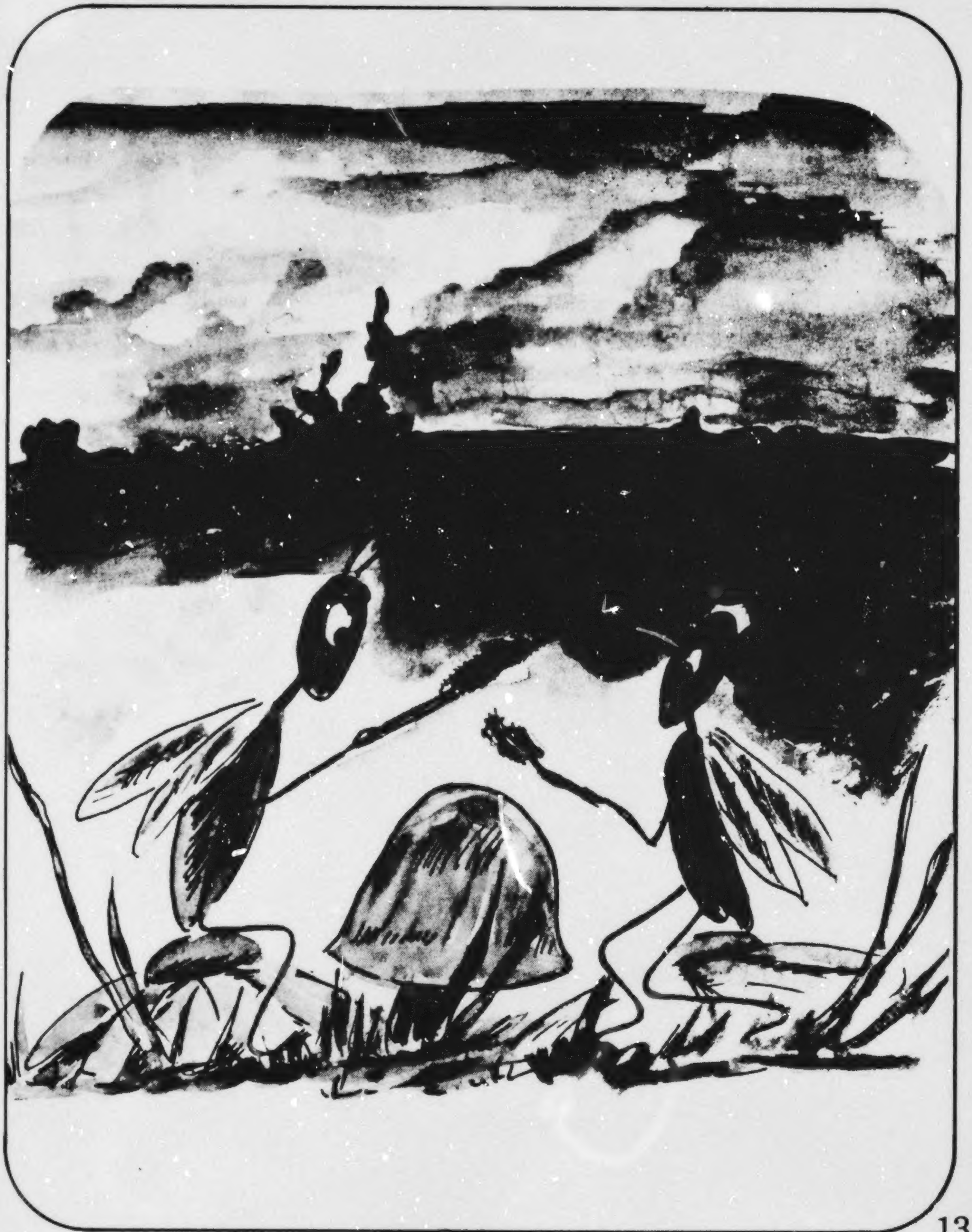
One day Cottontail went walking beside the river
to look for arrowheads.
But he went too far, coming very close to the cave
where the monster lived.
The monster saw Cottontail.
Quick as a wink,
he sucked him right up into his stomach!

It was getting dark, and the crickets were beginning
their evening songs.
Cottontail still had not come home.
Grandfather Coyote watched for Cottontail.
He was worried that Cottontail
had been caught by the monster!



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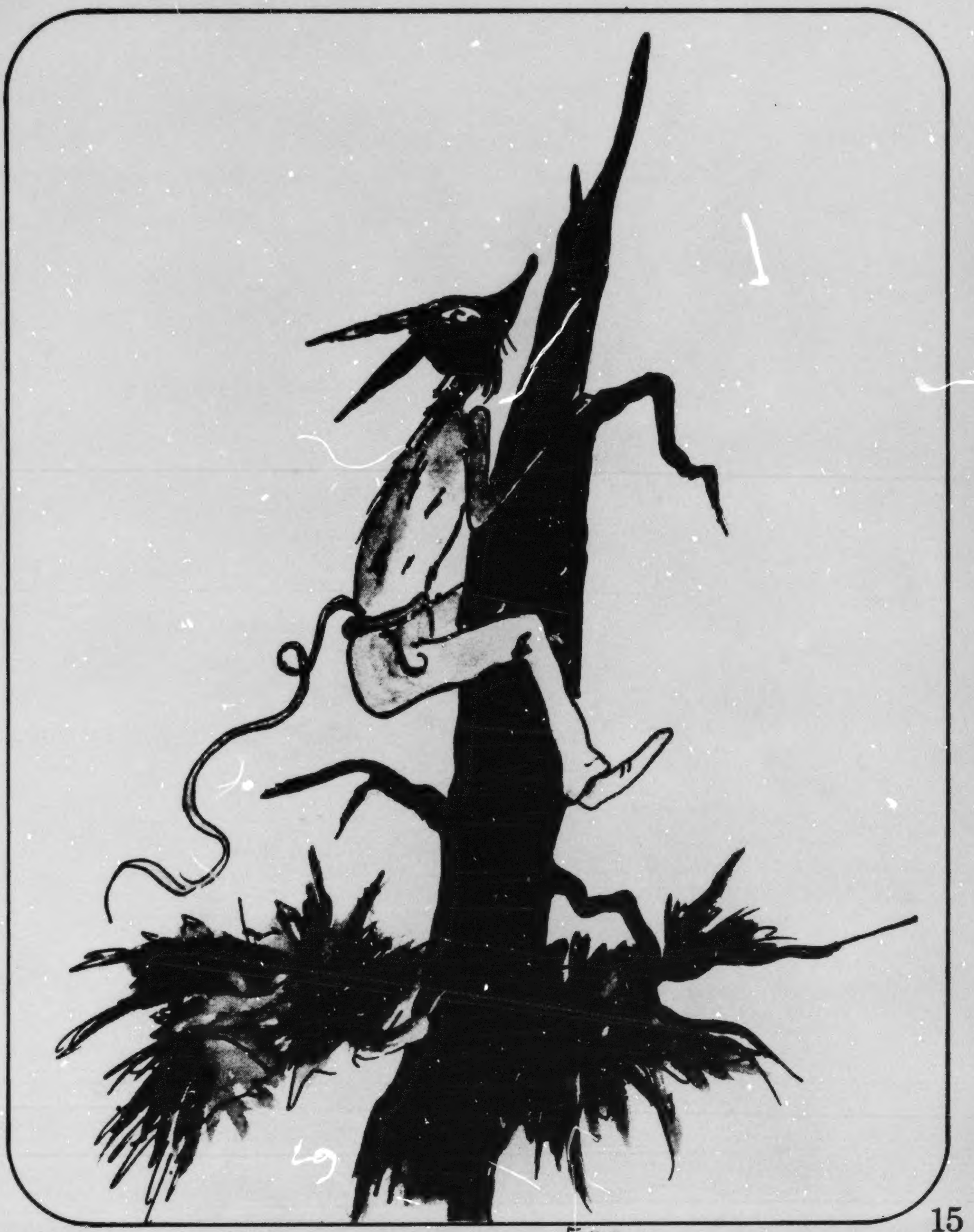
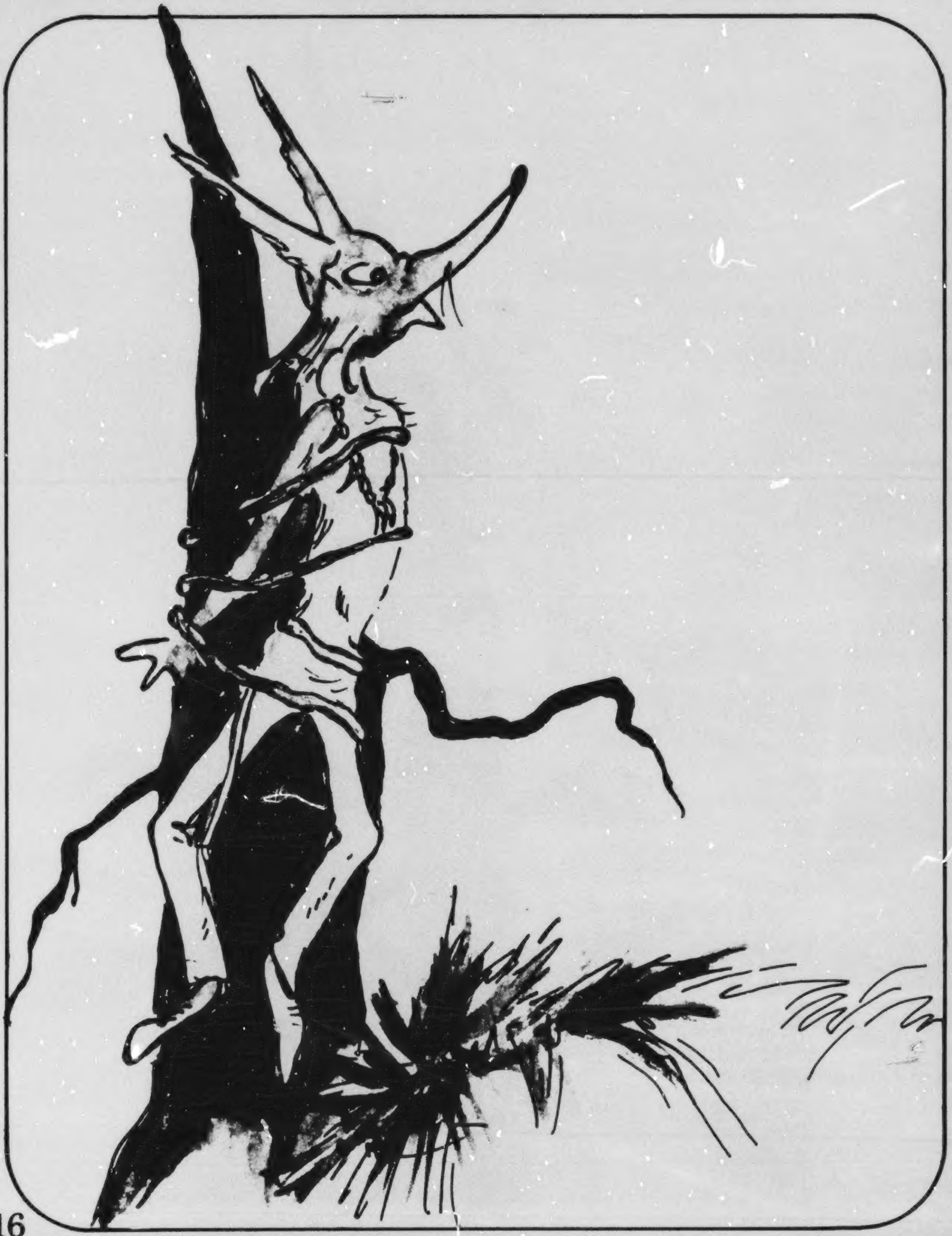
Grandfather Coyote walked to a little stream.
Growing near the stream was a firemaking vine.
Grandfather Coyote cut the vine
    and put it in his belt.
He climbed up a tree.





From the top of the tree he could see the cave
where the monster lived.
Grandfather Coyote took the firemaking vine
from his belt and used it to tie himself
to the tree.
Then he called the monster!

The monster came stomping out of his cave!
He looked this way.
He looked that way.

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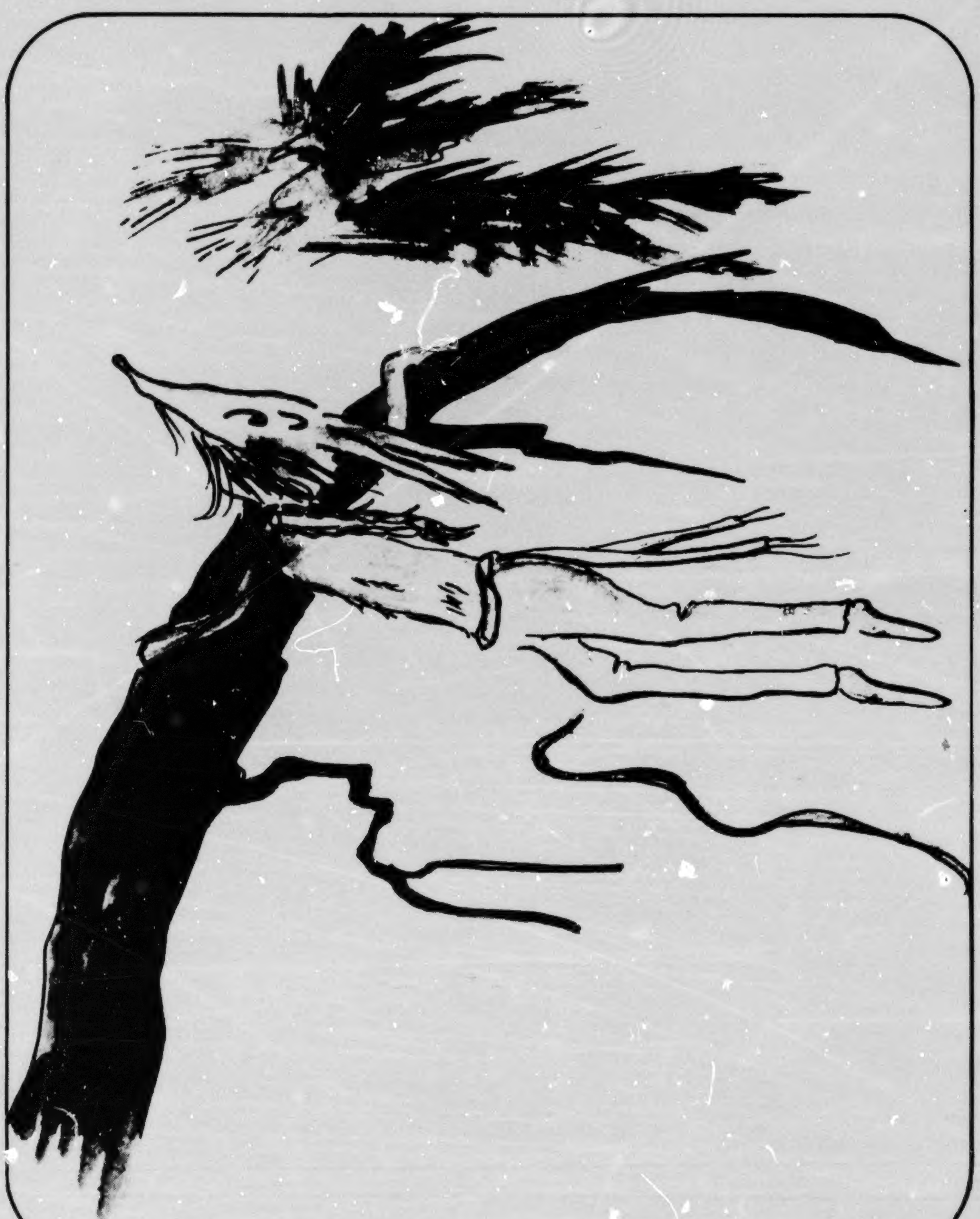
When the monster saw
    it was Grandfather Coyote calling him,
    he sucked in his breath.
He sucked harder and harder
    until the vine rope broke.
Poor Grandfather Coyote
    was sucked into the monster's stomach.

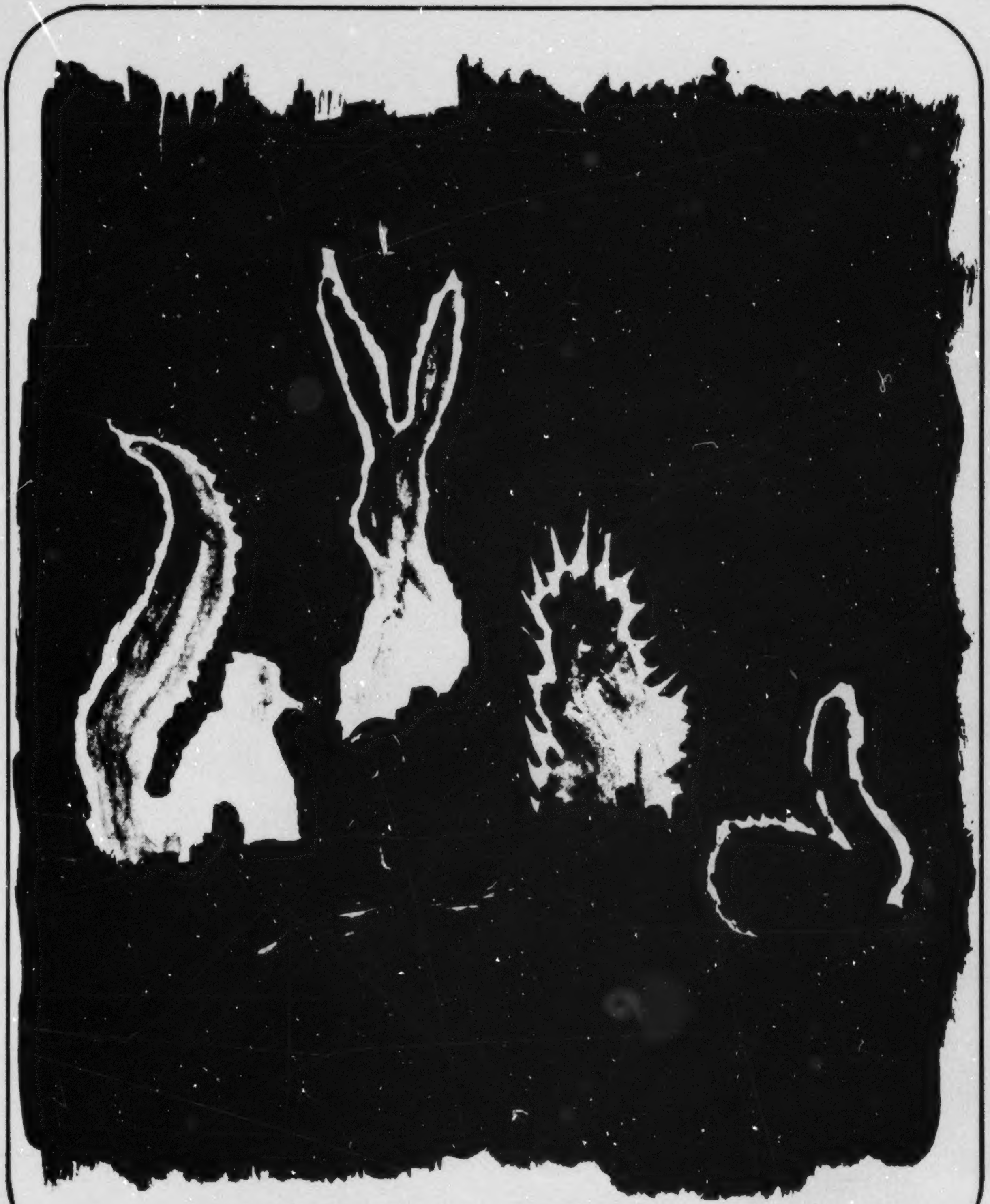


21

Oh, it was dark in that monster's stomach.

Grandfather Coyote was old and wise.
He had a flint knife, some pitch
and a piece of the firemaking vine with him.
He built a fire.
As the light from the fire became brighter,
he saw Cottontail.

Then he saw Skunk, Porcupine and Beaver,
and all the other animal people
that had been swallowed up.
They were weak, for they had no food or water.



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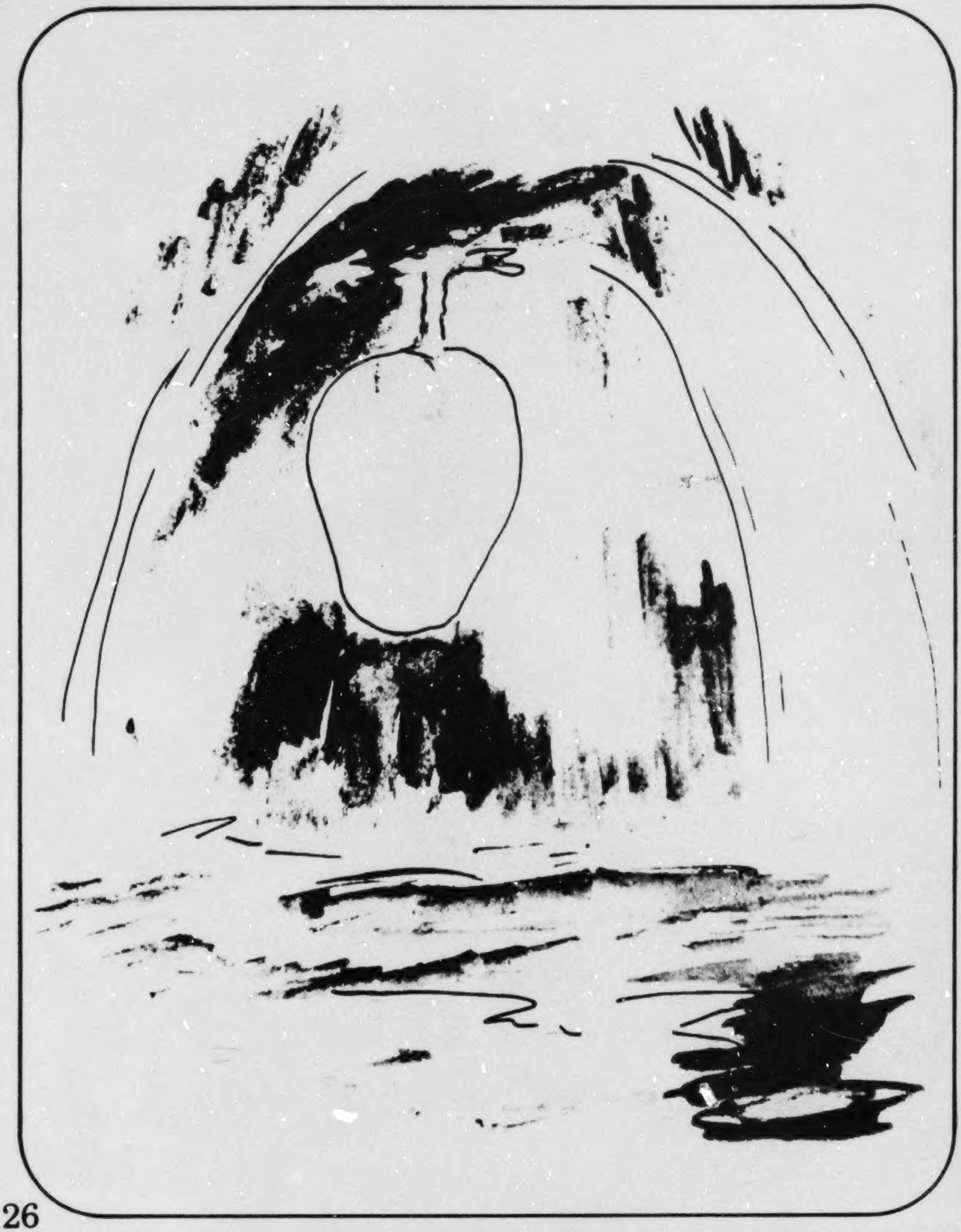

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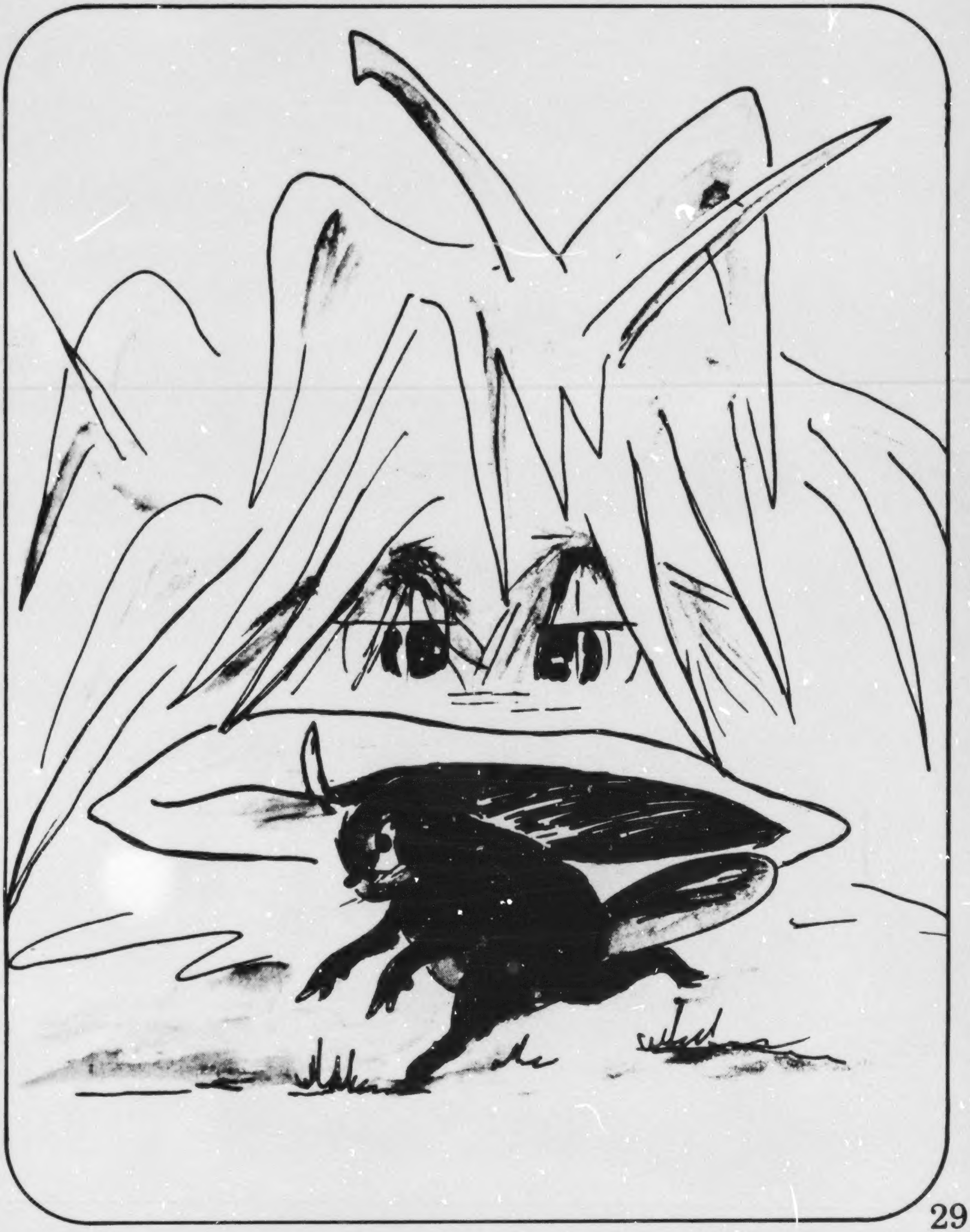
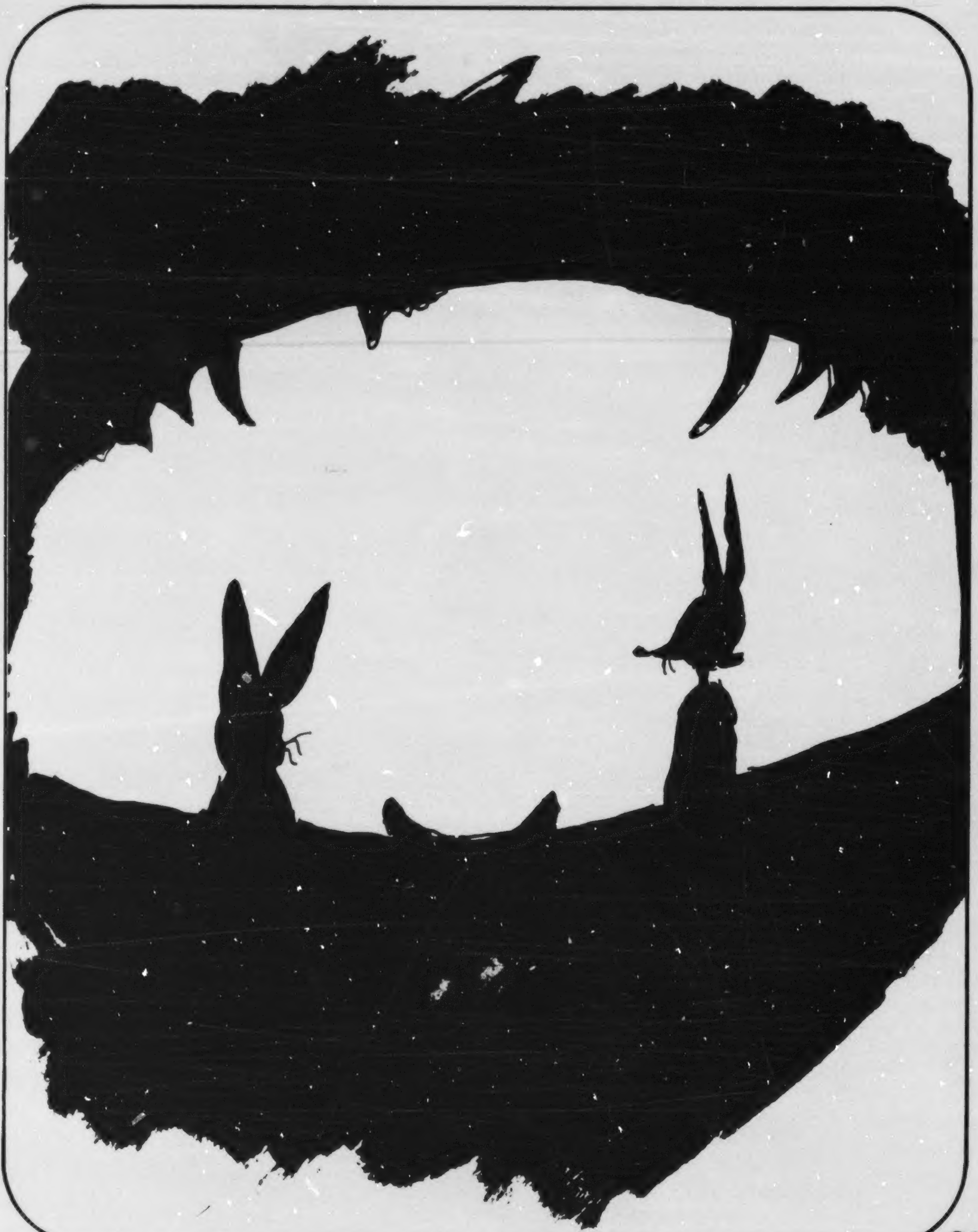
Grandfather Coyote saw the heart of the big monster
hanging from above.
He told the animal people to be ready
to crawl out of the monster's mouth.
Grandfather Coyote then cut off the monster's heart.

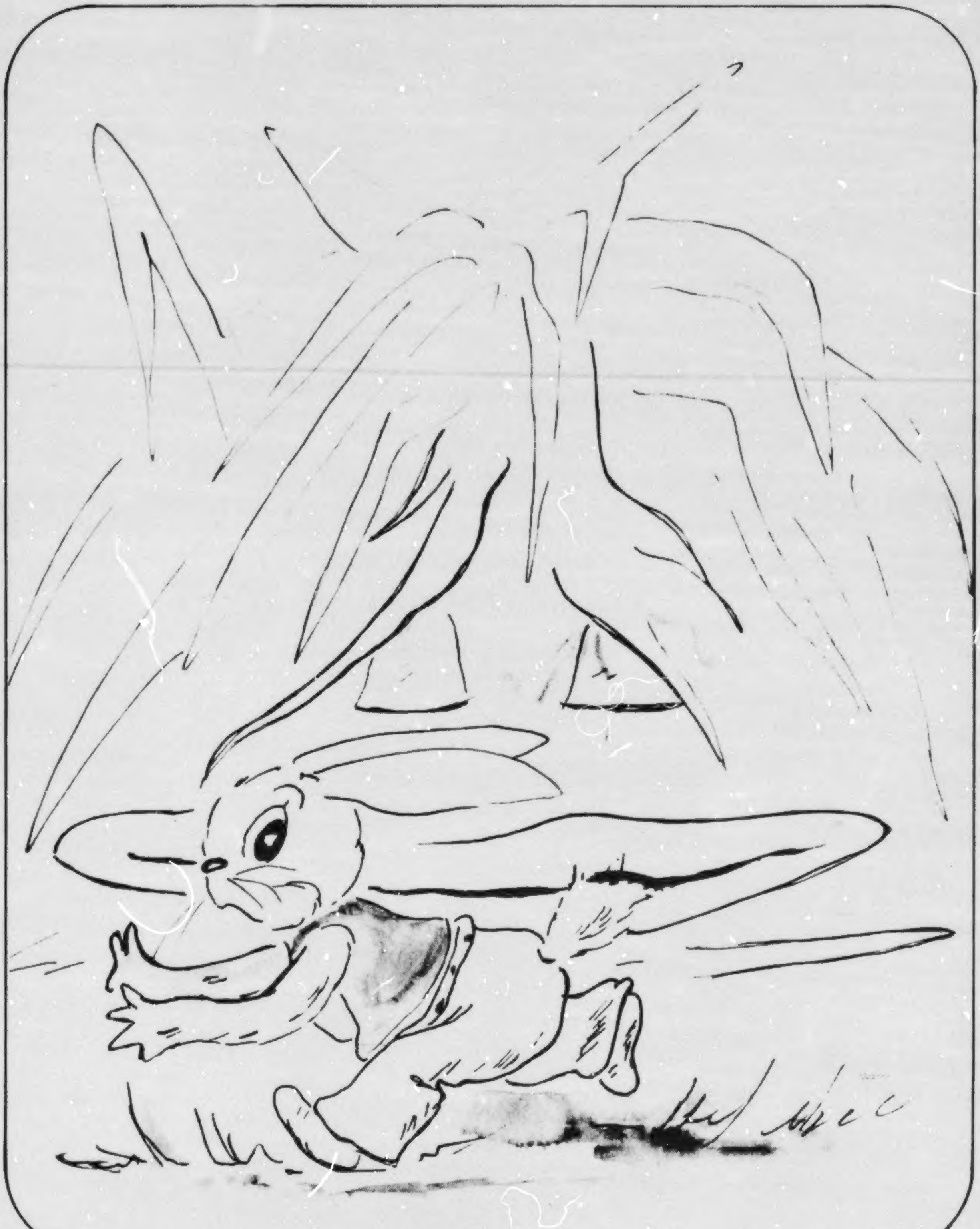
As the monster died, his mouth opened and shut. Each time his mouth opened, someone crawled out.



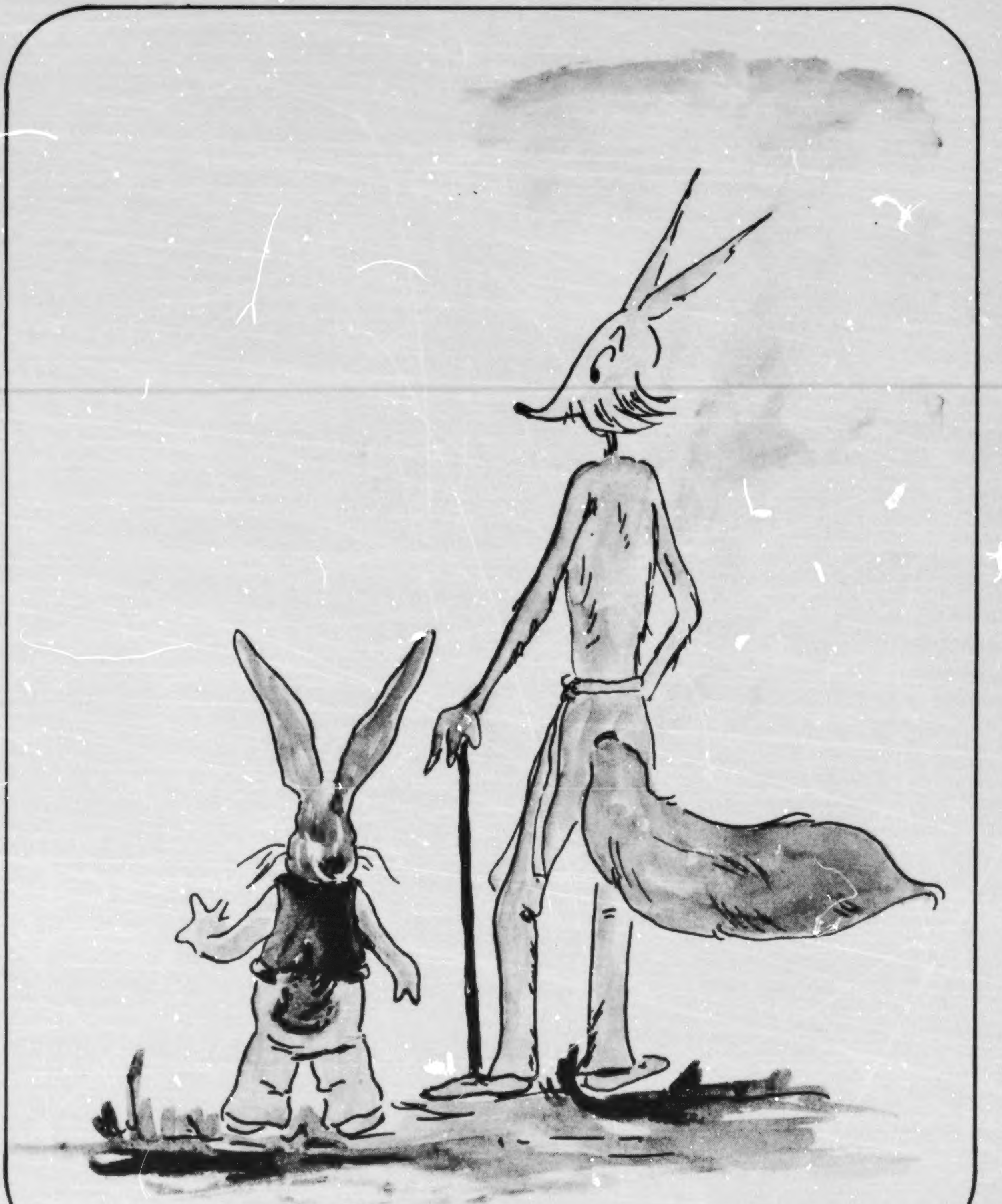
Grandfather Coyote and Cottontail were stronger, so they waited till the weak ones were out before they left.



Cottontail went out last,
just as the monster took his final breath.
The monster closed his mouth
right on Cottontail's tail
and pulled it off.



To this day, Cottontail has a short tail.
But, he minds better and does what he is told.



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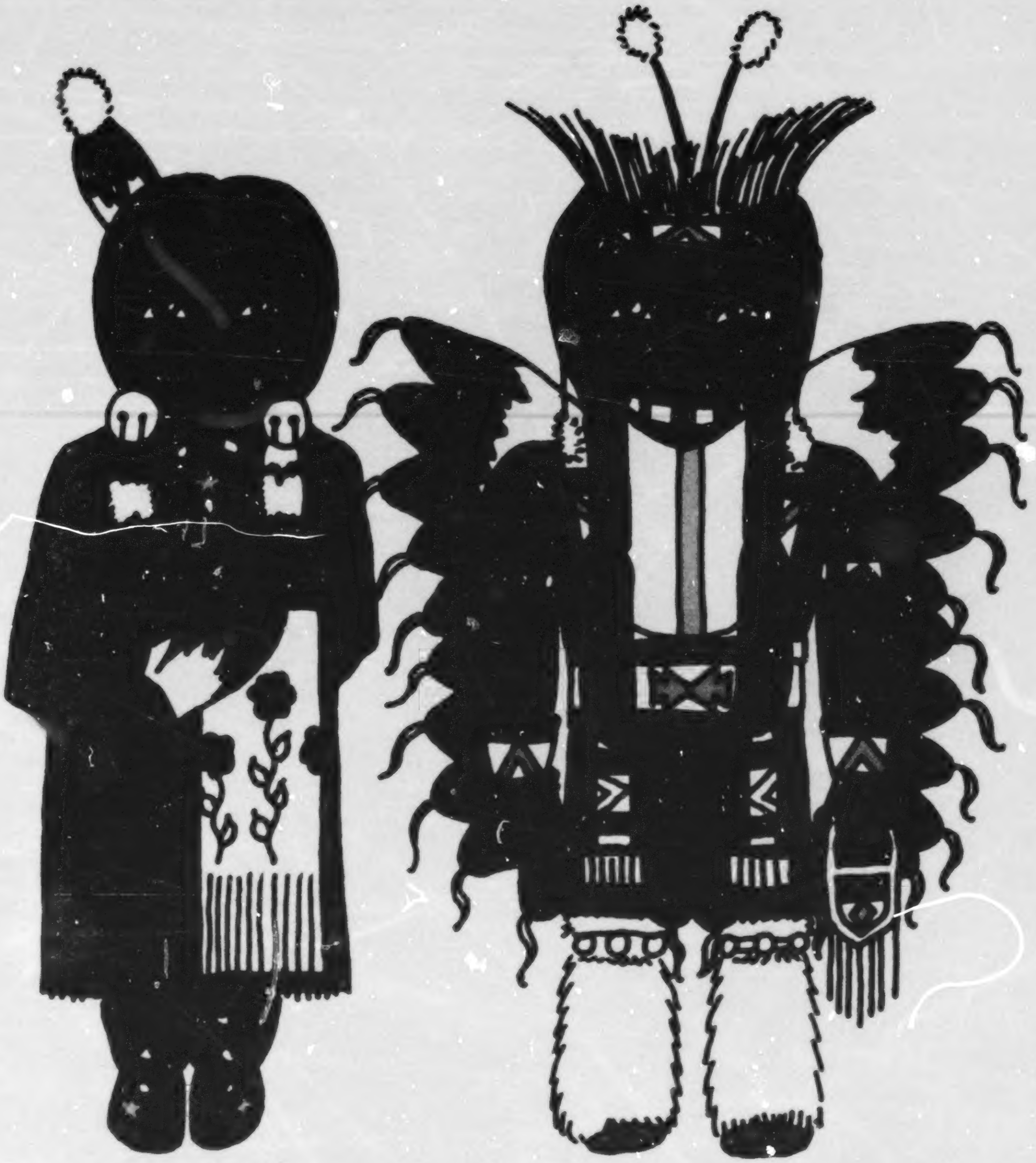

Being Indian Is

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 19

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Being Indian Is

Level II Book 19

By members of the Warm Springs
Reservation Committee

Carol Allison, *Illustrator*
Nita Curtis, *Consultant*
William Frank, *Illustrator*
Rena Greene
Verbena Greene, *Coordinator*
Viola Kalama
Stella McKinley
Debbie Smith, *Illustrator*
Ada Sooksoit
Felix Wallulatum
Wilson Wewa

Illustrated by Debbie Smith

Joseph Coburn, Director
Pacific Northwest Indian Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory

Developed by the Pacific Northwest Indian Reading and Language Development Program
Northwest Regional Educational Laboratory, 710 Southwest Second Avenue, Portland, Oregon 97204

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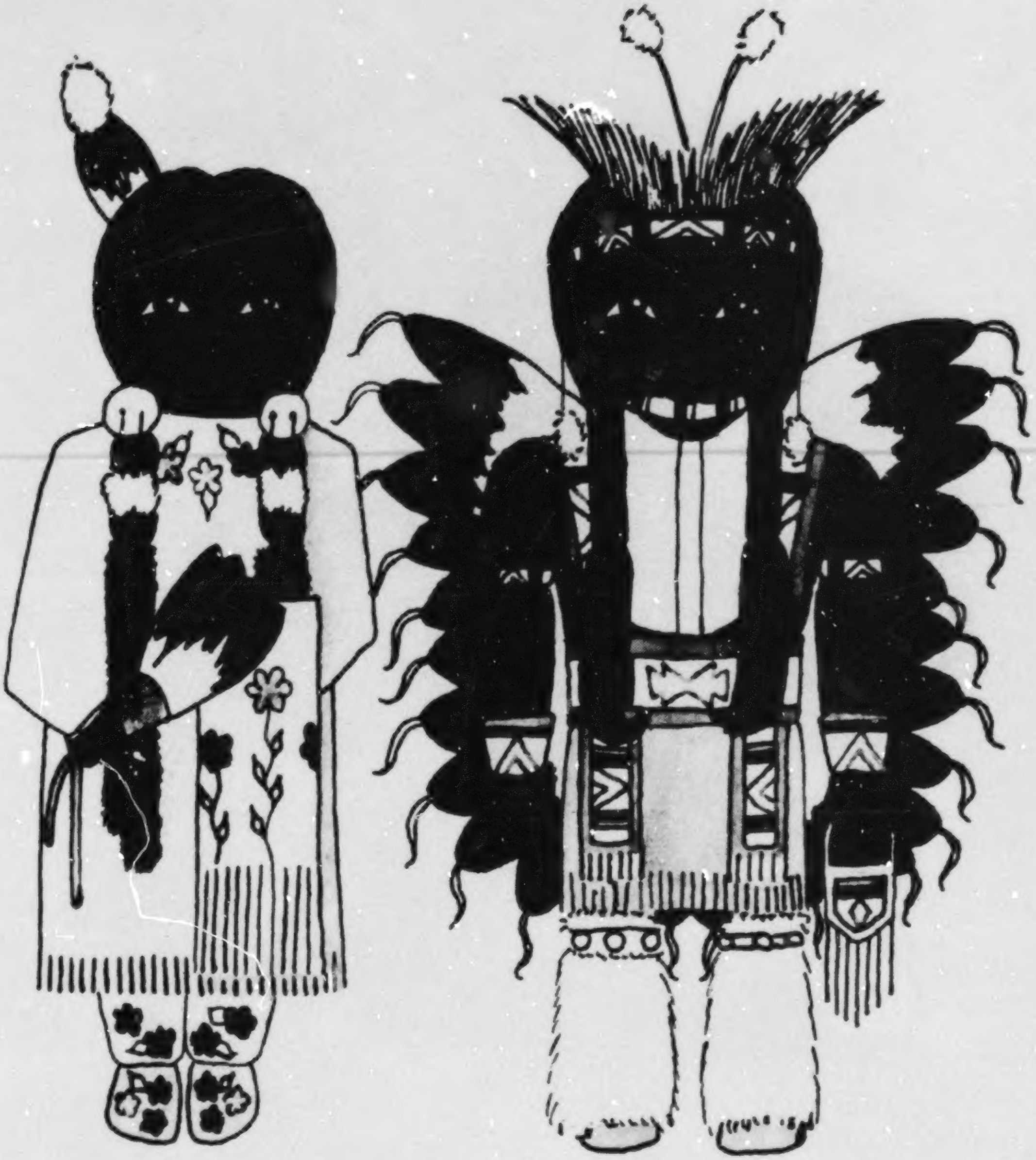
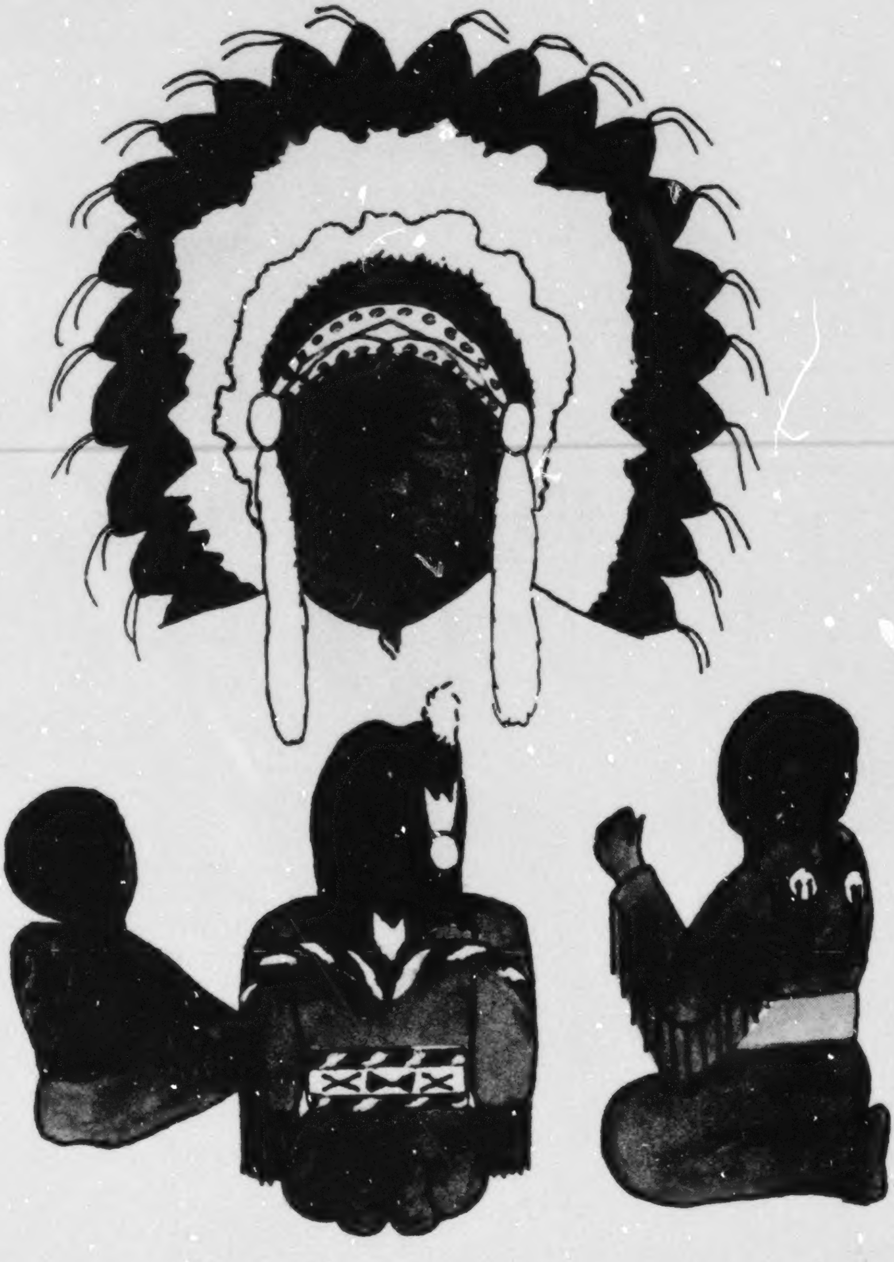
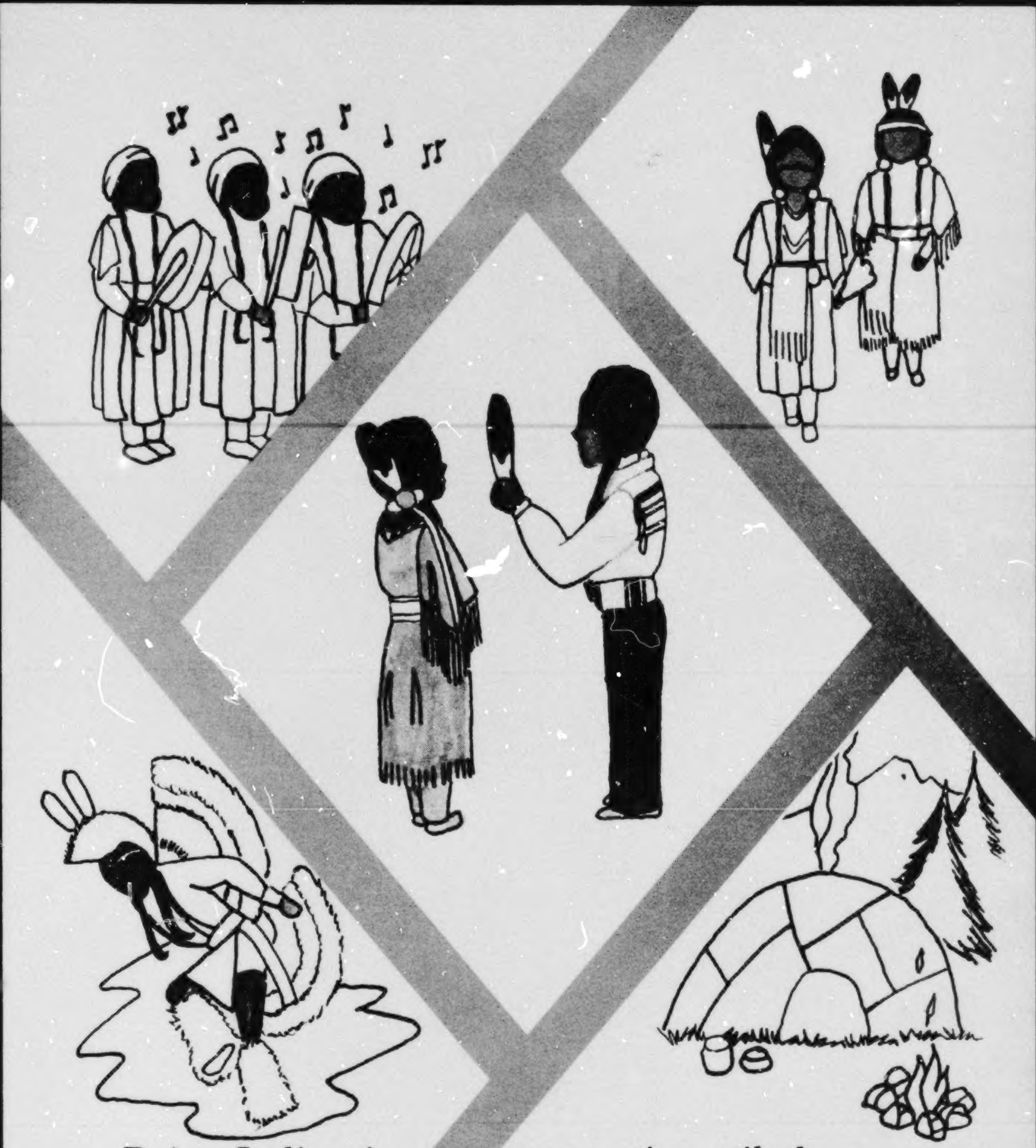


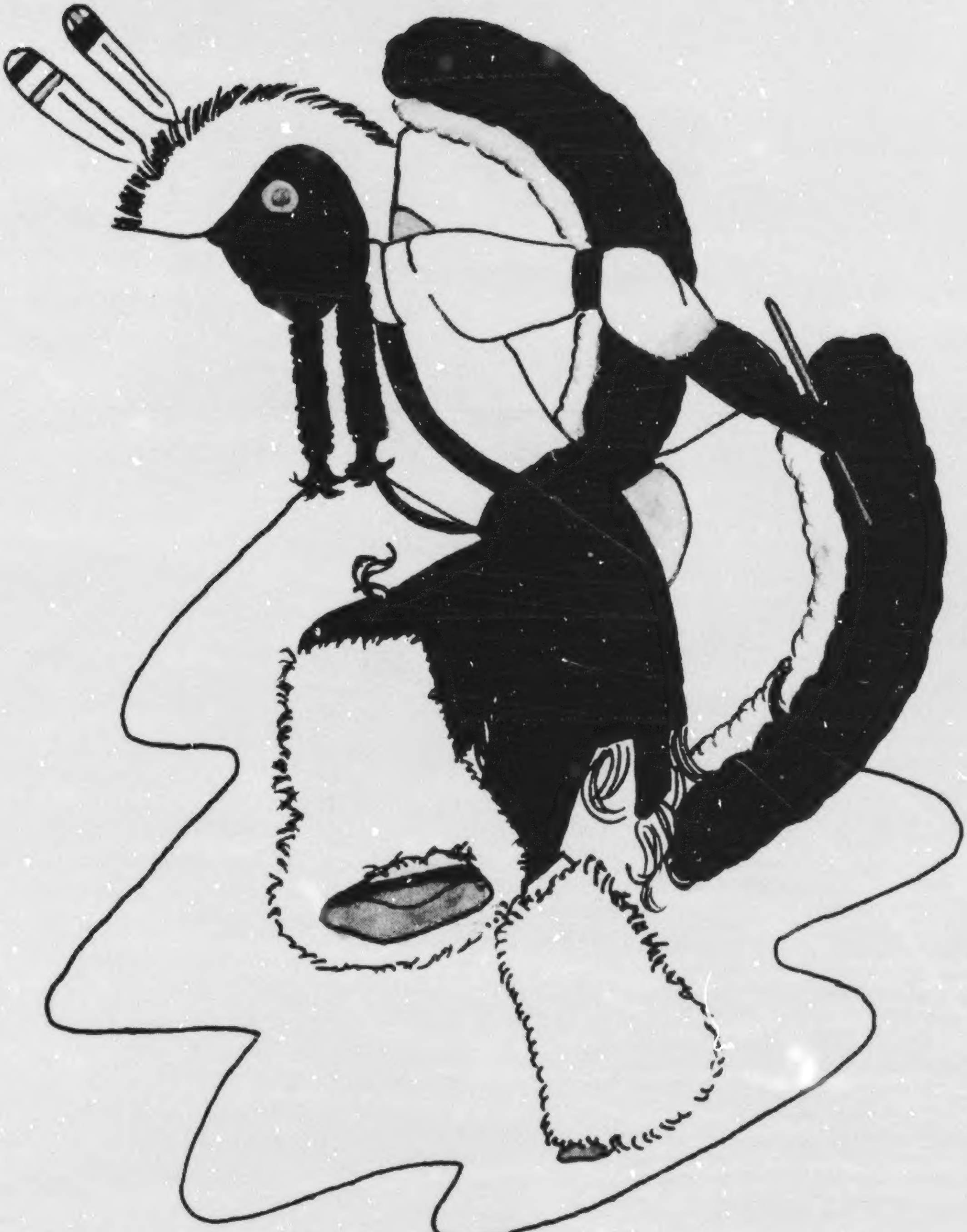
Being Indian is:
being proud of what you are—Indian.



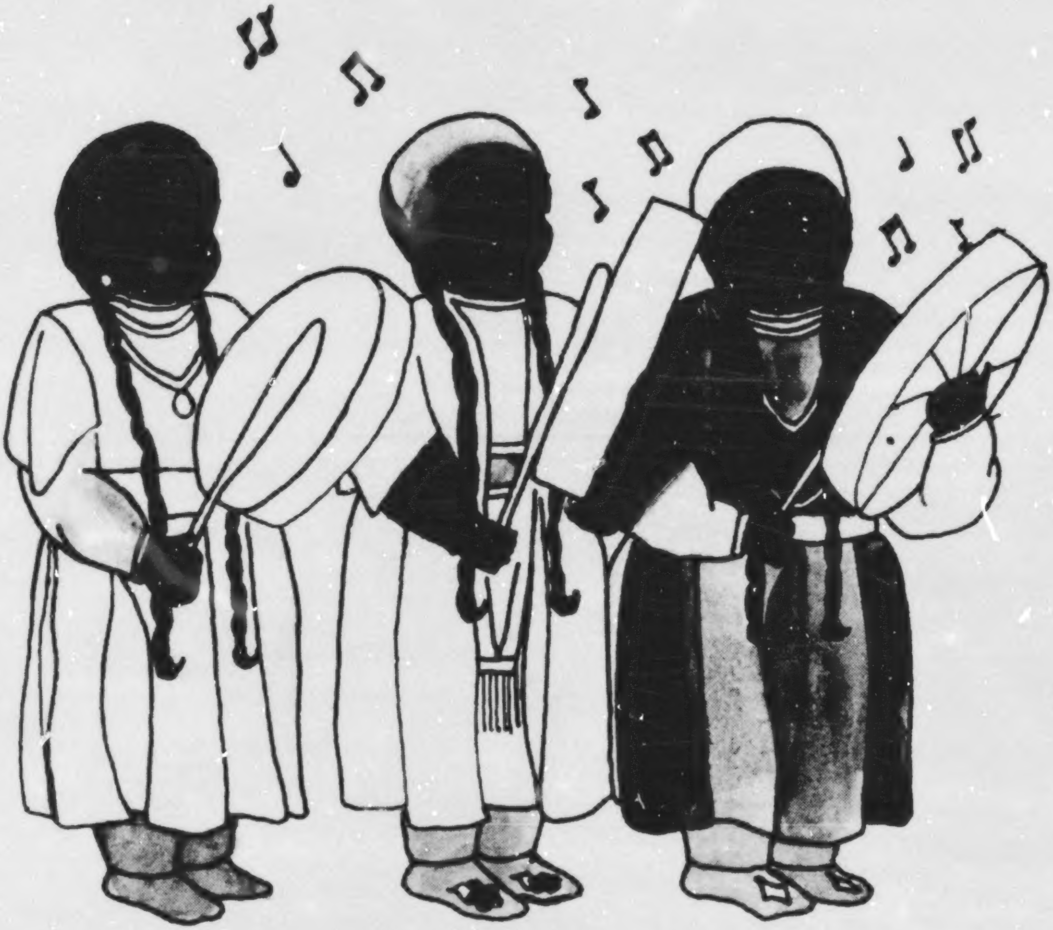
Being Indian is:
knowing the Great Spirit.



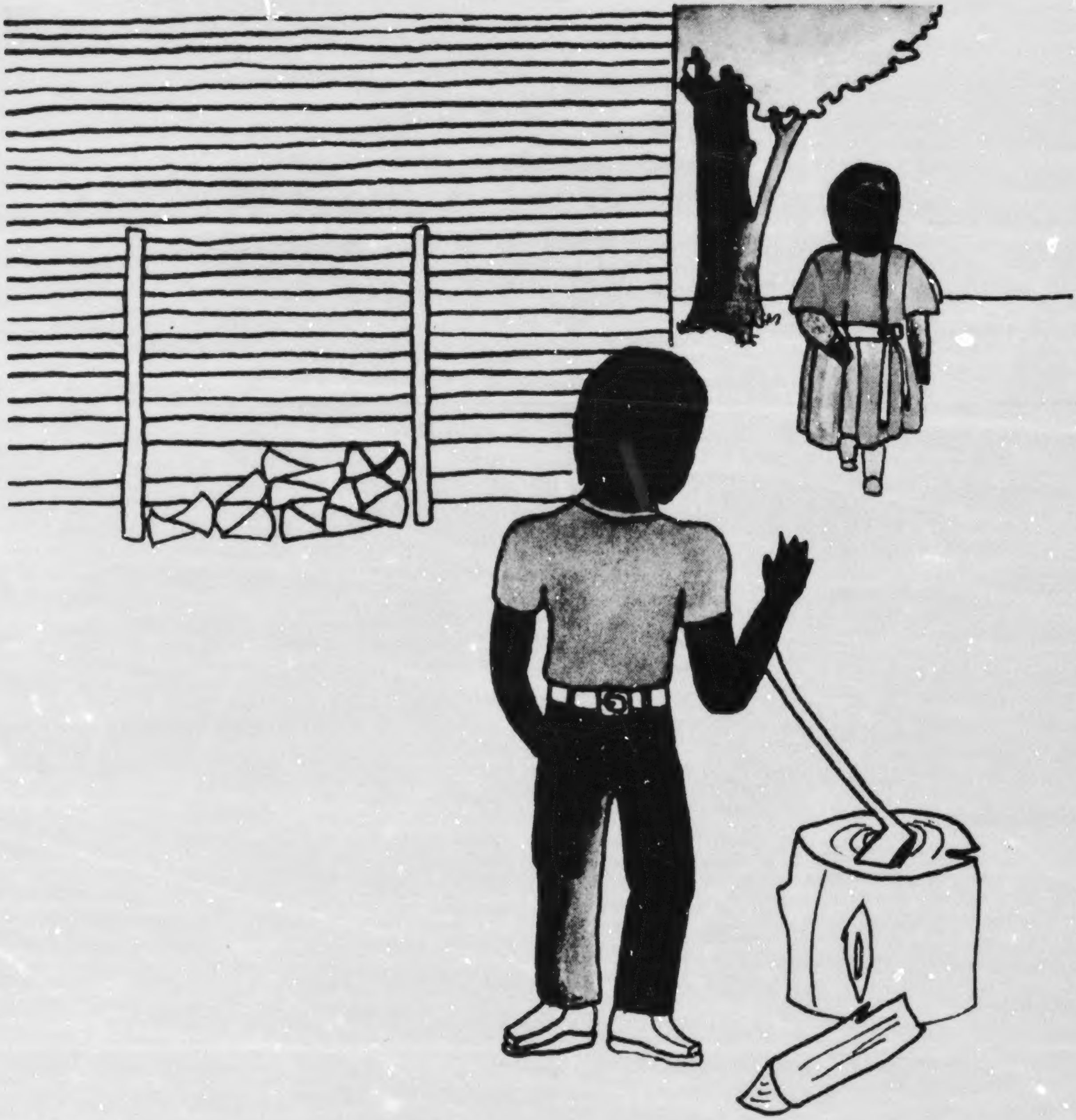
Being Indian is: respecting tribal ceremonies.



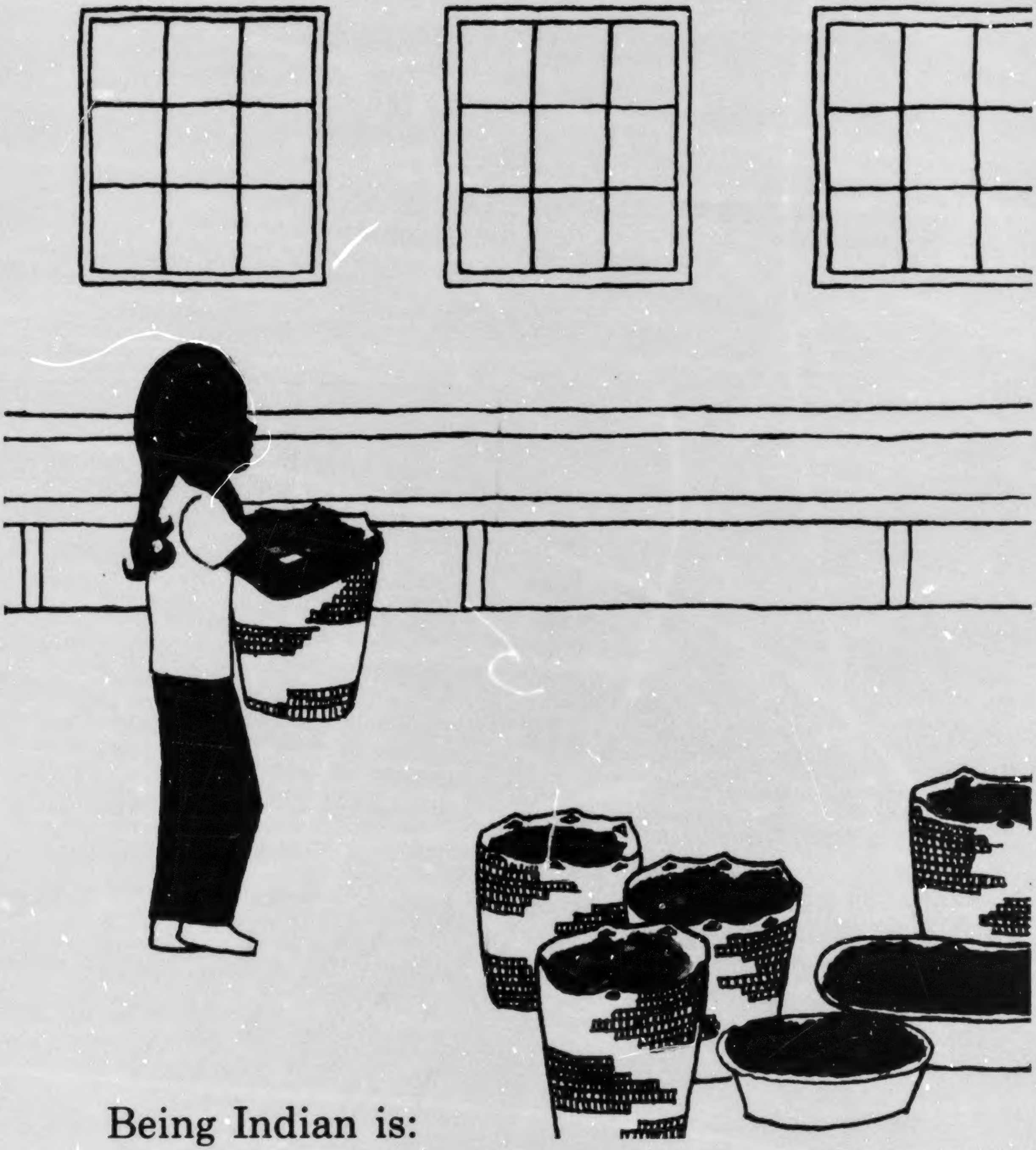
Being Indian is:
knowing your tribal dances.



Being Indian is:
knowing the songs of worship
and celebration.

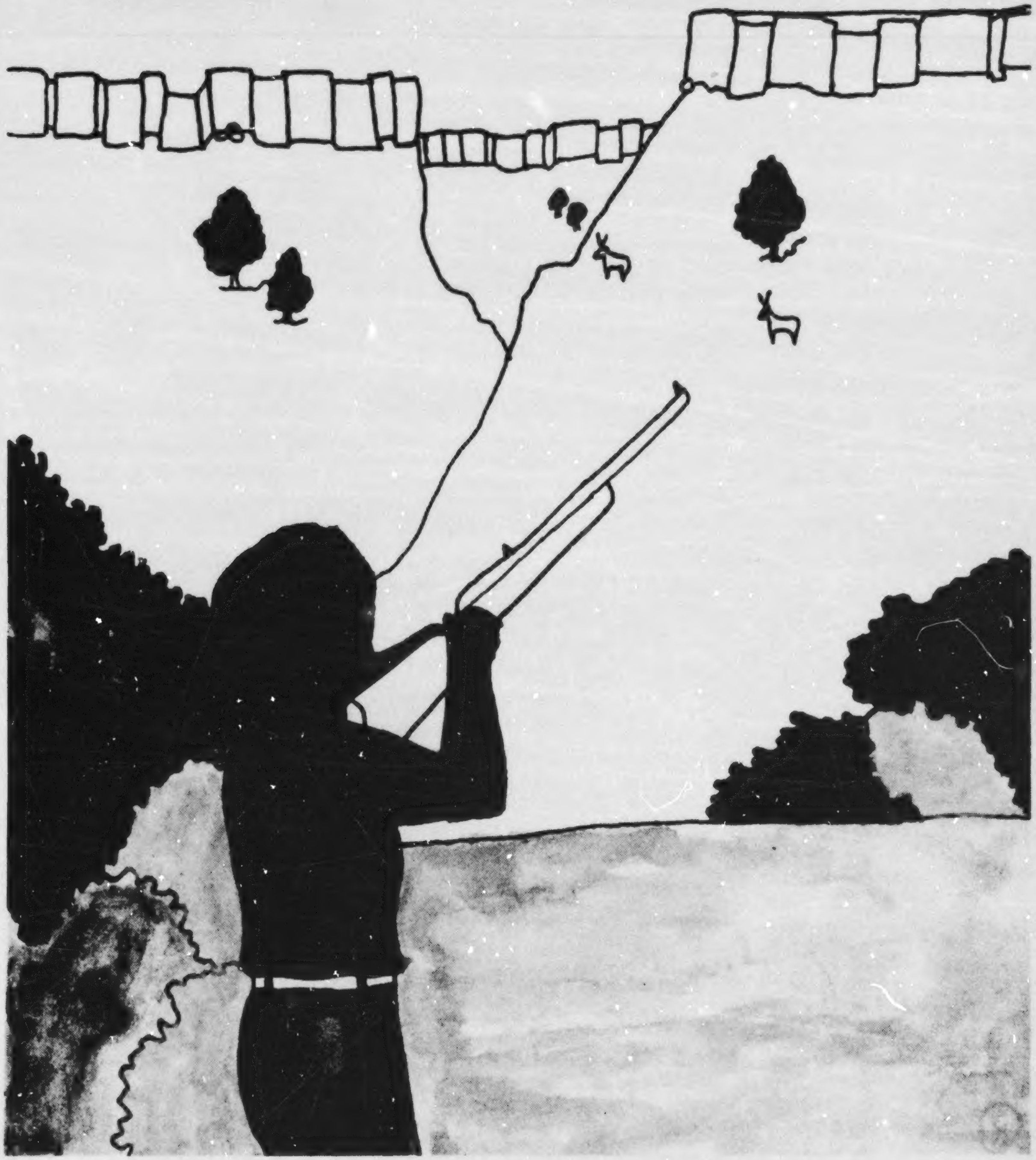


Being Indian is:
respecting and helping your elders.

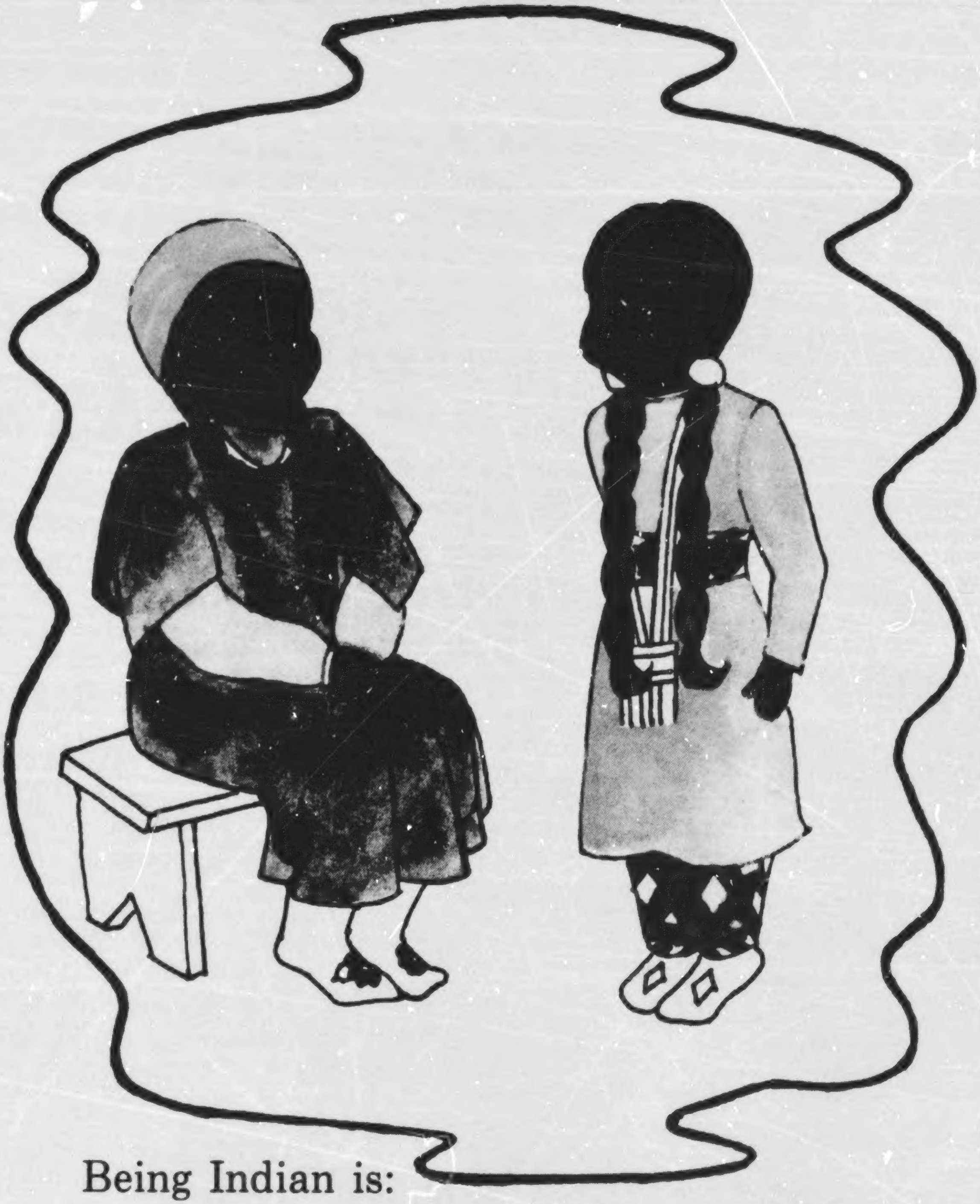


Being Indian is:

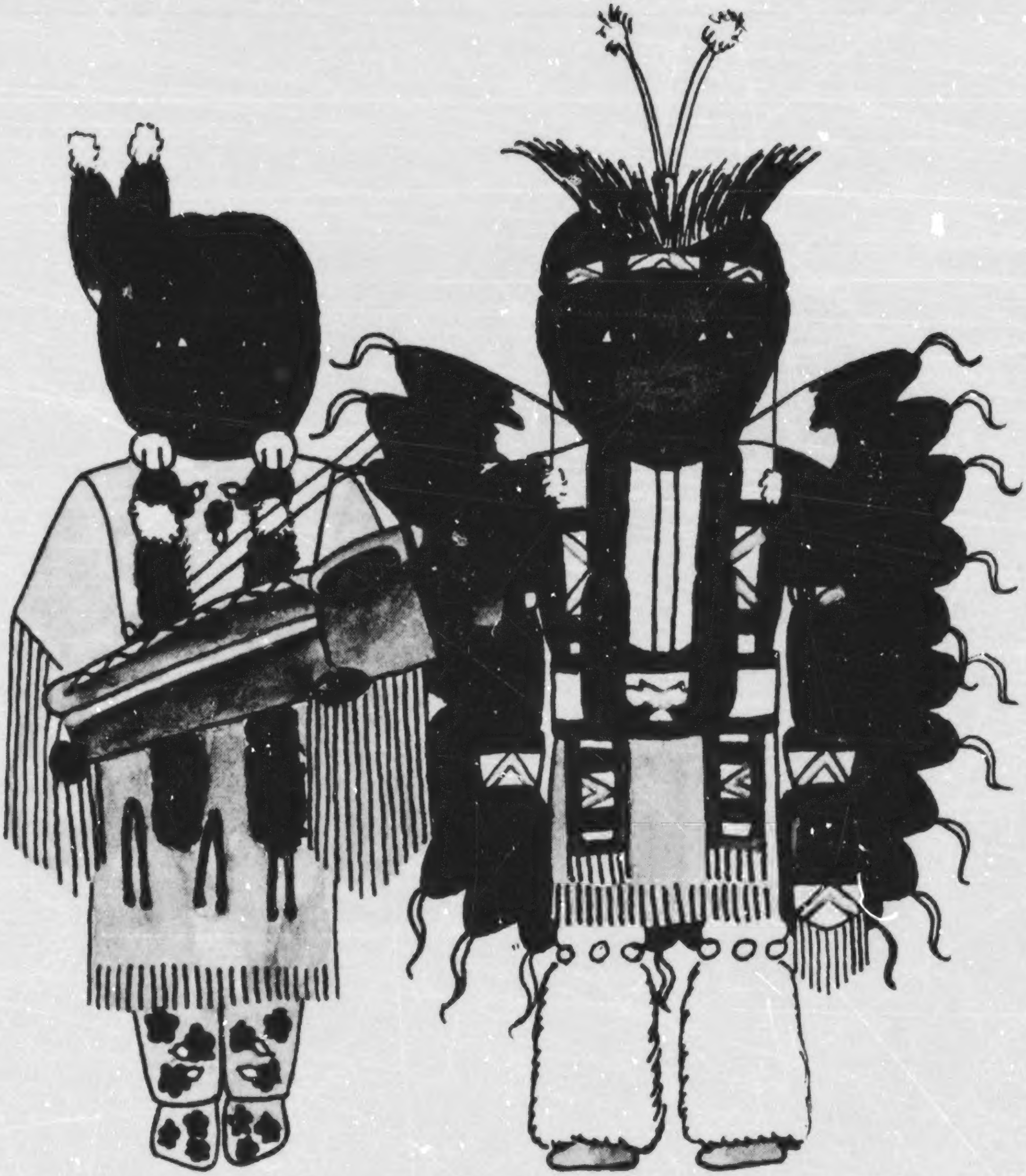
being generous and helpful to all in need.



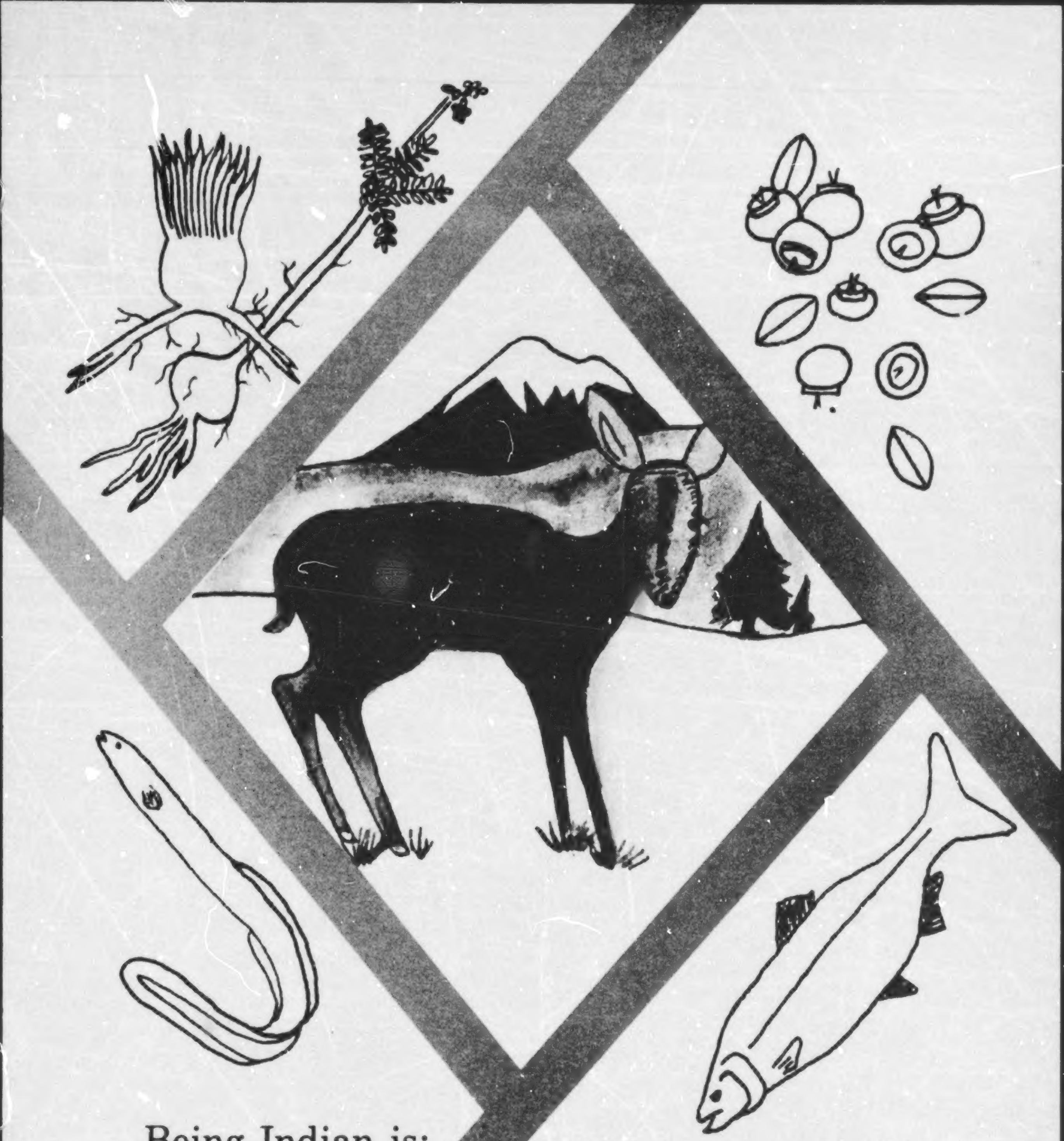
Being Indian is:
being brave and having courage.



Being Indian is:
being kind and understanding.



Being Indian is:
being proud of your family.



Being Indian is:

being thankful for
what nature brings.

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Why Animals and Man Can No Longer Talk to One Another

The Indian Reading Series

Level II Book 20

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THE INDIAN READING SERIES:
Stories and Legends of the Northwest

Why Animals and Man Can No Longer Talk to One Another

Level II Book 20

By members of the Warm Springs
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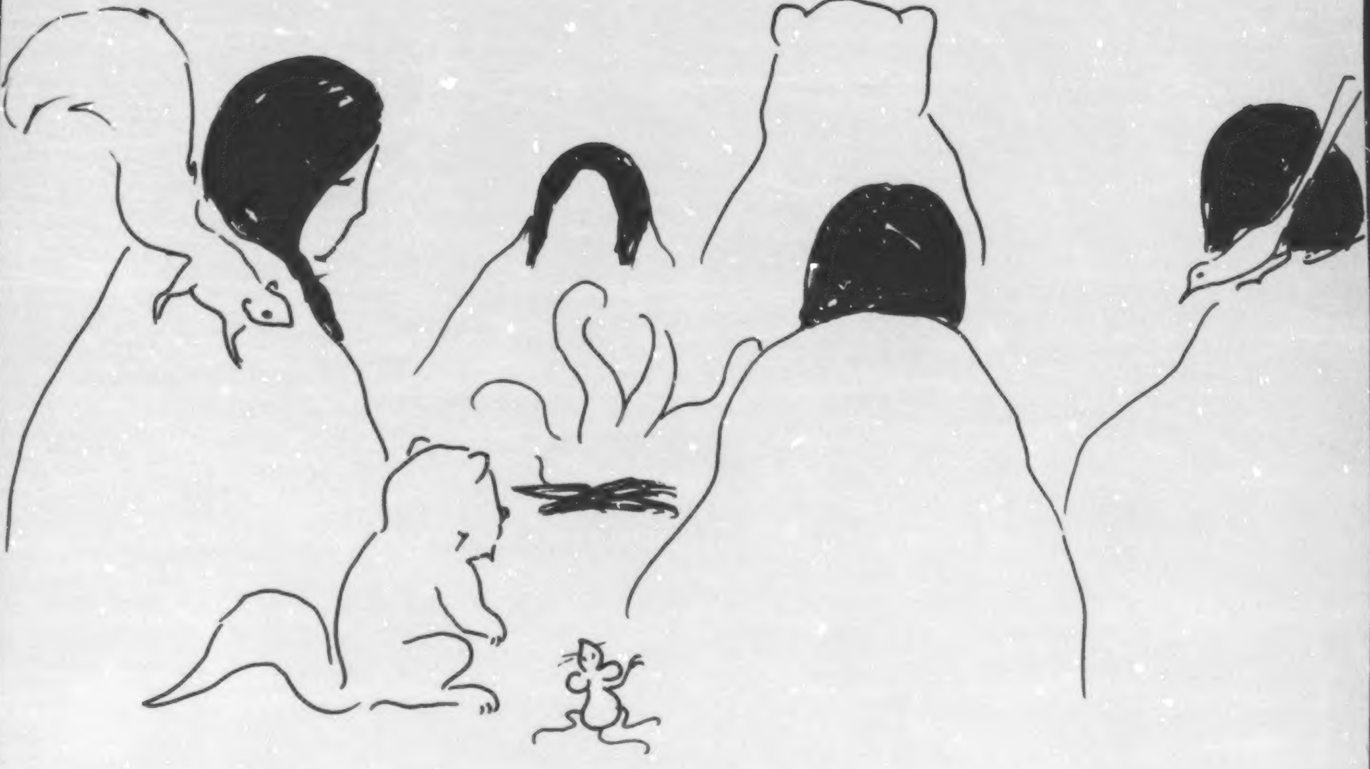
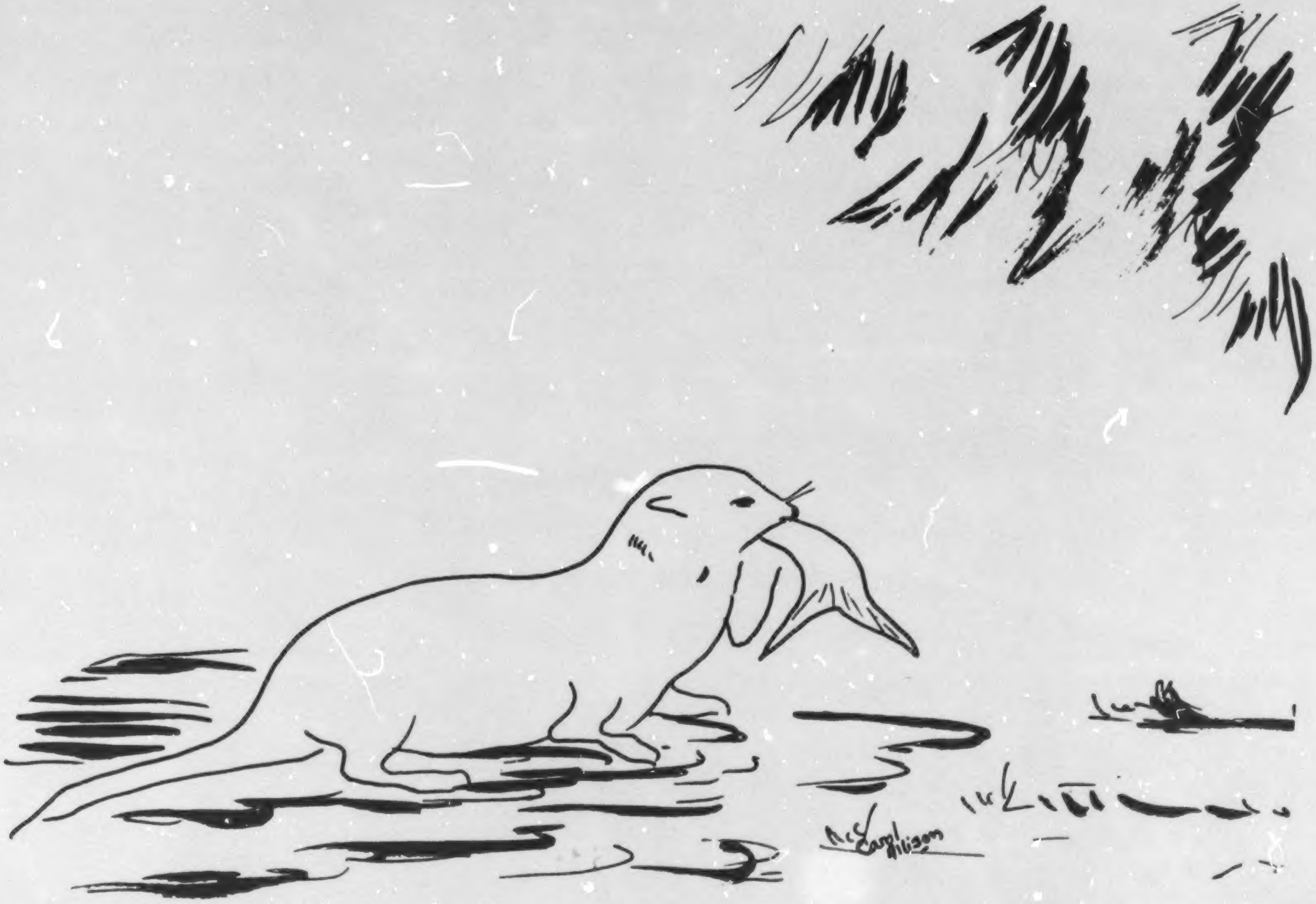
A long time ago the animals and man could talk to one another.

This story tells why this is no longer true today.

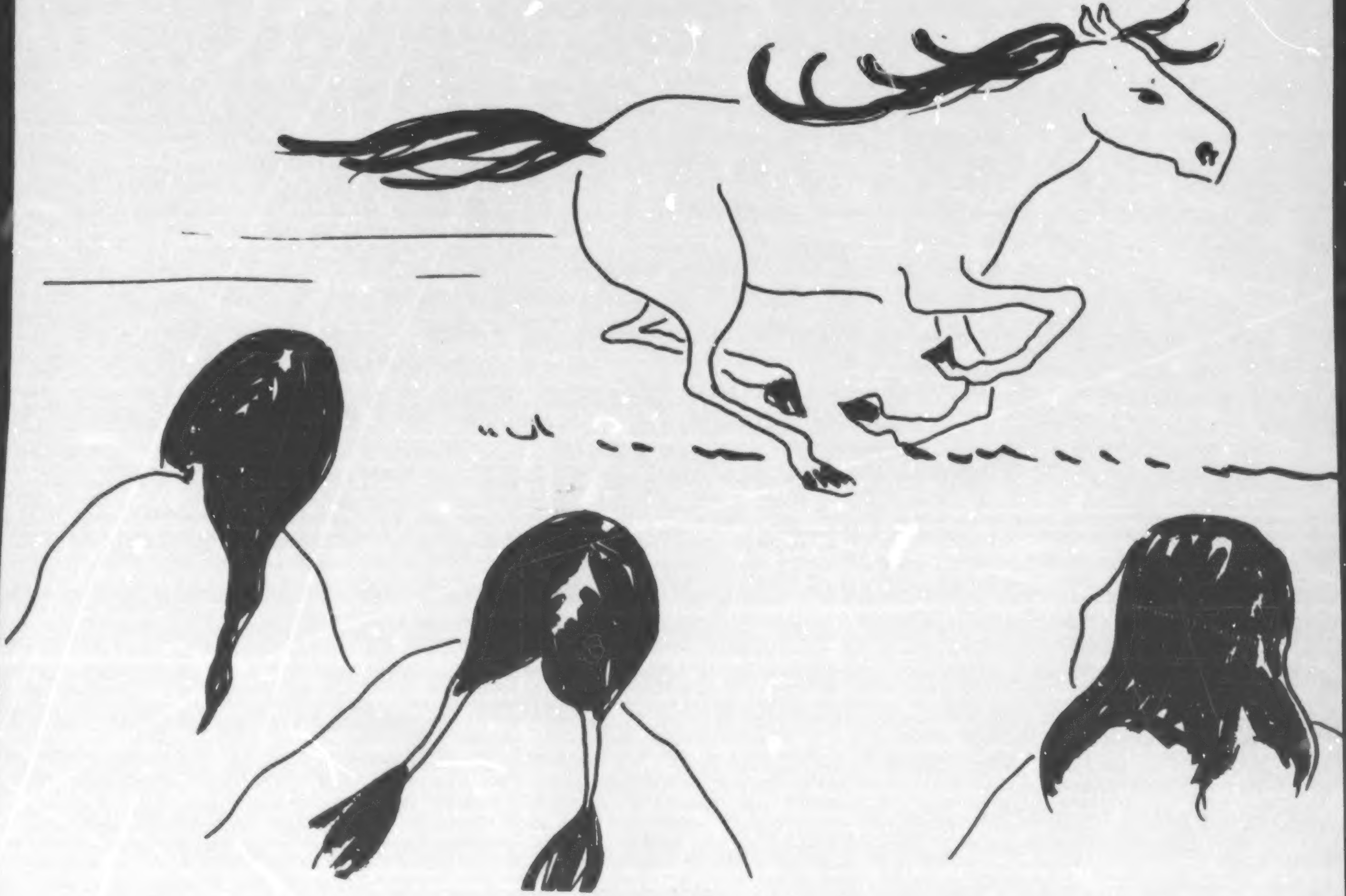
Many winters ago, the animals and the Indian people
could talk to each other.
They worked and played together in peace and happiness.
They sat together at council fires.
The animals taught the Indian people many useful lessons.



Otter showed the Indian people
how to catch fish called Pike.
Beaver told them how to build homes that would
keep them warm and dry.
From Bear and Wolf, the Indian people learned
how to follow the forest trails.
Panther showed the people where to hide.

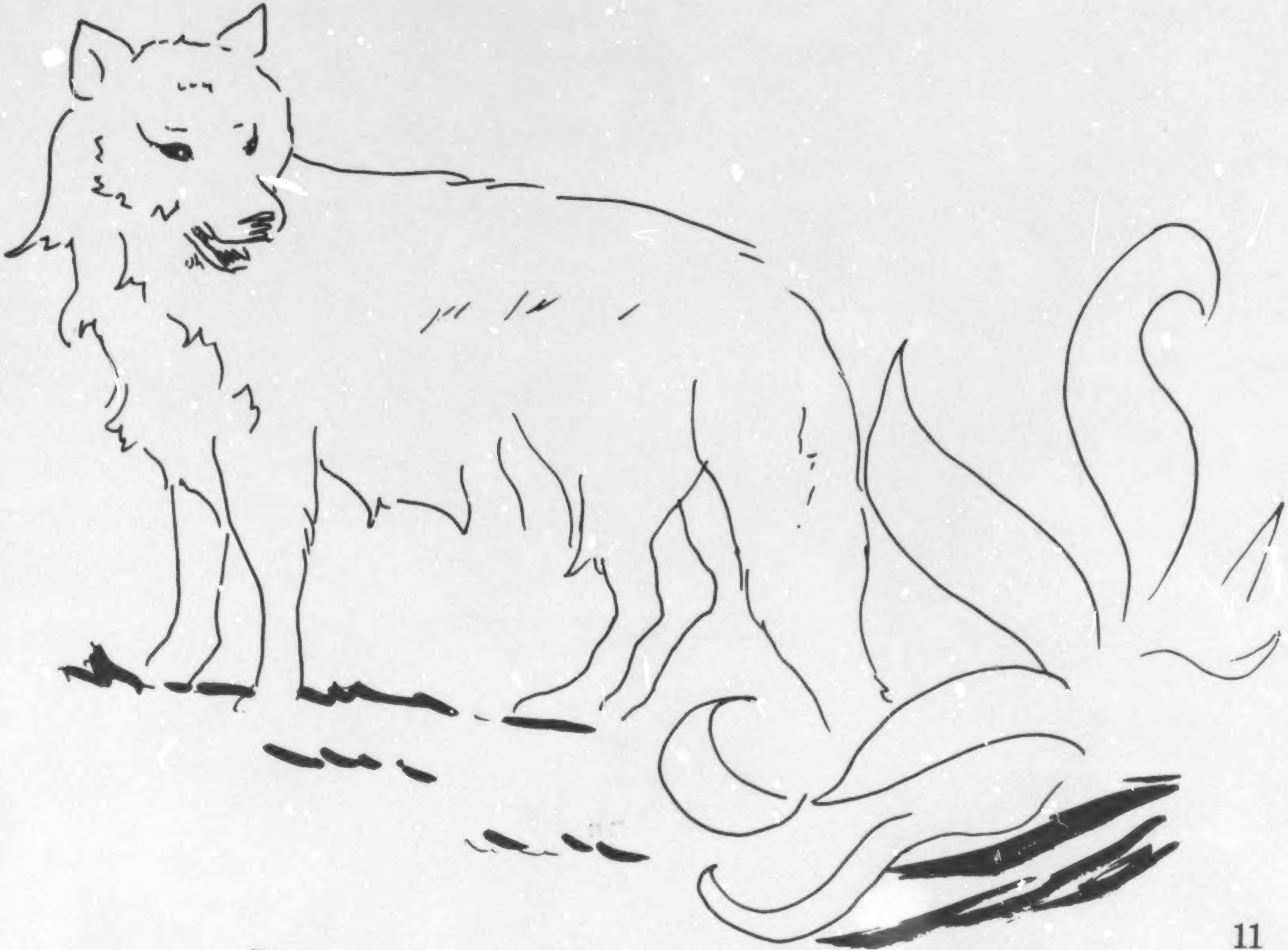

Carol Allison

Horse taught them how to run swiftly.
Fox taught them how to enjoy life and be able to laugh
at themselves.
After the Indian people learned
all the ways of the animals,
the animals became very frightened.
They were afraid that the Indian people would no longer
need their help and would try to make slaves
of the animals.



One harvest moon when all the Indian people were sleeping,
the animals broke the rules of friendship.
Secretly they called a great council fire.

Jealous Wolf spoke first.
"The Indian people are our enemies," he growled.
"Let us rush into the village and kill them!"
Panther wanted to kill the Indian people, too.



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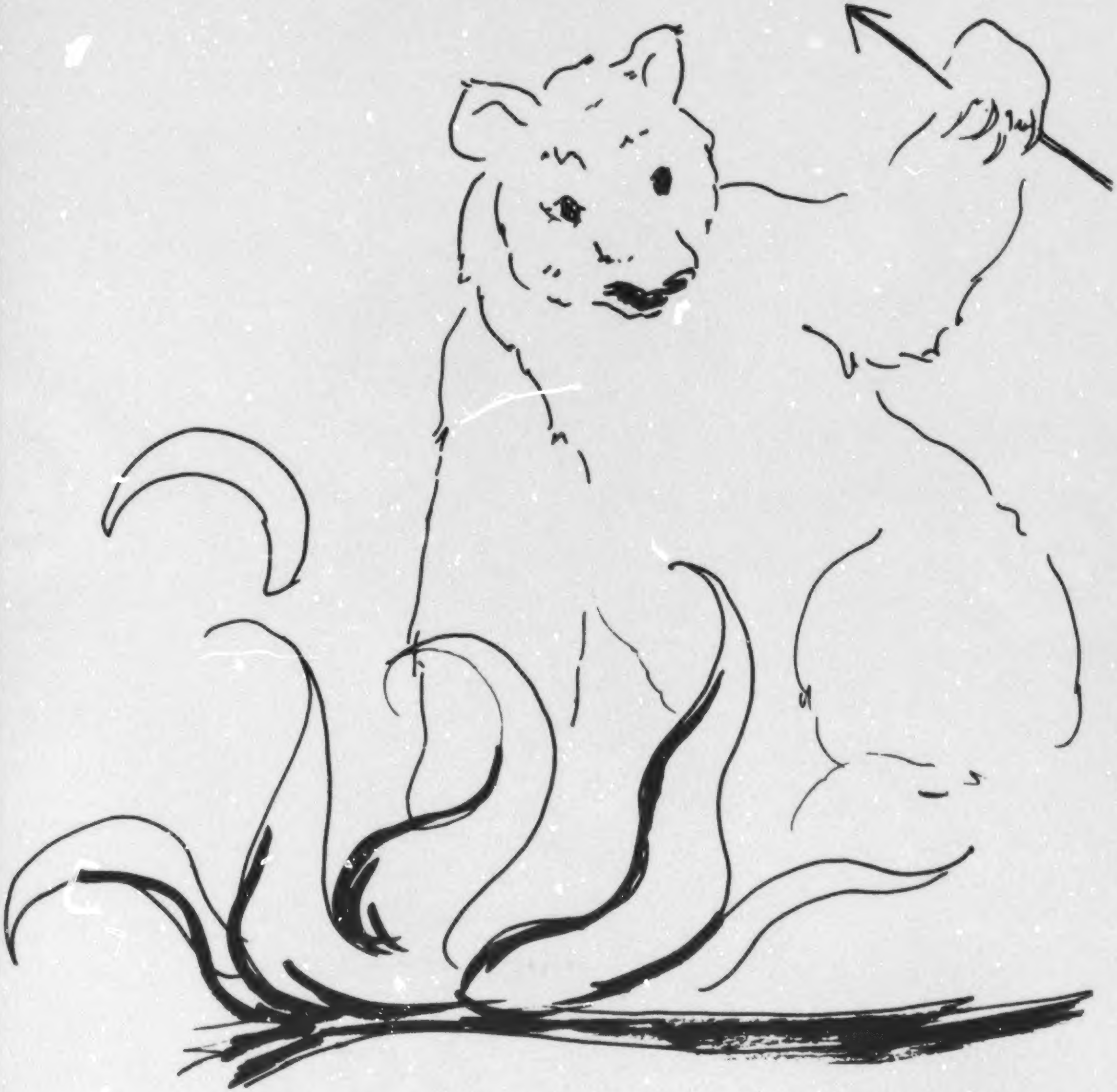
But Bear had another idea.
He wanted to challenge the Indian people to an open war.



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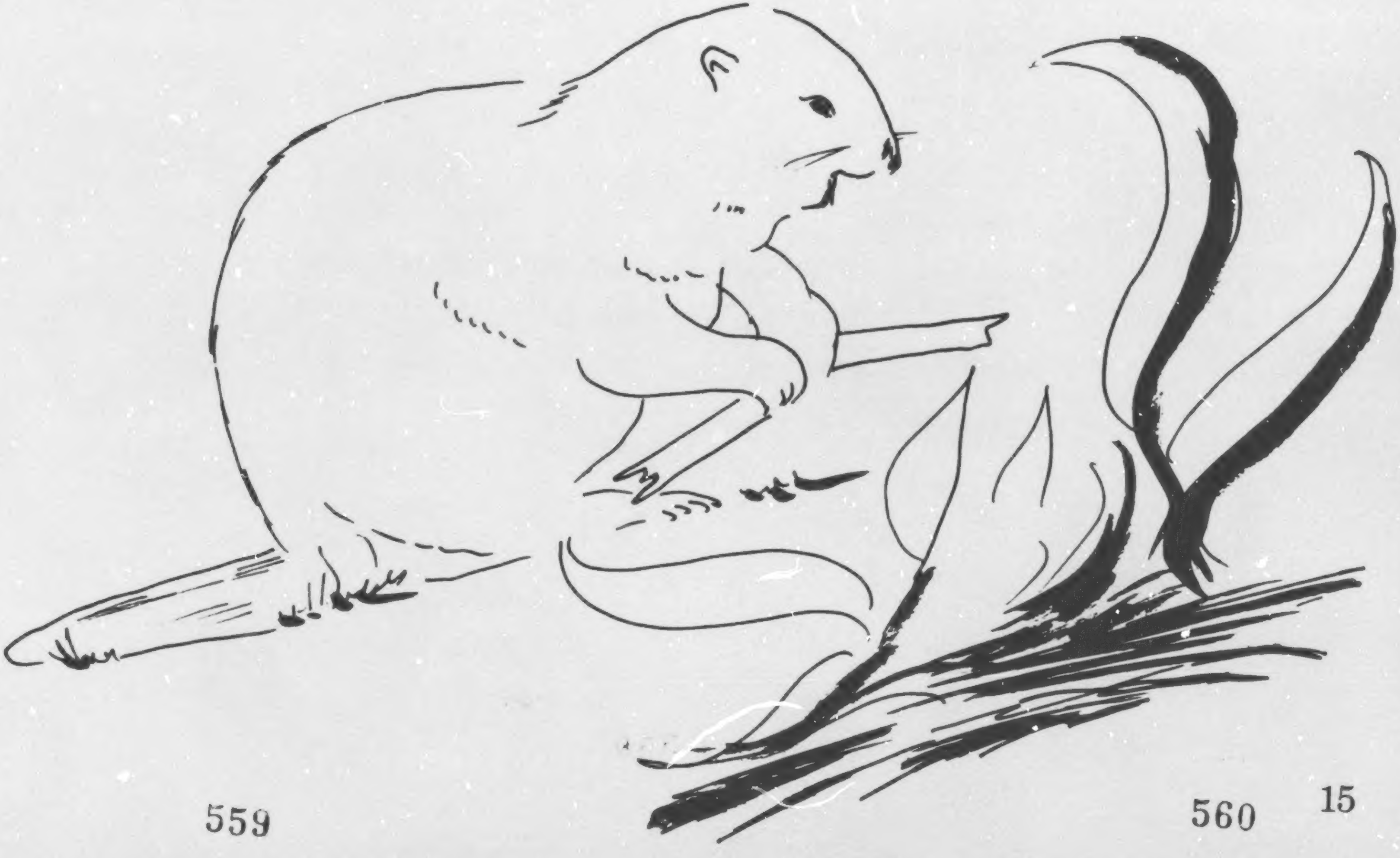
"No," said Beaver.
"We could wait until the winter moon comes
and then tear down their houses at night.
Then they will freeze."



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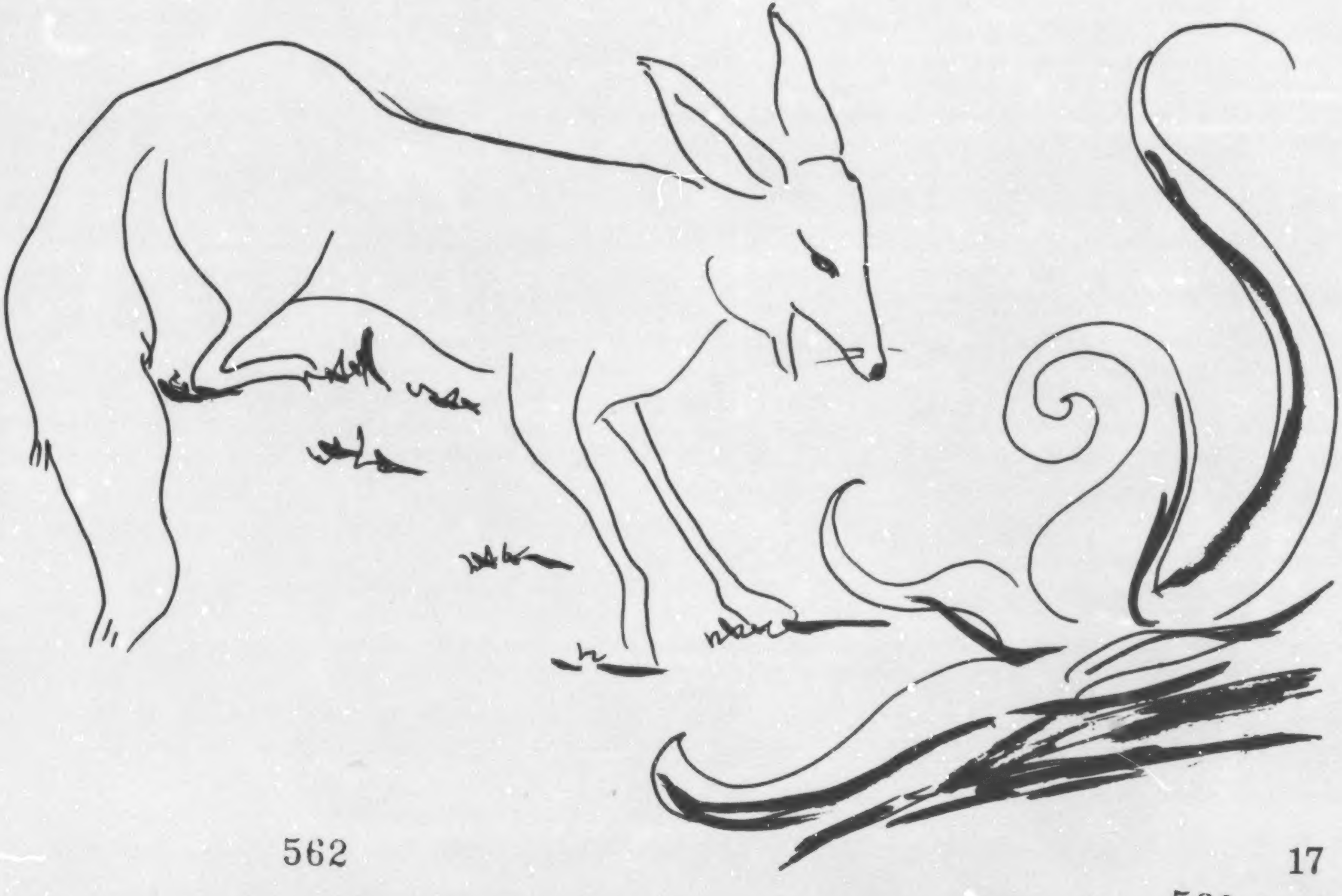
Old Fox said slyly, "Let us pretend to be friends and secretly rob their corn fields at night while they sleep."



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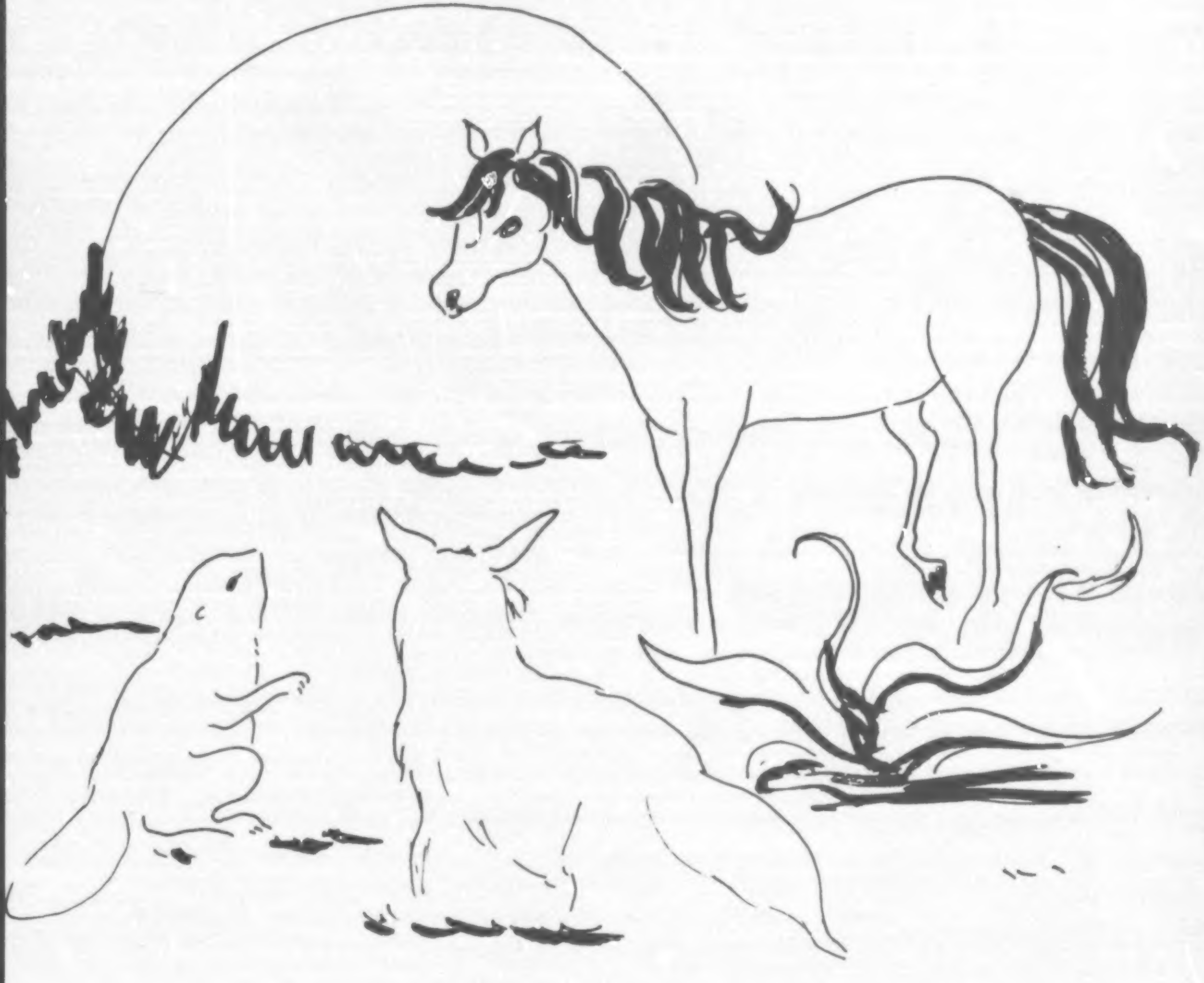
"Men and animals have always been brothers," said Horse.
"We must not hurt them now.
Why not invite them berry picking and lead them so far away
that they will get lost and never come back."



Then Dog spoke up bravely.
"Man has always helped us.
If war comes, I will go with man."
The animals argued and talked louder and louder.
They talked so loudly that their voices
reached the ears of the Great Spirit.
The heart of the Great Spirit was very sad.

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The Great Spirit spoke to the animals.
"You have broken the friendship of the council fires.
As a punishment, you can never again speak with man
as you would a brother.
Because of his heartless plan, Beaver will be hunted
for his fur to keep man warm.
Traps and snares will be set for Fox and Wolf.
Panther will be an enemy and will be killed
by the Indian people."

The Great Spirit said, "Horse remembered old friendships
so he will still be able to understand man,
but he will not be able to talk with him.
Dog has also broken the law of the council fire,
but because of his friendship to man,
he will always be welcome in the homes of man
and will guard man's children."

And this is why, say the Indian people,
that animals cannot talk today.
But Horse and Dog can understand every word man says,
even though they cannot answer.

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Booklets available in the Level II sequence are listed below. Numbers refer to the planned sequence of use in the *Teacher's Manual*. Materials developed by these tribes and others in the Northwest are included in the Levels I and III sequences.

1 *End of Summer*
Crow Tribal Historical and Cultural Commission

2 *Thunder and the Mosquito*
Muckleshoot Tribe

3 *Why the Codfish Has a Red Face*
Skokomish Tribe

4 *How Wildcat and Coyote Tricked Each Other*
Shoshone-Bannock Tribes of the Fort Hall Reservation

5 *Pat Learns About Wild Peppermint*
Blackfeet Tribe

6 *Picture Writing*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

7 *Grandma Rides in the Parade*
Crow Tribal Historical and Cultural Commission

8 *The Bob-Tailed Coyote*
Northern Cheyenne Tribe

9 *The Great Flood*
Skokomish Tribe

10 *The Rainbow*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

11 *The Time the Whale Came to Jackson's Bay*
Skokomish Tribe

12 *Coyote and the Man Who Sits On Top*
Salish Cultural Committee of The Confederated Salish and Kootenai Tribes of the Flathead Reservation

13 *The Crow*
Assiniboine and Sioux Tribes of the Fort Peck Reservation

14 *Tepee, Sun and Time*
Crow Tribal Historical and Cultural Commission

15 *Water Story*
Crow Tribal Historical and Cultural Commission

16 *How Birds Learned to Fly*
The Fourteen Confederated Tribes from the Yakima Nation

17 *Napi and the Bullberries*
Blackfeet Tribe

18 *How Cottontail Lost His Tail*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

19 *Being Indian Is*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

20 *Why Animals and Man Can No Longer Talk to One Another*
The Confederated Tribes of the Warm Springs Reservation of Oregon

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